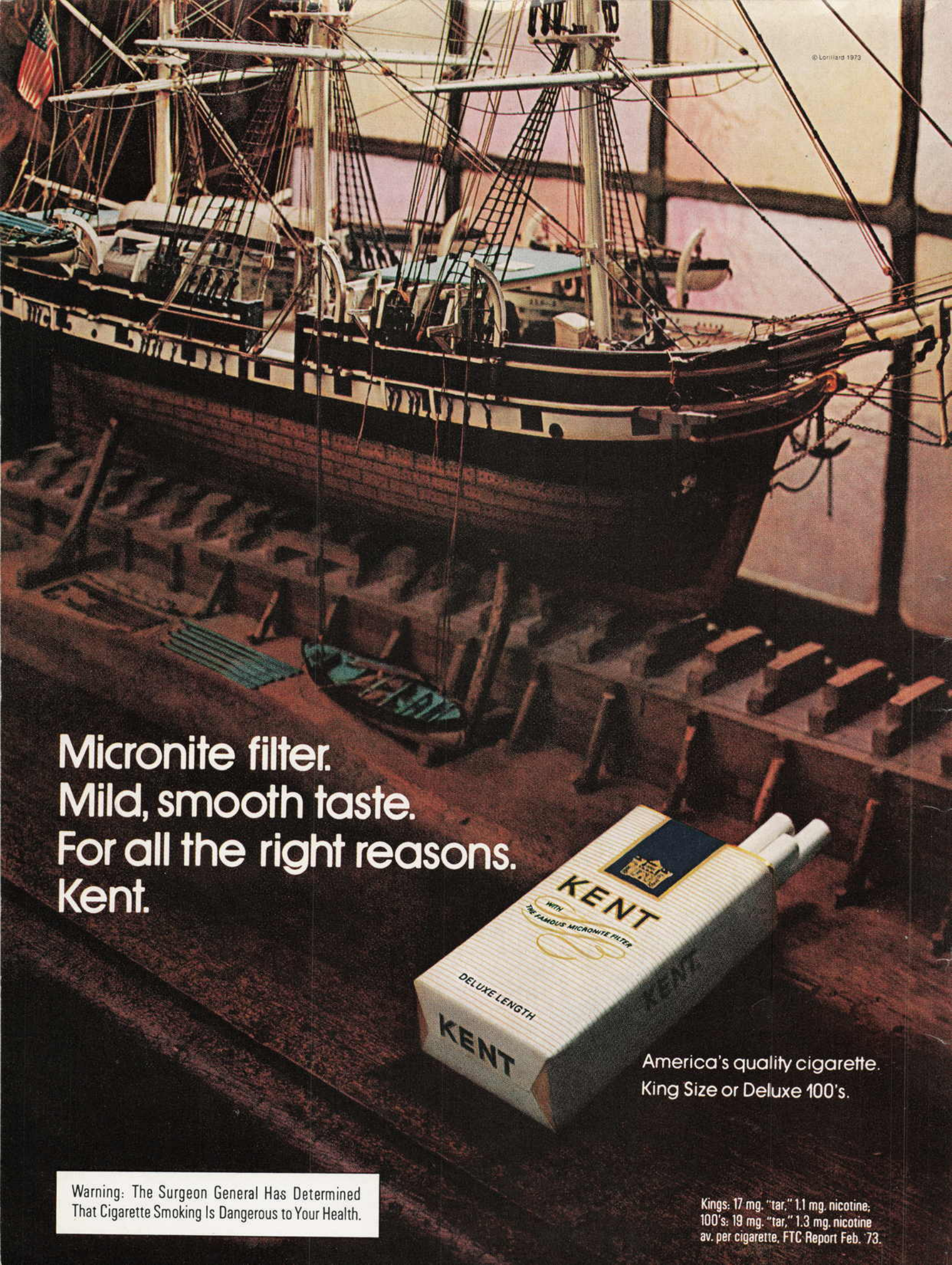
75¢
FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
OUI
JULY 1973 • ONE DOLLAR
69 FACTS ABOUT FRENCH SEX
JOHN WAYNE MEETS BOB DYLAN
MUSIC TO MAKE OUT BY
LISETTE MALIDOR: NUDE SEX STAR OF THE CASINO DE PAREE
PLUS: OUR EXCLUSIVE, EYE-POPPING, MIND-BOGGLING S/M SECTION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WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that *each* was protecting *the other?*

The Story As Originally Told.

The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief *and* the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that *really is* your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey.

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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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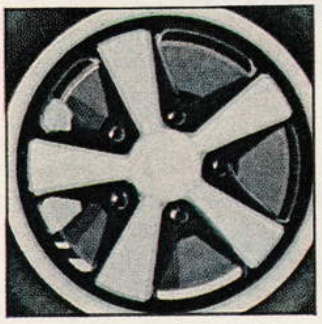
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The first thing the doctor did was slap his ass and wash out his mouth with soap. His first word was mammafucker.

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COUPLING
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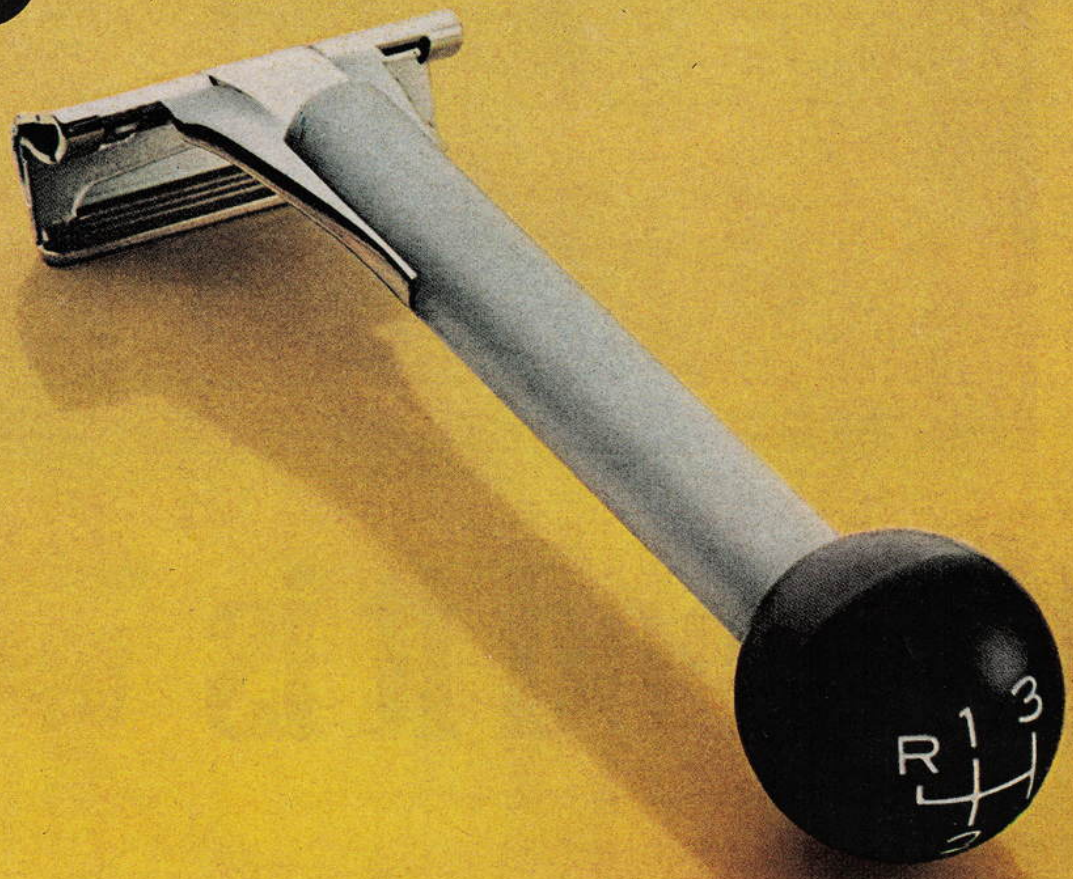

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MAIL

That Philippine mess

Nicholas Tomalin's *The Brave New Philippines of Ferdinand Marcos* (March) appears to be a well-researched essay on the present political position of that deprived country. However, a number of Tomalin's points are fallacious.

I was living in Manila at the time of the May 1972 student riots. The focus of the unrest centered on U. S. involvement in Vietnam and involved violent and bloody protests against the American Embassy in Manila. In every case, the protests were broken up soon after their inception by storm troopers of the Philippine Constabulary. In one instance I was witness to the troopers opening fire on a group of students who were trying to overturn a taxicab. Unlike the Kent State shootings, these were passed over as routine riot controls.

A group of activists did take over the University of the Philippines, but they were overcome after a few hours by members of the Constabulary and the university was closed. Tomalin's account of the playing of a tape recording of the President inducing an American starlet to perform fellatio on him sounds like gross exaggeration.

Of the August 1971 incident known as the Plaza Miranda bombing, Tomalin states: "And immediately everyone, being nobody's fool, assumed it was Marcos himself who had done it." Bombings and shootings are quite commonplace at political rallies. The entire political campaigning process is one of such bloodshed and violence that, allegedly, a quarter of the candidates are assassinated before elections even take place. So the Plaza Miranda bombing was thought to be just another commonplace election incident. If anyone gave much thought to it, the thoughts were quiet and put the blame in the direction of the New Peoples Army.

Much of the violence that took place during the past election is attributed to the NPA to get its members elected to local offices as governors and mayors. The NPA is more significant than Tomalin would like to suggest. President Marcos might well have been within his senses to declare martial law to suppress what was turning into an "actual state of war" and to flush the undercover NPA members out into the open.

According to Tomalin, many Filipinos are heard to say that with martial law invoked they can walk safely on the streets and regain their sense of honor with order and discipline. He then goes on to state that "Filipinos need their messy chaos to survive." The present state of the Philippines falls below a humane level of survival. The people have never gotten on their feet from the devastating experiences of Japanese occupation and the Second World War. The country has been unable to function productively under the democratic style of government that was fashioned after the U. S. With foreign aid channeled in the proper directions and the oligarchic family strengths lessened, the Philippines could progress. A positive check had to be put on the revolutionary factor to save the country from becoming another Vietnam. President Marcos has acted to do this and history will tell us the outcome.

SAMUEL J. GEORGES
Canton, Ohio

Nicholas Tomalin stands by his account. He says his information on the "broadcast fellatio" came from an American correspondent who was present at the university take-over. The broadcast, of course, was on university loudspeakers, not on radio.

Nicholas Tomalin's article on Marcos is a fine portrayal of what a power-mad man will do to a country and its long-cherished tradition of democracy. It is disgusting to hear a holier-than-thou politician proclaim himself to be an anti-Communist, then illicitly make love to an American girl, and expect his countrymen to remain loyal to him just because he is their President. I congratulate you on publishing an exposé on this deceitful dictator in Southeast Asia.

NICHOLAS SANGRE
Madison, New Jersey

I resent Tomalin's article on the Philippines. Instead of highlighting such events as how our President makes love (is it any different from how Nixon does it?) and the country's internal disorders (it's safer to walk Manila's streets than New York's at night), why not feature some of its beautiful girls in your next issues?

RAUL SERION
Vancouver, British Columbia

We would, but we're spending too much time considering whether or not Marcos and Nixon do it the same way.

Readers rip D.K.M.

Thank you for the most insipid, inane, and smartassed film reviews I have had the misfortune of reading. In an age when films and film criticism are being recognized as serious art forms, it is very disappointing to anyone interested in film to read in a magazine of your supposed quality such adolescent, irrespon-

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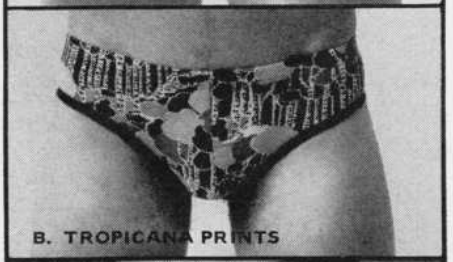
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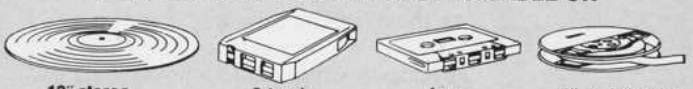

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D151/F73

sible bullshit as your critic D.K.M. is trying to lay on us. Where did you find this jerk, anyway?

DOUGLAS WILLIAMS
Atlanta, Georgia

D. Keith Mano is from Blooming Grove, New York.

I couldn't believe your April issue in which you gave space for D. Keith Mano to review Ingmar Berman's *Cries and Whispers*. Not only is he unable to identify a great work of film art but he has revealed himself as a smartass sexist and a failure at entertaining us with his cuts at the creativity of others.

Unfortunately, it might be that some of your readers will avoid *Cries and Whispers* after reading about it in that item. I can only hope that most will see D.K.M. for what he is and join me in suggesting you give him something else to do around the office. There *is* a need for film reviewers who can help us find better films and skip over poor ones. If you gave us such a man, it would be a tremendous bonus. Meantime, I think you owe it to your readers to let them know what the vast majority of critical opinion has been about *Cries* and *Whispers*. Particularly considering the element in your magazine that accounts for most of your sales, you owe it to all the women in the world!

MARTIN FASS
Rochester, New York

Panting about paint

On the cover of your April issue, Francis Giacobetti wears a top that I would like to purchase for my wife. Would you please send me the information on where I could purchase one and, if possible, the price.

BARRY A. LORAND
Chula Vista, California

No, no, you weren't paying attention. Francis Giacobetti is the photographer, a balding Corsican with a fierce smile and enough talent for three men. The girl ain't wearing anything but paint.

I and thou and OUI

I have been reading OUI faithfully since it started. I finally have a publication that my girlfriend and I can enjoy together. Your pictures of girls are the best I've seen in a magazine.

GARY DAWES
Boston, Massachusetts

Giving credit due

Regarding the excerpt from Ken Kesey's new book (*Garage Sale*, April), you omitted naming Paul Foster, the artist who drew those great illustrations, and Laura Foster, who did such a nice job of coloring them.

KATHY FLEMING
San Francisco, California

A bike fan's lament

Hey, guys, how about another story about Motocross? Ever since your first issue last year, when you printed *One Fast Way to Bust Your Ass*, I've been sitting on mine, cutting bait and waiting to see more coverage of this super sport.

CRAIG ASHWORTH
Hyannis, Massachusetts

Sorry, Craig, we haven't anything further planned on Motocross, but we haven't lost interest in the sport. As a matter of fact, our OUI *girl Cathy will present the trophies to the winners of the Superbowl of Motocross in Los Angeles on July 6. She may also, upon her own volition, and only if in a state of exuberance, kiss the winners.*

OUI's Motocross Miss

Hamilton's ladies come here

I was knocked out by your marvelous photographs by David Hamilton (*Les Demoiselles D'Hamilton*, May), and I've been trying to find the book you said they came from. You have given me a bum steer, *oui*?

RANDY SANDERS
Bloomington, Indiana

Non! *At least not entirely. We gave the title of the French edition, which was the only one available at the time. Now the American version, titled* Sisters, *published by Morrow, is out. It has many of the photographs that appeared in our pages, with text by Alain Robbe-Grillet.*

A cogent thought

The argument that Frank Deford presents in *The Big Game Is Over* (April) is based on the premise that white Americans will "persist in maintaining the attitudes that result in two separate societies. . . ." It occurs to me that, if this assumption proves to be accurate, the death of our national sports as pastimes will be among the *least* tragic of the ensuing consequences.

BENJAMIN RZEPKA
Cincinnati, Ohio

OUI's fearless

I think your magazine is quite good. You're not afraid of printing quasi-gay stories. Keep it going!

COLIN CHARLES SCHWOYER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Horny gals put down

I've noticed the controversy in your mail columns between those readers (usually female) who write letters requesting that you publish more male nudes and male readers wanting you to publish fewer or none at all. By all means, don't let them persuade you to change a great men's magazine like OUI into a magazine for horny women like the 22-year-old from Minneapolis who wrote an anonymous letter (April) asking you to publish pictures on the level of a man with "a big hard-on in his hand." For you to publish such photos would be a crime in that it would turn a first-rate men's magazine into a porno mag suitable only for horny women and male homosexuals. There are plenty of these magazines available for those wanting them, but there is only one OUI.

OUI is a tremendous magazine that appeals to every male who appreciates a classy, high-quality publication. Let's keep it that way by avoiding nude-male features and by not giving in to female writers who don't even sign their names.

DAN KING
Terre Haute, Indiana

Chauvinism loses again

Dig-a-roo! I just now realized *why* your magazine is so strong. Your co-publisher is *Italian*. Right on! I knew immediately that the incumbent Hugh Hefner was the chief hold-hand, but it looks as though you've got an ace up the sleeve with Filipacchi. *Oui* . . . Neapolitan!

BOB (CAPT. HEAVIE) RAGATONI
San Antonio, Texas

Sorry to disillusion you: Monsieur Filipacchi is French.

Mouthwatering thoughts

In your April issue, Little Queenie looks just like a nice, crisp Thanksgiving turkey. Gimme cranberries.

JIM BOLT
Denver, Colorado

Our Queenie, who posed in her best G string for that photo, says you'll have to wait until November.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Satellite

Introducing a department of communiqués from our far-flung correspondents on subjects that might otherwise pass without a grimace of recognition in the contortions of our beleaguered planet. Our first report is from a pair of writers who are driving the length of the Pan-American Highway.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua—Plague City. City of death. Barbed wire circles the piles of rubble. Here and there, families camp in the ruins left by the earthquake last December. They live in shacks built from the broken boards of their houses. They sell oranges to the soldiers who guard the wreckage. Most of the city's people are scattered through the surrounding countryside, grimly waiting for their lives to start again.

Printed on large billboards donated by Coca-Cola and scribbled in chalk on walls and sidewalks is the legend *1973—Year of Reconstruction, Year of Hope.*

There's nothing to be learned in the city itself that you don't already know from the TV coverage and newspaper pictures. There was an earthquake. The story is elsewhere.

The highways are lined with hitchhikers—young longhairs, old men, women and children. They don't just stick out their thumbs—they wave frantically, trying to flag you down as though there'd been an accident. We began to feel increasingly uncomfortable. Fifty miles north of Managua, we had picked up an old blind guy and his little daughter who were headed for the Casa Obrero, the Workers' Hall in Managua. As we pulled back onto the road, we wondered what karma this might bring.

Granada is a little resort town 40 miles south of Managua, on the shore of Lake Nicaragua. It was Sunday when we arrived; the Costa Rican border was closed. Since we couldn't go on, we stopped in Granada for the night. The town was packed with refugees. The hotel on the plaza was plastered with bilingual notices: NO HAY CUARTAS—NO VACANCY. We tried some of the little pensions, but they were full, too. Finally we found one with a vacancy: Pension Vargas.

Señora Vargas sat in the courtyard washing frijoles with two other women. After 15 minutes she showed us a cubicle with two short canvas cots, a tiny table, and a small lightbulb dangling from the beams. There were no screens to keep out the mosquitoes, no water, no lock on the door. There were three cubicles to a unit, separated from each other by six-foot-high partitions, and when the lightbulb went on in one cubicle, all the other cubicles lit up, too. At the back of the courtyard was a dark, stinking bathroom that was full of water—a scorpion's paradise. There was no toilet paper. The cubicle cost $4.50 for the night, meals a dollar extra.

It was burning hot, and we went to Lake Nicaragua for a swim. The water was warm—blood temperature. On an adjacent wharf, banana boats unloaded. Children were swimming naked, adults in street clothing. They entered the water grimly over the sharp rocks, swam briefly, and returned to the shore. There was little talk. People looked at us coldly. They hated us.

Earlier in the day, leaving Managua, we had picked up another hitchhiker—a young man who told us proudly that he was a construction worker helping to rebuild the city. His home, just outside of Masaya (halfway between Managua and Granada), was across the road from a strange, improvised minizoo. Small wooden cages held eight or ten animals rescued from the Managua zoo. A giant pig-sized rodent snuffled about the grounds.

We drove the hitchhiker into Masaya to pick up medicine for his sick brother, and he treated us to soft drinks at a small café. The proprietress splashed insecticide along the counter. "So many flies since the earthquake," she sighed.

At the pension in Granada, night came on fast. A great, gusting wind blew up and would hold till morning. Dinner was sparse but good: a piece of chicken, rice, beans, noodles, and bread. Two young men at another table glared at us as we ate. They looked like they might have been stranded college students. They hated us for eating food; they hated us for not having suffered through the quake; but mostly they hated us because our pickup truck was parked outside, and we would be leaving in the morning. They glared at us like animals in small cages.

After dinner we jammed our door from the inside and tried to sleep. The cots were hard but bearable. What wasn't bearable were the mosquitoes, the bright lights, and the loud talking from the adjacent cubicle. And the fear—fear of the glaring men, fear that the truck would be stolen, fear of being stranded. At 11 P.M. the people in the next cubicle had a loud dinner party. At midnight they started snoring loudly. At 2 A.M. the mosquitoes started. At 3 A.M. the rooster in the courtyard crowed for ten minutes. At 4 A.M. the people next door turned on their lights, got up loudly, and left for El Salvador.

At this point, since we were wide awake anyway, *(Continued on page 21)*

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18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

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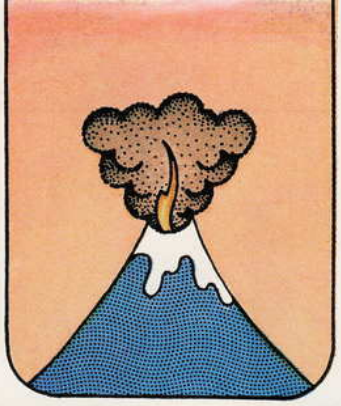
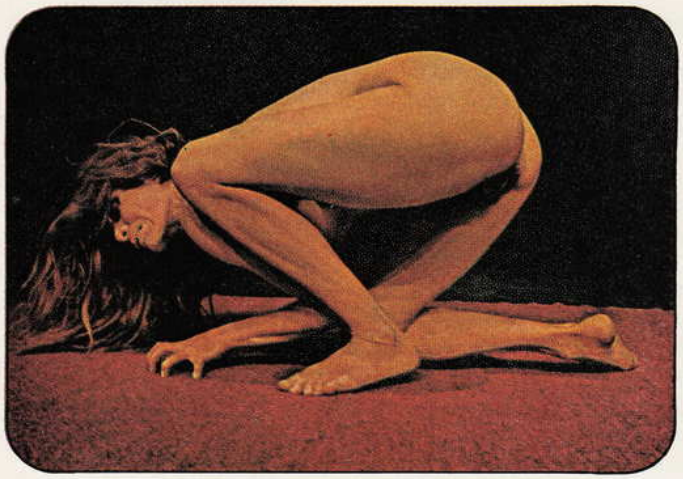


OPENERS

Rita Renoir, undressed to kill



Rita Renoir kisses her toe, purring. The audience is transfixed. The bald heads in the front row gleam dully in the spotlights. Rita Renoir's grapefruit breasts move in tight sensuous arcs, the nipples like red thumbs. She removes her foot from her mouth and smiles out at the audience. Her mouth is a wet dream. She groans. Her pelvis writhes like a farm implement gone berserk. She slithers to the edge of the stage and sits, placing her feet on the arm of one of the front-row chairs. She addresses one of her middle-aged admirers directly.

"Where is your wife?" She asks. The man looks uncomfortable.

"At home."

"What's she doing?" The man checks his watch.

"Washing the dishes."

"Why isn't she here with you?"

"Oh," the man says, "she wouldn't like this kind of show."

"Would you rather fuck me than her?"

This is not an ordinary strip show. Rita Renoir used to be an ordinary stripper, the top-billed performer at the Crazy Horse Saloon, which is to strip shows in Paris what *Playboy* is to men's magazines. But Rita Renoir was not unmoved by social currents, and she eventually decided that the art of the striptease exploited women. So she moved from the plush Right Bank Crazy Horse to the seedy Left Bank Theatre de Plaisance with a one-woman show designed to bring her audience up against its assumptions about entertainment. She writhes just like in the old days, but she talks, too: about women, about rape, about her days as a whore in New York, about impotence. The critical reception was enthusiastic; the theater is filled every night.

Much of her rap is tedious, filled with Marxist clichés dressed up with counterculture rhetoric, but then France is a backward country when it comes to the politics of sex. In this most bourgeois of countries, Rita Renoir is in the vanguard of the Revolution. The men in her audience are not even hip enough to avoid the obvious verbal traps in the dialogues she initiates. Their fantasies are too intimate; their rage too palpable.

"Would you rather fuck me than her?" she asks again. The man still does not answer. She shrugs elaborately and moves on, crawling over the seats from one row to the next, speaking directly to almost everyone in the audience of 200. In the third row, she encounters a grim, nervous gentleman seated next to his stoically smiling wife.

"Can you tell if a woman is having an orgasm when you fuck her?" Rita Renoir asks.

"Yes, of course," the man answers. "If she looks like you. If she looks like a lousy bitch in heat."

The audience is silent. Rita Renoir is silent. The man turns triumphantly to his wife, but she is looking away, covering her face with both hands, her smile gone.

The New York *Daily News* is very worried about your morals. They know you're slipping ever deeper into the Slough of Lechery, and they are unwilling to contribute to your slide. If you're thinking nasty thoughts on your lunch hour, it won't be because they promoted filthy movies. To this end, they have taken to changing the titles of X-rated films to obscure their nature. A recent smash sex flick, *Over Xposure*, became *Over Posure*, which is very subtle indeed, and *The Young Busybodies* turned into *The Young Busybees*, a prurient tale of queens and drones. Eternal vigilance is the price of celibacy.

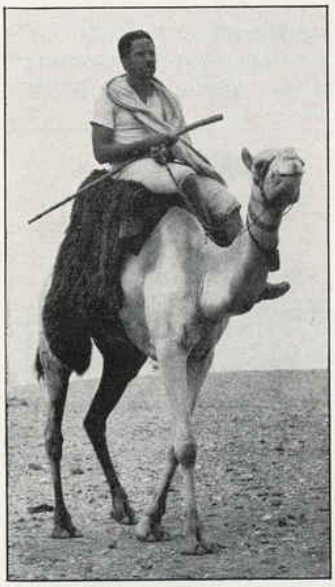
Southern fried smack

Elephantine readers (memory-wise) will remember who the French Connection was—an elegant, mysterious Mr. Big in the international heroin-smuggling game who, despite the collapse of his network, was never put behind bars. The South American Connection, however, is a horse of a different choler. For one thing, he got caught, along with his compatriots, who included five employees of Aerolineas Argentinas and a steward on Avianca Airlines. For another thing, he was a voodoo priest. Not your ordinary pusher. His name is Roberto Arenas, and until his unfortunate brush with the law he resided in Washington Heights, New York City. Ev-

ery time a new shipment of heroin arrived at his place, Arenas blessed it before passing it on. Agents who arrested him said his apartment was littered with candles, incense, and chicken heads. The chickens, they stressed, had *not* been cooked. Indeed.

Shafted in Ethiopia

Roger Lewis says it's so, and Richard Roundtree has no reason to doubt it, but for God's sake, you're not supposed to suggest it happens in Ethiopia, land of the Lion of Judah. His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie and the entire government have been just great in cooperating, but *Shaft in Africa*—third in the John Shaft, Harlem detective



series—is about the cracking of an international slave-running ring. And Roger Lewis, who's the producer, *knows* that slave running still goes on. But not in Ethiopia.

You mean . . . in 1973, sir? "Oh, yes. Stirling Silliphant got the idea for the screenplay from a piece in a French newspaper about 18 months ago. There was this truck crossing from Italy into France and it caught on fire, and when the cops stopped it, they found 30 African blacks inside, all being transported into France as slave labor." And what did the worthy French *flics* do about it all? "They doused the fire and sent the truck back across the border."

Everyone had a great time in Ethiopia, Richard Roundtree says, though it was kind of hard getting used to being fed, as Ethiopian manners dictate, by people pushing *yegomen kitfo* and *doro wat* into your mouth with their fingers. Ethiopian etiquette also says that only the left hand is used because everyone knows what the right is for. Unless, of course, you just happen to be left-handed. Smoking was swapped for chewing—a tough green leaf called *schat*, which produces a mild high.

Nor was cultural exchange forgotten. At the end of filming, all the *Shaft* people were lolling around in native cotton wraps and lions'-teeth necklaces, while the Ethiopians had cornered the market on *Shaft* printed T-shirts and worn denims.

When Lewis was first approaching the Emperor for permission to shoot in Ethiopia, they had this little booklet made up in L. A., big lettering, simplistic design, all about "what it would mean to us to be able to make the picture in Ethiopia and what it could mean to Ethiopia in terms of tourism. We called it *From the Lion of MGM to the Lion of Judah. . . .*"

And the reaction of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, Lion of Judah, whose royal lineage goes back to Solomon and Sheba days?

"Well, he just turned it over very carefully, reading it page by page. And then he looked up with this very . . . *bemused* . . . expression."

Me give you pretty beads.

—P.J.

The rise (left) and fall (right) and rise (left) of Brueghel's codpiece, re-enacted each era in primal rites.

Now you see it, now you don't

Sometime around the middle of the 16th Century, Pieter Brueghel the Elder suppressed an indecorous titter and drew the outlines for the bulging codpieces in *Peasant Wedding*. Then, presumably, he filled in. In 1930, when the Detroit Institute of Art bought the painting, the codpieces had been painted over by some scandalized Victorian, and the good name of Renaissance peasant virility languished for a full dozen years until the painting was finally cleaned.

Now the prude version is back again. Cycles, alas. It is in an ad for Chauvenet Red Cap Wine, and the Detroit Institute of Art claims that the advertisers have no business using a version that's not . . . *official*. (Good for Detroit; we like a museum that doesn't embarrass.) The advertisers, meanwhile, have pleaded ignorance. And, they say, the virile version could never have passed magazine advertising-acceptance departments. Poor codpiece. Such a fuss. Henry VIII himself wore one, and Henry was the Richard Nixon of his time and place, so how offensive could a codpiece be?

—M.H.

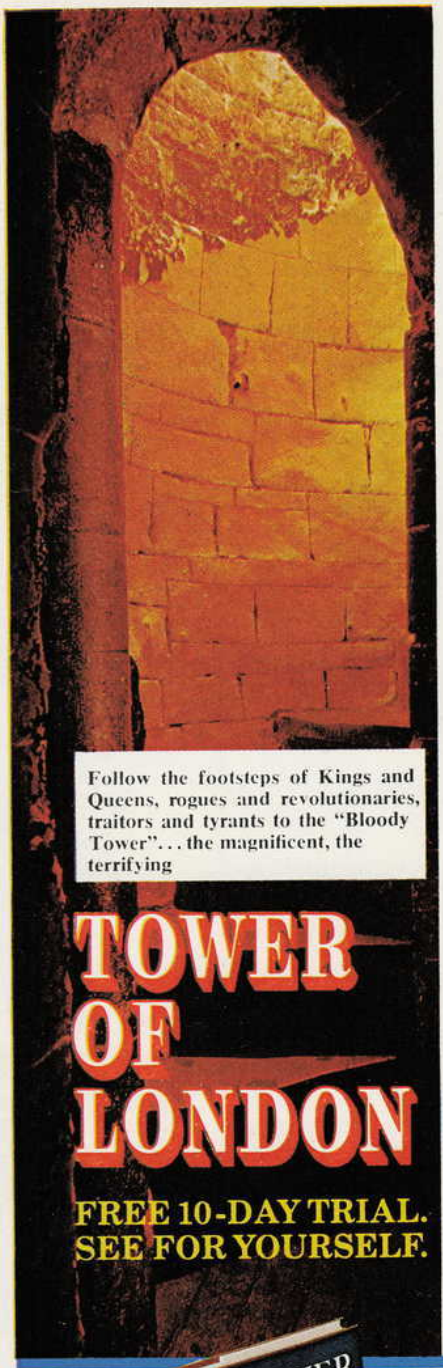
The fallen version in Brueghel's Peasant Wedding, *brought to you by Chauvenet Red Cap Wine. Detroit objects.*

And no burping!

The Paris Observer was a lively publication that issued briefly from the American Library on rue du Général-Camou in Paris. A recent article, widely reprinted in U. S. papers, purported to deal with French table manners. One tends to think it was a parting salvo of some sort. Its suggestions: start eating before everyone is served; grunt, gasp, and murmur with pleasure; sigh with approval over the wine; make a surreptitious gesture or two at the hostess (perhaps the thumb and forefinger joined in a circle); swab up the sauce with hunks of French bread; and, finally, "express voluble

Bound and gagged in *sukebei* central

This may seem to be a subtle, if not downright incomprehensible come-on pictured here, this lovely woman from a Japanese sex magazine with a packet of paper planted in her mouth. But that paper is called *sukebei kami*. The first word means horny. The second means paper. Together, they mean that she's ready to Do It, because *sukebei kami* is a kind of portable software Japanese bidet for the woman who can't manage to brush after every deal. So while this looks like a simple picture of a woman with paper in her mouth, it is actually loaded with erotic symbolism.



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Charles I. He kissed his children goodby, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a cruel necessity."

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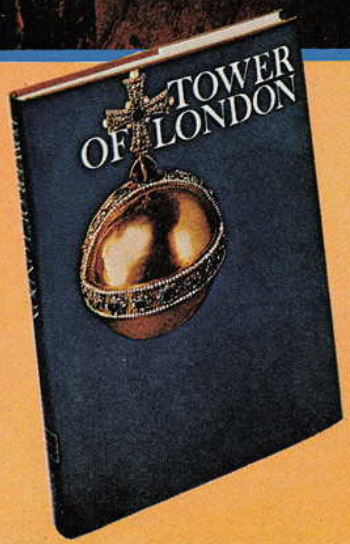

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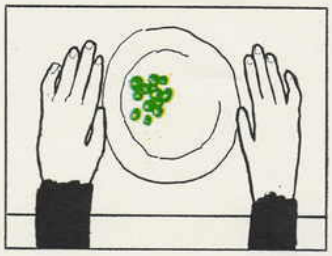
enthusiasm for a second helping." In the interests of clearing up what might become an international misunderstanding, we offer two French table rules that, unlike *all* those above, are for real:

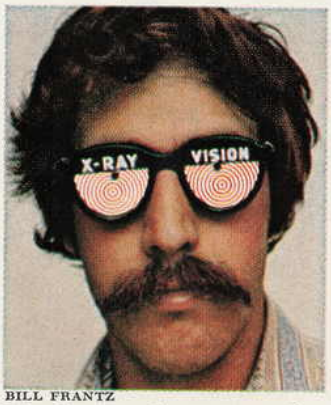
NON: *The Paris Observer* to the contrary, keep your verbal enthusiasms to a minimum. Flurried gasps of appreciation over the *côte de veau poêlée aux girolles* are unnecessary. Your hostess, being French, knows she's a good cook.



OUI: The French expect you to keep both hands on the table at all times. Hiding your hands under the table is considered impolite. In France, you may even lean on your elbows if seized by an expansive mood. (Onassis does it.) Yes, of course, you were taught to keep those hands cowering down there on your napkin, but what did parents know of Continental Sophistication? Liberate those hands! If anyone looks askew, just tell them the French do it. That counts for something these days.

I SEE YOU!

Last month, we brought you the magnificent We Print Anything T-shirt, and this month, we follow up with an unveiling of a subject of infinite speculation: X-Ray Specs. Does that stolid man, applying the X-Ray Specs to



BILL FRANTZ

his face and concentrating with all his might, have the power to see into men's souls? No, he tells us, though he's tried. He is able, however, to see the bones in his fingers if he holds his hand up to a strong light and crosses his eyes. He is also able to see through women's skirts if they are so kind as to stroll in front of a white sheet that is lit from behind. He tells us that he finds it difficult to find women who will put themselves in such a compromising position, due to the fabled properties of the X-Ray Specs and the intimidating demeanor they give him. Yet he does feel that for the investment (a dollar) they were still quite a deal.

(Next month, another mail-order classic, The Wonderful Penis Enlarger!)

WIDE WORLD

Sculptor David Roft, 26, lives at Digswell House, an artist's community in Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire, England. And, as you can see, he's an ass freak. He sculpts big ones, little ones, round ones, thin ones. Right now, the sculpture of the woman on the couch costs £150. But Roft will soon have his first exhibit at a London gallery. And who knows? He may still be smiling.

The Flipper: how to eat and run

Only the serious horseplayers show up for the morning line at Santa Anita. Among them was a jockey who would not ride that day. Howard Grant discovered the day before he was to ride in a $175,000 race, on a horse called Finalista, that the tangible results of a bar fight would keep him unhorsed.

He sipped coffee. He greeted an acquaintance.

"How're you, Cookie?"

"Fine, Howard, and you?"

"I'm 125 pounds!"

And that meant not good. Grant is in his 30s now. He is too heavy to be a really great jockey. If he moved to England or the Continent, where horses race with more weight, he could be legendary. But he stays in California, earns more than $100,000 a year, and worries about his weight. Slimmed down to ride, he weighs 118 and stands 5′4″.

Each morning he rides, he sweats off four or five pounds in the jockeys' steamroom. But he eats as much as he wants. Grant, in jockey parlance, is a flipper.

"I tried 55 or 60 different diets," he said. "It was awful. I finally got down to just coffee in the morning and a steak and salad at night. I had hunger pains all night long and all day. I did that for two years." Finally, he decided to try a trick that he estimates 30 percent of all jockeys employ.

"I started throwing up," he said. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me!"

At first he stuffed toilet paper down his throat. He threw up all day long. He lost 17 pounds and won the race. "If it wasn't for throwin' up, I woulda lasted only four or five years. I don't stick anything down my throat now. You get control of it, like a belly

Mein Gott! The pulse, so fast!

Prostitution may be the world's oldest profession, but doctor and nurse is almost certainly the oldest game. And, sometimes, even *real* doctors and nurses play, just to liven up an occasional routine workday. That, at least, is the premise of a new German film called *Nurse Report*, whose producers, the Constantin Filmgesellschaft, contend that *Nurse* tells "the truth about actual hospital situations." Ah, but not everyone has taken the film in the same good spirits in which it was intended. In Linz, Austria, nurses threatened to go out on strike. In Salzburg, routine workaday nurses left their thermometers sitting in ethyl alcohol and did go on strike until the movie was removed from local theaters. But the filmmakers insist that they will continue to send "breast, crotch, and penis from Germany—beautiful, large, and colorful—to countries all over the world."

(Advertisement)

Don't muddy up the googol.*

*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster defines as the number one followed by a hundred zeroes.

There are googols of little creatures squiggling and burrowing, flitting and squishing under the mud, through the swamps and over the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lugworm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to go—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time in as sacred a place as any in the world. It's where the life of the water and the life of the land converge in biological blur. These are the wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with bugs, teeming with beautiful life. This is where the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and floods; where the sun pierces down to the ooze and the nutrients flow in a strange and marvelous way. Nowhere else except here in these sopping grounds is there so much life in so much concentration. But the life is dwindling. And as these lands start to go—you do, too.

These squishy, mushy lands are where most of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow strips of estuarine land are where the birds come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied inexorably to the life support for the raccoons and the bears and the deer a hundred miles away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once there were 127 million acres of interior and coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone, the precious specks of life in these treasured lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays and fill the marshes and cover the mud with asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we destroy forever the great forces of life that began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this planet belongs not only to us but to them as well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to think—perhaps we will think to stop.

Sierra Club

dancer uses her stomach. Within ten minutes after a meal I excuse myself and just bend over. If you put your mind to it, you can do it."

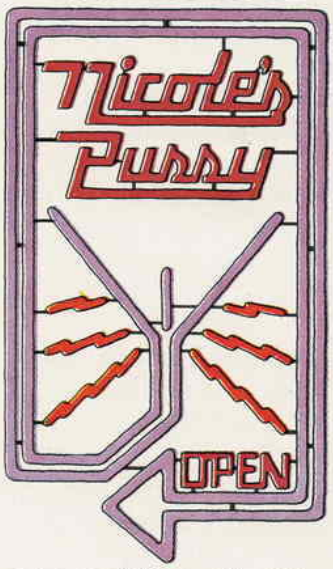
When he stops throwing up, Grant's weight goes up to 145 pounds. But regurgitation keeps him slim while eating constantly.

Grant smiled when asked his favorite cuisine.

"French," he replied enthusiastically. Just that week he had consumed and ejected a fine French meal. Leeks and shrimp for an appetizer. Frogs' legs for the entree. "I been throwin' up for 13 years," he said smiling. "All I want is another five good years."

—J.R.

Lebanese neon



Yes, folks, another international mystery: who stole the anon from Lebanon? Well, in old Beirut, like the rest of the country, prostitution is officially legal, triggering, as any experienced Jaycee could forecast, a rash of free enterprise and individual initiative. Naturally, the high-priced call girls make out pretty much as they've always made out—hanging around plusher establishments like the Kit-Kat Club and Teacher's. But bargain-basement hookers still have to hustle on their own, and some have obviously learned well the neon lessons of Las Vegas. For instance, there's a place called MARICA. Actually, it's not a place at all, it's a girl—one girl, Marica, one bedroom, and one blazing neon sign that may be larger than the girl and the room together. What's next? A giant black-light billboard advertising CANDY with the digital time and temperature? Or maybe a 1000-lightbulb monster like the one in Bakersfield, California, that simply says LET'S EAT.

Small fable, as the bird flies!

A doctor's wife found that she could carry on a conversation with a bird that flew in their window one day. In the interests of science, she took to writing down its observations on yellow legal pads.

April 16, 5:15 P.M., in the car: "This is definitely not the quickest way to the supermarket."

April 16, 9:26 P.M., M.'s room: "I love fried prawns."

April 19, 3:30 P.M., laundry room: "Here's a mad thought: China and Spain are really the same thing."

April 23, 12:05 P.M., M.'s room: "You know, your husband is very cute."

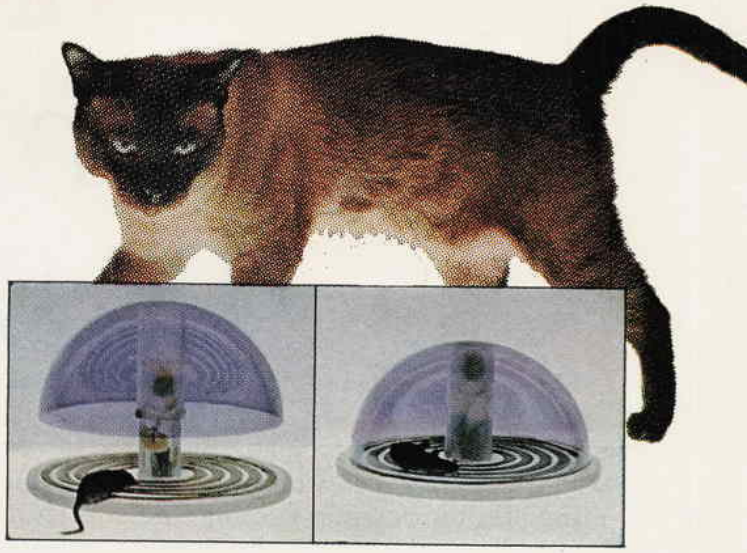
The wife reported that the bird, just like a person, had certain thoughts and phrases that it kept repeating. Its favorite aphorism was "You can't fool a bird in the daytime, and you can't fool a bird at night." Its favorite phrase was "as the bird flies," which would have a felicitous effect on almost any sentence of thought:

"By Christ, no! as the bird flies."

"Two cheeseburgers to go, as the bird flies."

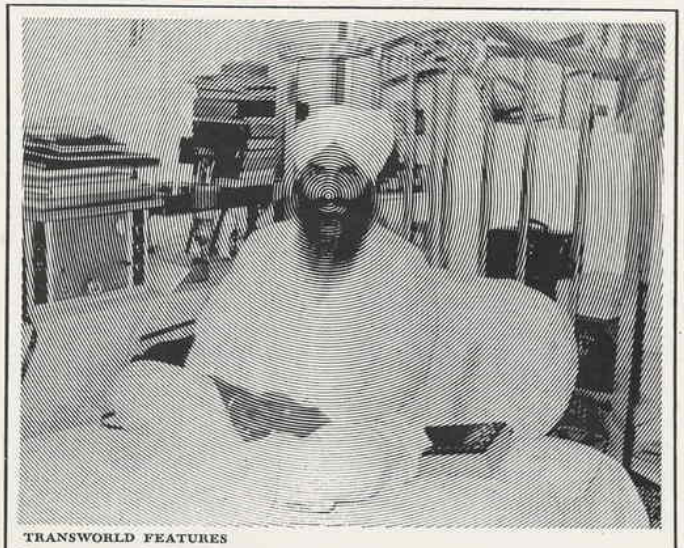
They had a discussion about nose jobs. Before long, the bird was not kept inside a cage. After it achieved this first liberty, there was no controlling it. Eventually, it ate at the dinner table. It watched the doctor and his wife make love. It asked for a personal checking account. That was the end of the bird.

—N.K.



Death stalks Manhattan

Of course, some soft-headed bleeding hearts would argue that the death penalty, no matter how cruel or unusual, has never been proven a deterrent to mice. But in these uneasy and infested times, shouldn't we perhaps worry less about the scavenging rodents and more about the guys who have to do them in? Rhyder McClure, 30-year-old inventor and artist from Greenwich Village, apparently thinks so. He's invented an electric, fully automatic mousetrap that instantly ensnares the suspected mouse and administers a jolt of volts sufficient to remove him as a burden to society. McClure claims the device is safe, foolproof, bloodless, and sanitary —"a perfect operation . . . safe as your toaster or your radio or your bedside lamp." Looks good, too. Its clear-plastic dome and low-profile hot-plate base would add elegance to any modern kitchen. And consider these other exclusive, space-age features: two sequential solid-state circuits—a bait-triggered circuit that activates dome descent and a dome-triggered circuit that deactivates bait-triggered circuit, activates the monitor buzz and light, and electrifies high-impedance copper base rings that instantly zap the little bugger; plus a built-in multipurpose alarm system that registers loudly when



TRANSWORLD FEATURES

It's no snap being a guru. Just ask Baba Gurbachan Singh Ji of downtown New Delhi. Once he wanted nothing more than his wife's weight in bank notes. But then, you get your Western scientists talking about intelligible signals from outer space and this music-of-the-spheres business, and, well, you can't be too careful. We find the guru here in a pose of repose with a transistor radio by his side and, what's more, a *transmitter.* They indicate, according to the guru, his awareness of current international and interterrestrial affairs and his continuing concern about them. Isn't it nice to know someone out there cares?

Satellite

(Continued from page 11) we took advantage of the open front door (normally locked at night) to check the truck. It was still there, but the tarp had been untied and our cheap Mexican guitar was gone, along with an old overcoat. We went back inside and packed in the dark. We decided to leave right away and drive through the night. We could wait at the border for the customhouse to open.

We felt our way to the front door, being careful not to stumble over the cots that were set up in the courtyard. The door was locked.

We tried to find Señora Vargas, but the night had swallowed her up. We called loudly, but there was no answer. Close to hysteria, we started banging pots together to wake someone. We were trapped in the plague city. Like everyone else.

We sat in the silent courtyard and smoked cigarettes. Then, with nothing else to do, we went back to bed for a couple of hours. At 6 A.M. church bells started ringing and the rooster began to crow again. The front door was opened. We grabbed our stuff and headed for the street. As we passed Señora Vargas she wished us *buen viaje*, but we ignored her. The men in the lounge were glaring at us again. Dawn was breaking as we packed the truck, jumped in, and drove out of town. The fear of death was on us.

At the highway turnoff just outside Granada, we stopped to ask directions to the border, and a nice looking middle-aged man jumped into the back of the truck. He didn't ask, he just climbed in. He was as desperate to get out as we were, and we let him ride. An hour later we were at the border—a lovely, civilized border—and we breezed through into Costa Rica.

Our karma had been complicated. It got us our story, but it was the hard way—maybe the only way. More than the city of Managua lies in ruins. The people are in ruins, too. Some of the dead ones are buried under piles of bricks; others are eating dinner in Granada. What made Pension Vargas so poisonous wasn't the funk—we've known worse—it was the festering hatred of people with nowhere to go and nowhere to stay. The night of the living dead. That's the story: a locked door in the middle of a night that has no end. For us, the door opened. For most of Managua, despite the year of reconstruction, the year of hope, the door remains closed.

—MICHAEL GOODWIN and NAOMI WISE

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dome is ajar. For the squeamish few who find the sudden dimming of house lights a bit unnerving, McClure has added a battery-activated clemency circuit that allows the rodent to be merely entrapped and later released with a stern warning.

But McClure himself is not squeamish; he's already working on an electrified roach trap. "They're curious creatures," he explained with amusement. "All you have to do is put the trap where they congregate. They set a foot into it and—zap!" He hopes to perfect it soon, but evidently a few bugs still have to be worked out. —D.F.

Mussolini just tickles those ivories to death!

WIDE WORLD

Daddy ran a country called Italy, and everyone was proud of him until he and his mistress wound up hanging upside down and dead at a bombed-out filling station in Milano. Romano Mussolini, the son, now 46 years old, has been playing jazz piano for a number of years, but now he wants to be a star. New Orleans. Vegas. Bright lights.

"I started with the piano at 18, during the war," Romano says. "I had no formal instruction; my 'teachers' were Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band—on records my brother Vittorio brought back from a trip to Sweden. My father didn't think much of jazz: he called it 'newfangled nonsense.' He loved classical music—Brahms, Beethoven, the operas of Verdi and Puccini." According to the American clarinetist Tony Scott, Mussolini is "one of the best swing and bebop musicians in the business." His concert repertory consists mostly of golden oldies like *Stardust*, *Saints*, and *'O Sole Mio*. See you in Vegas, Musso.

Flying fat

More from our European hamburger correspondent:

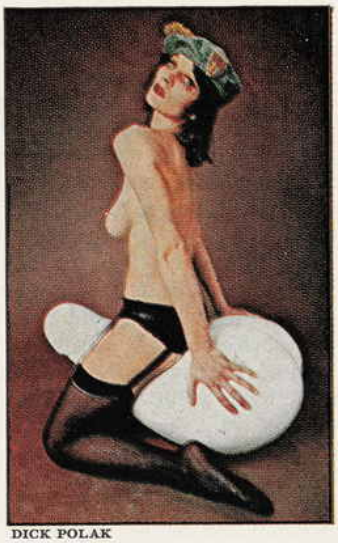
The really guv'nor burger joint in London is the Hard Rock Café at 150 Old Park Lane. When Britishers get into American pop culture, they tend to get into it a little too deeply for their own good, and right now they are very much into the Fifties Main Street syndrome. The Hard Rock Café looks more like a soda fountain than anything I've seen recently in America. You expect Archie and Veronica to come strolling in any minute, but chances are they'll have a long wait to get their corner booth. It's always crowded there.

The jukebox is jumpin' (usually with soul music) and the pinball's fast. There's a big Confederate flag over one wall and pennants from cities like Memphis.

The Hard Rock serves sandwiches and steaks, but their real specialty is the burger. For about $1.50 you get the Hard Rock Country Charbroiled Burger on a freshly baked sesame bun, with French fries, salad, and their own herbs and spices. A cheeseburger will cost you about 12 cents more, and a double is around $2.10. They claim it's an "Old South recipe," and whatever it is, it sure does taste good. Down near the bottom of the menu, just to make sure you don't miss the point, it says, "God bless Jackson, Tennessee, and L. A., California." —J.M.

Round, white, and bulbous

Honestly, so many people got raped, creamed, and throttled during the filming of *A Clockwork Orange* that it didn't seem right to release the battered extras without giving them something besides their usual fee and hospital expenses. Remember that magnificent white sculpture of the cock and balls that Malcolm McDowell used to bash in the old lady's face? After the picture was finished, they decided to



DICK POLAK

give it to Cheryl Grunwald, the young girl stripped and attacked by an adventurous social club. Sick? Maybe, but little Cheryl eagerly took it to her London apartment, where, friends say, she's become positively *attached* to it. On a rainy day, it sure beats the old in-out-in-out.

The one & only International Museum of Erotic Art

Sure, it was opening night at the world's first-ever International Museum of Erotic Art, and many of San Francisco's foremost swells showed up for the historic occasion, about 5000 people drinking free wine and champagne, even if one newspaper columnist (the aging evergreen Herb Caen) *did* say it was nothing but a bunch of "dirty pictures."

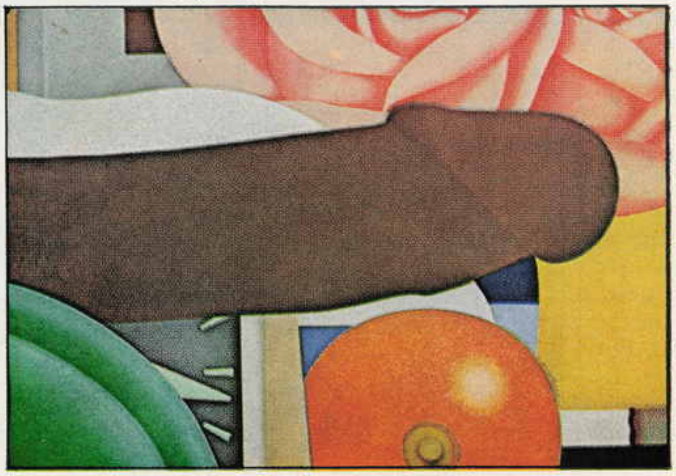
Heck, that wasn't the problem for the opening nighters. Their problem was that the pix weren't dirty *enough*. At least that was the way it appeared, to hear many very gorgeous guys and gals in their slinky low-cuts and high-cuts express it, with worried furrows in their tanned brows:

"If this stuff is erotic, why am I not getting off on it?"

Maybe it's going a bit *far* to suggest they weren't really getting off on it, because, as a matter of fact, they *were* getting off on the pix and drawings, at least in one way—boy oh boy, what a bunch of wise-

Lithograph by Pablo Picasso.

Bedroom Painting #20 *by Tom Wesselmann.*



crackers. You should have heard the *mots*, most of them both *bons* and witty.

"Looka here," expressed one hippish matron wearing an Aunt Jemima kerchief, pointing at a 17th-Century Japanese *shunga* painting in which this couple (he old, she young) were letting each other have it, "it looks like the old guy fell asleep!"

Elsewhere, others were even guffawing, though there was a nervous edge to some voices belonging to people who'd never seen so much erotic

There are times when you just can't smoke. And that's when you should do what six million other Americans do.

Take a pinch of "smokeless tobacco." Place it between cheek and gum and let it rest there. You'll get full tobacco pleasure.

It's easy to see why cowboys are into "smokeless tobacco." And scientists and lab technicians are using it, too. And thousands of others who work with their hands. In places where smoking is out.

Even lawyers and judges are taking it into their courtrooms. Students and teachers enjoy it in their classrooms.

Three great brands of "smokeless tobacco" are taking hold all over the country.

There's Copenhagen, which has the rich flavor of pure tobacco.

Skoal, laced with wintergreen.

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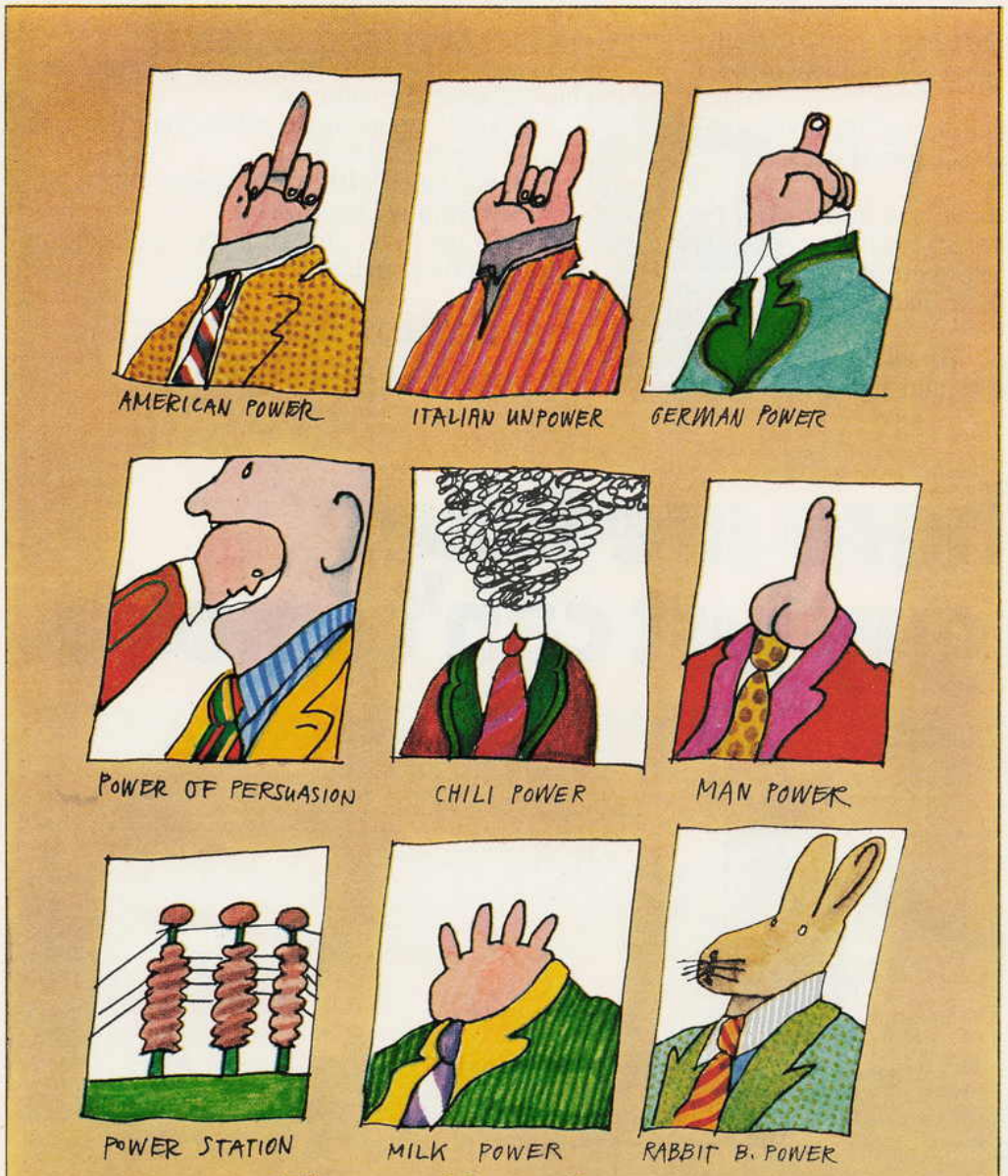
For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. W-11, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.



The corridors of power

G.H. Magnus, famed German designer, has more than a few things to say about Americans, power, dinosaurs, monuments, and chickens in general. We present his opinions on power this month, chickens next month, and after that (who knows?) maybe the world.

art all together in one place. And that included almost everybody there, except for the noted man-wife sexology experts Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, whose name is affixed to this collection of 2000 erotic fine artworks, recently purchased from them by the Genesis Church and Ecumenical Center, which owns this museum.

The museum has erotic art from all over the world, as rendered by artists that span the spectrum from John Lennon to Picasso. *How big a spectrum is that?* may be your question. Well, it furthermore includes Chinese people, the aforementioned Japanese (from the 6th to the 20th Centuries), plenty of Amero-Europeans, Indians, and probably every continent including Australia, though it wasn't too easy to tell without labels anywhere to be seen.

But so what? After all, if there's an international language and it isn't music, then it must be sex. Few could argue with that postulation after touring the museum (where it costs $2.50 to enter the door, no burn, strictly non-profit). You walk away with this realization:

All over the world, people are a-doin' it. Some do it thisaway, some do it thataway, others upside down and sideways. But they're all doin' it and likin' it, and there's a message in that:

For every mugging on the crowded streets of this world, there're probably three dozen or more people either (a) getting laid or (b) laying.

It's darn near enough to make you feel optimistic, if not a little randy.

Der Kronhausens say *der* show is a political statement (what isn't?), in that erotic art has formerly been the exclusive property of the very wealthy upper crust, who used their forces of repression to keep the middle and lower classes from owning any of this stuff, often on pain of getting killed if they got caught. For instance, erotic art was cool in Japan so long as it was painted on silk, which meant that only the rich could own it. But when (in the 18th Century) they began mass producing the goods via block prints—why, *damn*, the authorities didn't go for *that* bullshit for a minute. Because that meant almost everybody who put in an honest day's work could afford to own feelthy pix, and this would rapidly lead to the lowering of moral standards, the downhill slide of the work ethic, the decay of civilization, the rise of heathenism and hedonism . . . you know, the *worst*.

The Kronhausens don't fly a banner but if they did, it would read: "Eros for the People . . . Democratize the Primal Urge as Represented by the Works of the World's Great (and Near-great and So-so) Artists." And oui's motto has always been: "Anybody who's on the side of the masses can't be all bad!"

Now then, as to why there was so little *getting off* on opening night. The reason for that was too many people all jamming tight up against it and guzzling wine and looking pretty and talking smart. Instead of just buttoning their chops, standing there, and digging it. Many people who have gone to the museum since opening night report no difficulty in getting off in the comparative solitude.

After all, we don't have a precise translation of *Kronhausen*, but can there be any doubt when it comes to *Eberhard*? —J.B.

According to *Interview* magazine, Joanne Carson, Johnny's ex-wife, had the gold wedding band he gave her melted down and made into a teardrop. She wears the golden teardrop on a chain around her neck.

We

Contributors to this section include Jack Altman, Melinda Benton, John Burks, David Felton, Marian Houk, Patricia Johnson, Nick Kazan, Derek Lyons, John Morthland, John Riley, Richard Roraback, Tom Werts, and the staff of oui magazine.

REVUE

Money, Money, Money; goody, goody, goody

I equivocate not. Claude Lelouch's **Money, Money, Money** is the funniest film I've seen in ten years. And I don't recall what I saw ten years ago that was funnier. It just seems axiomatic—by some obdurate law of the conservation of comic energy—that such a boundlessly absurd-hilarious masterpiece could happen only once a decade. Lelouch has squandered our natural reserves of humor. Even a dubbed English version of *Money* could use subtitles: with more than 20 people in a theater, you can't hear dialogue for laughter. And the film is a blessed purgative; it explodes, exploits the dreary kidnap-hijack traffickings of our hostage era. Just the thing, after my toiletries case was searched four times at JFK, green toothpaste squirted into the vest pocket of a second-best sports jacket. See it. See it. And don't wait to catch *Money* as your next in-flight motion picture. A B'nai B'rith charter tour to Cairo is more probable.

What happens, see . . . five superannuated thieves educate themselves reluctantly in the mechanics of modern terrorism. Hell, you can't prepare for tomorrow with yesterday's skills. Then they proceed—full of a convert's enthusiasm—to kidnap everyone and everything: rock singer, 747, ambassador, Castro-unshaven revolutionary, and at last—gorgeously, outrageously—the Pope himself, asking as ransom a single franc from every Catholic in the world. There isn't one, not one—repeat, not one—slow or mistaken half minute in almost two hours. By the logistics of comedy, its ups and downs, that's about as possible as eating rice with one chopstick. Yet Lelouch's screenplay isn't just witty and superpreposterous; it's also deft art. The five characters are developed with a consistent, accurate care. And played with bravura idiocy by Jacques Brel, Lino Ventura, Charles Denner, Charles Gérard, and Aldo Maccione. Subtle as Shaw; slapstick as *Hellzapoppin*; caustic as Swift. *Money, Money, Money* goes into extra innings tied with the very best Marx Brothers —only there's an extra brother and ten times more profundity. Not to be seen on a full bladder. Joyous. Brilliant. Simply the best.

Wonton slaughter: **Five Fingers of Death** starring the ever-popular Lo Lieh, produced by Run Run Shaw, and directed by Cheng Chang Ho. The special effects are fabulous: 20-foot leaps; heads butted slo mo in midair; fingers power-sawing trees down, punching through rib cages; eyeballs that bounce like bits of ping-pong diplomacy. It's an Eastern Western, all the Dodge City conventions grafted into backwoods Taiwan. Instead of six-guns, they quick-draw Karate chops. There's even an obligatory barroom scene: hero saunters through swinging bead curtain, asks for a bottle of rice wine; villain guffaws, "Look at the Dude, drinkin' wine." Dude throws villain through ceiling—

One Finger of Death.

yes, through the ceiling. I saw it with my own eyes. In a traumatic moment Lo Lieh gets his karate fingers broken à la Paul Newman's hustler. Good-hearted song-and-dance girl nurses him, "Please give up hand fighting and settle down." So sorry, a man's got to be a man and Lo Lieh trots off into the sunset just like Johnny Mack Brown used to. The dubbing is ridiculous, one grunted pictograph being worth about 14 English words. But, special effects or not, these boys are in shape—you'd better believe it, Charlie. The choreography of mayhem is breathtaking. They say a Kung Fu adept can suck his testicles back/up/into his body for safekeeping in emergencies. I believe it. Kung Fu flicks have stormed Europe. The freebie premiere audience went crackers, shrieked like my mother-in-law at a wrestling match. You must see one of these films.

Just one.

•

King Ludwig of Bavaria was insane; he also had 9000 cavities. I don't know about Luchino Visconti's teeth, but he's overdue for a frontal lobotomy. **Ludwig** is the hemorrhoid breaker of 1973. If your wife goes, you can name her theater seat as a corespondent. I'd rather spend three hours in a moth closet than see *Ludwig* again. Historical truth is an uneven cinematic property. Lots of footage but very little super-Panascope significance. Bavaria, my God. Some selection, some modest discretion is/are asked.

Ludwig of Bavaria ranked for *chutzpah* just after Millard Fillmore. His little madnesses are so screaming dull they might as well be the pathological signs of sanity. Ludwig lets Richard Wagner leech on his exchequer, builds a Levittown's worth of palaces, turns royal fairy from indecisiveness. The film is rated R: Romy Schneider strips off her gloves once. Visconti's interest has been the disintegration of power, but Ludwig's disintegration runs the gamut from A to B—a two-watt bulb extinguished is more dramatic. Helmut Berger tries. He goes quite creditably from the young Olivier as Hamlet to the old Edward G. Robinson as Mr. Tooth Decay. But it's not good enough. Plastic Man couldn't beat this rap. And he gets no help from the screenplay. Visconti's writing is humorless as a bronze truss.

After two and a half hours, Luchino-Ludwig is still doing his Tinkerbell routines; delicate, lovely, boring. Track a carriage for 20 seconds. Watch gates open; watch rust pop off hinges; watch patent-leather shoes up stoop; watch bell-pull pull; watch baroque design on doorknob; track butler from kitchen, along hall; have a look at Gothic umbrella stand; butler wipes fingers; see baroque design on other end of doorknob. Message delivered. Visconti's great talent has been rotted by aesthetic megalomania. It's time someone cut his budget, forced him to remember terseness and economy in art. *Ludwig* is an insult. I take it personally. Like listening to a drunk tell you his life story. *Ludwig* should be given as

penance in the confessional: equivalent of telling a half-mile rosary, but somewhat less elevating.

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The Nelson Affair, by contrast, is an overworked historical staple, frozen orange juice, and packaged like it. But Hal Wallis's production is theatrical, boisterous—macrobiotic entertainment.

It is 80 percent Glenda Jackson. Pocky complexion, front teeth big and broken as old loaded dice, stevedore's lurch, and yet beautiful beyond adjectives. I am smit. And Lady Hamilton was just this compound of crassness and glory. The broad played broad: a characterization so accurate it polishes history. Glenda can say "Go bugger yourself" as if the line were out of Keats. She belches pear-shaped tones. She throws a fig across the table and gives two for the Admiral with such fierce lustiness that Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square seems a tracing of his manhood. Her tantrums embarrass, yet never once—through all the ugliness and profanity—can you question her power to inspire love. Love, nuts . . . she inspires good acting. In Peter Finch (Nelson) who is up from Class AA for a cup of coffee with the big leaguers. In Dominic Guard (Nelson's nephew) whose technique is all baby fat and smirks. With Glenda they generate electricity; elsewhere, shorted wires. She is a tottery, frowzy, whorish, cruel, gorgeous, witty, adorable firework. A wizard performance. The Oscar ought to be sex changed in her honor.

The other 20 percent consists mostly of Terence Rattigan, whose screenplay —developed from his West End drama *A Bequest to the Nation*—is literate and otter smooth, though it does tend to telegraph the occasional right cross. Rattigan uses a single device as the designated pinch hitter in his dialogue. Set an innocent or a prude within leash length of Lady Hamilton and give the kill sign. She has a bad word for everyone. Yet when Glenda says, "I did so want to be a countess," she throws off a bathetic-pathetic sadness that is gorge constricting. Tagged onto this stage-sized drawing-room comedy are some fat, brassy battle scenes: cannon recoiling in horror, canvas blown three sheets to the wind, and Nelson's "Kiss me, Hardy," the most wonderfully ambivalent death rattle in British naval annals. This last is unnecessary but rousing. The whole is snazzy, a 21-gun spectacle.

—D. KEITH MANO

Stick it in your ear: Can a mutant sing de blues?

"A humid season without Dionysus is like wheatmeal without *opson*," or so goes the old saw. Fittingly, this summer's aural crop witnesses the much-awaited return of that duji-trepanned Zagreus of jook, the beloved Ig.

Raw power, baby, it can't be beat,
Get up, babe, and kiss my feet.

The berserk industrial-vacuum-cleaner rhythms, the deranged punk lyrics—Iggy *invented* that stuff. **Raw Power** (Columbia), the Stooges' latest scrap of vinyl, bears witness to his right to retain the belt. Ig and the boys here make their way through a series of new highs in aesthetic depravity, the strongest of which include *Search and Destroy* ("Look out, honey, 'cause mutant technology/Ain't got time to make no apologies"); *Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell*, the lyrics of which read like the spewings of an aphasiac Mickey Spillane; the bluesy *I Need Somebody*; Ig's response to the Stones' song of three years ago (better late than never, right?), *Gimme Danger*, vaguely reminiscent of Big Jim Morrison in vocal and lyrics ("Gimme danger, little stranger/And I'll heal your disease/. . . There's nothing left of life/But a pair of glassy eyes"); and the great *Penetration*, a dirgelike homage to carnal impletion and pelvic oompah. Anyone who's not presently undergoing cerebrovascular treatments owes it to himself to have his central nervous system strafed by these gifted young Ur-shmeckers.

On an equally demonic but somewhat more, how you say, refined plane, we have those legendary Long Island leather-churls, the Blue Öyster Cult and their second bid, **Tyranny and Mutation** (Columbia). Contained herein are such Cult irruptions as *Hot Rails to Hell* (the tale of rock entrepreneur Phil King, a man rarely spoken of as the paragon of honesty, who had his brain rudely short-circuited by a .38 slug as he left a Farmingdale, L. I., diner one evening last year), *Baby Ice Dog* (a charted version of one of ace poet Patti Smith's *Dog Poems*), *Mistress of the Salmon Salt* (a little show stopper concerning *la gastronomie du con*, i.e., eating puss), *The Red & the Black* (a revamping of *I'm on the Lamb But I Ain't No Sheep* from their debut album), and sportswriter Richard Meltzer's *Teen Archer* (about the day they shut down Times Square's Peepalive). And it's all packaged in Gawlik's (a very singular fellow, this Gawlik—he distinguished himself at art school by specializing in expressionistic renditions of Nazi insignia) vision of some anal-obsessive Valhalla. Without a doubt, the album that Aleister Crowley would've liked to curl up with after a hard day at the Temple.

•

Asleep at the Wheel are a group of slightly mutant twango-morphs. Unlike Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen, Asleep at the Wheel lean toward a straighter country sound. Their first album, **Comin' Right at Ya** (United Artists), is comprised of six originals and as many dusted-off standards. The latter category includes Bob Wills's classic *Take Me Back to Tulsa* (into which singer Ray Benson, a shining testimony to his scholarship concerning matters Willsian, has injected the ubiquitous *Man After My Own Heart* one-liner, a rather shabby specimen of a joke that seemingly signified for Wills the absolute pinnacle of humor), Hank Williams's *I'll Never Get Out of this World Alive* (one of the few "humorous" country songs capable of being enjoyed by those not possessing the usual prerequisite of microcephalia), Moon Mullican's great *Cherokee Boogie*, Hank Snow's tachoglot monster *I've Been Everywhere*, and Larry Lee's quasi-mystical spiritual *The Son Shines Down on Me*. Of the original material, drummer Leroy Preston's *Daddy's Advice* (finally, somebody who's been influenced by Al Dexter!), *Before You Stopped Loving Me*, and *I'm the Fool (Who Told You to Go)* are the disc's heavyweights. An extra added attraction is the laryngeal sublimity of guitarist Chris O'Connell, perhaps the finest generatrix of country poon-croon to spring from the Old Dominion State since Mother Maybelle Carter hit the cradle there in 19-aught-9. Chris is featured on *Before You Stopped Loving Me*, *Space Buggy*, *Your Down Home Is Uptown*, and *The Son Shines Down on Me*. Her tits aren't as big as Dolly's and her coif's not too Corinthian, but I'll bet you two of these for one of those that someday O'Connellburger franchises shall dot the landscape of Tennessee.

•

One other new country product that cannot go without mention is Universal Media's ambitious and laudable 7-volume, 14-record anthology, **The History of Country Music.** Covering the history of said music from Jimmie Rodgers's first recordings in the Twenties to the top country hits of 1972, the set includes more than 200 complete songs, narratives by many of the artists, spoken annotation, and a few ridiculously rare

tidbits (a taped passage from the eulogy at Hank Williams's funeral, for instance). It's available by mail ($5.95 a volume) from Universal Media, Inc., P.O. Box 4606, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304.

•

Although a bit shaky at times, Led Zeppelin's **House of the Holy** (Atlantic) represents something of an improvement over their last effort. While in terms of sheer, obsidian strength there's not much that's on a par with, say, *Whole Lotta Love*, there is a fairly healthy quota of good shit: an amazing cut that sounds as if it were recorded in a prefabricated corrugated aluminum garage (*The Ocean*); a truly seedy shu-bop number, complete with unctuously tremolant rhythm guitar amplified totally and magnificently out of proportion (*D'Yer Mak'er?*); a nice parody of the stereo–James Brown, clenched teeth, she's-my-baby-she-makes-me-feel-good, endless rhythm shuffle (*The Crunge*). The album's lower scorers include *The Rain Song*, which sounds pretty much like Circus Maximus's *The Rain* (one of your more minor classics of the early Day-Glo era) and is guilty of possession of a piano chart that has been employed at least once in every film where a cigarette girl gets a sawsky slipped into her brassière in remuneration for information concerning the current residence of someone (usually short, nervous) who knows too much.

•

Perhaps the most trenchant, palatable expression of electronic jook to date exists within the grooves of **Stardrive** (Elektra), the first waxing of a group of the same name. The young Meistergeist behind Stardrive is a guy by the name of Robert Mason. Great credentials: transcribed Mozart symphonies for the piano at the age of eight; studied at Juilliard and Mannes; graduated from Oberlin Conservatory; composed tapes for the Electronic Music Center of Columbia-Princeton; put in two years with arch sine-wave *meshuganah* Morton Subotnik at the New York University Electronic Music Center. The deal with Mason was that, after mastering the Moog, Arp, and Buchla synthesizers, he decided that no extant machine was capable of producing exactly the right configurations and combinations thereof. He proceeded to construct his own, using components from the three name synthesizers and a lot of homemade elements. Pure blue-shift.

•

Was Charlie Parker one of the greatest forces ever to stick a finger into the pie of 20th-Century music? Do bears shit in the woods? **Charlie Parker Broadcast** (ESP-Disk) is a bizarrely packaged collection of Parker material culled from his c. 1947 radio shows at the old Royal Roost in New York. The members of Charlie's All-Stars on these freshly unearthed cuts include such magnoids of the hep universe as Max Roach, Miles

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Davis, Tommy Potter, Curley Russell, Kenny Dorham, Al Haig, and others. The songs include versions of Monk's *52nd Street Theme*, *Be Bop*, *Slow Boat to China*, *East of the Sun*, and Bird classics *Ornithology*, *Groovin' High*, and *Cheryl*. There are also some priceless lines from m.c. Symphony Sid ("And don't forget to call by over this wonderful Labor Day weekend; you'll have a ball digging some of the gonest in modern jazz . . . at the Metropolitan Bopera house . . . enjoying the chicken, boys? And our great milk bar?") and even a few words from the man himself.

Later. —NICK TOSCHES

Adventures in postliteracy: There are no words

Who reads anymore? I mean, people not five years younger than I (and I've arrived at the advanced age of 24) are stumbling straight out of preliteracy into postliteracy without even a weekend stop at the obvious midpoint. I understand that a study recently showed that 60 percent of the people who read *Rolling Stone* don't read anything else. Anything. Cereal boxes, Proust, record jackets, the Bible, Spiderman. . . .

Now you, Joyce Maynard, I know you like to read. In fact, you're such a bright exception to my stereotype of the 19-year-old that I wonder how typical you are. Folks, can you imagine a 19-year-old publishing her autobiography? It's called **Looking Back, A Chronicle of Growing Up Old in the Sixties** (Doubleday, $5.95), and if nothing else, it'll make you think. Many of us lived her experiences, but to have perceived them with clarity and seriousness is no small matter, nor is analyzing and putting it down on paper so well. Joyce is from a rather intellectual background, true, and she has lived a sheltered life, but part of *Looking Back*'s charm is the insight it brings into the ordinary things (so *that's* what the girls were thinking at those awful junior-high dances!). Plus, her views on such subjects as drugs and virginity—hardly typical of her generation—are quite provocative. Joyce Maynard's girlhood is changing her into quite a woman. I just wish I could believe she isn't unique.

•

Fiction, that old ping-pong ball of a subject (is it dead?/is it alive?), is still being cranked out, in shapes ranging from some of the bee-zar visual explorations in the Something Else Press's anthology **Breakthrough Fictioneers** ($3.95, paper) to the perfectly ordinary narratives of the Vietnam veterans whose short stories have been collected in a chilling volume called **Free Fire Zone** (First Casualty Press, $2.95, paper). The *Breakthrough* folks range from old William Burroughs to R. Meltzer, and they do stuff like *Art Idea for the Year 4000*. True, some of this is the same old boring *avant-garde*, but things like the multioption comic story *Norman vs. America*, where you get to make Norman's decisions for him and see how it comes out, or the remarkably evocative semiabstract writings of Carol Emshwiller or Paul Haines make this book well worth picking up.

Free Fire Zone deals with one of the really hidden issues of the Seventies: that for some people—some Americans, physically intact Americans, even—the Vietnam War will be a long, long time ending if, indeed, it ever will. I expected these stories to be sort of Winter Soldier–type confessions—I-blew-the-old-lady's-head-off-and-then-threw-up stories. They're not. If they say anything about the soldiers who served in Vietnam, it is that they are as diverse as their brothers who stayed home. One tends to forget that many of them were sympathetic to the Vietnamese people and culture, that a phrase like "fuckin' dink" never once crossed thousands of minds. A story like Loyd Little's *Out with the Lions* is so multifaceted that it scarcely seems a war story; while David Huddle's *The Interrogation of the Prisoner Bung by Mister Hawkins and Sergeant Tree* is so simple (but deadly) that you don't see how it could possibly surprise you—but watch out! Still, you come away from *Free Fire Zone* hoping that these fine young writers will eventually either work Indochina out of their systems or else use the perceptions they picked up there to help wage a much bigger war. (First Casualty Press, by the way, is channeling a lot of their money into such projects as the Bach Mai Hospital Fund. McGraw-Hill will be distributing *Free Fire Zone*'s second edition, but if you'd rather buy from First Casualty, the address is P. O. Box 518, Coventry, Connecticut 06238.)

•

Just as desolate, although considerably warmer, is the weird New York City landscape that Charles Wright lives in. Wright is one of those black writers whose names never seem to come up in discussions of black writers. It could be that people are ashamed of him, but he's always been one of my favorites. It's worth subscribing to *The Village Voice* just to read his sagas of life around the Bowery. If you think Hunter Thompson invented gonzo journalism, check out **Absolutely Nothing to Get Alarmed About** (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, $6.95) a collection of some of Wright's best stuff. He understands New York in a way nobody else seems to, and given a couple of bottles of wine, a quart of vodka, a lid of good weed, and a handful of pills, he can make it live for you. People live and die. Wright makes money and loses it, an endless succession of losers, winos, and junkies pass through his life, and he writes about them in a warm, friendly, and compassionate style well-spiked with a kind of black (and Black) humor. It's just life, you know. Nothing to get alarmed about, indeed.—ED WARD

222 This position can only be executed by athletically trained men. Men who are not extremely strong are advised against it.

It's one of those grim sex books from Germany that tell you all about how to do it without indicating why anyone should want to. It's called *The Pictorial Guide to Sexual Intercourse* (catchy, eh?), billed as "Europe's Most Beautiful Best-selling Sex Manual." Many of the positions illustrated are relatively mundane, but the Teutonic genius for making the worst of a good thing comes through occasionally, as in the above illustration. The first reader to achieve orgasm in this position gets the First Annual OUI Magazine Gilded Truss Award for pointless service above and beyond.

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MEXSBEN

SIXTY-NINE FACTS ABOUT THOSE HORNY FRENCH

BY JON BORGZINNER

In what country would an army colonel, enraged that his 16-year-old daughter was exposed in school to a pamphlet titled *Let's Learn to Make Love*, have the teacher brought up on criminal charges? In what country could a mother face ten years in prison for obtaining an abortion for her teenage daughter? In what country would a 32-year-old female teacher be convicted of corrupting the morals of a minor because she had an affair with a 16-year-old student and then commit suicide because the judge thought she deserved extended imprisonment? *Oui*, it's France, that naughty nation everybody thought invented love. The French are also known for having coined terms for afternooners (*cinq-à-sept*), happy triangles (*ménage-à-trois*), and something gymnastic called *soixante-neuf*. Proving that they do, in fact, have a very sexy language—so sexy that the French have convinced themselves that *they* are sexy. As a result, no one bothered to become a French Dr. Kinsey or a Gallic

69 FACTS *Would you believe that only 1 percent of the French make love on Mondays? Or that only 1 percent of Frenchwomen are true exhibitionists? The bare truth revealed!*

Masters and Johnson. Until the recent revelations in a 922-page study entitled *Report on the Sexual Behavior of the French* by Dr. Pierre Simon. With this report, the truth is out about the French. One might even wonder if their vaunted kraft is ebbing.

The report is far more scientific than Kinsey's, which is now almost 25 years old. Simon and his colleagues interviewed only 2625 men and women, while Kinsey interviewed 11,240, but the statistical profile of Simon's sample was exactingly determined by computer. Connect all the dots each interviewee represented on a graph and you get a perfect picture of French society. Each person was chosen with regard to where he lived, age, cultural level, profession, and religious background.

"Kinsey himself," says Simon, "points out in his book that he undertook the investigation of only certain layers of society, primarily those living on campuses, and what's more, only those who were willing to participate in conversations. His work is really based on conversations rather than on a mathematical investigation."

So while Simon's report needs to be regarded as a study solely of the French, it is also the most up-to-date and thorough study of human sexual habits in general. Among the facts excerpted from his detailed computer print-outs, there are some surprises about the nature of men and women. The biggest surprise is that in the conjugation of the French, there's a lot of slipping between their tongue and their lips.

The funds for Simon's study had to be raised privately. The French government, says the doctor, "generously offered me ten francs so that I could buy myself a cup of coffee. You can get all the government credit you need for a submarine or a fighter plane. But for sociology, nothing." He found two patrons, the French publishing houses of Prouvost and Julliard, which put up the $112,000 required to carry out the inquiry.

The report took three years to complete. The longest phase of the work was simply preparing the questionnaire. The first 66 questions were asked orally; the following 107 more personal questions were posed in written form.

"The group that didn't answer the written section—the most intimate part of the questionnaire," says Simon, "was primarily women over the age of 50, as though they wanted to forget that they had had a sexual life." Questions about masturbation produced avoidance of any response. "Above all," says Simon, "I think that on the popular level, women don't always know what masturbation is, because their sex doesn't have the physical development of the male. A man can perceive what masturbation is much more easily since it relates directly to a physical development. For women, masturbation and the clitoris remain difficult to understand even when they masturbate.

"It would have taken 15 minutes to explain masturbation to them," says Simon. "That was impossible within the framework of an investigation such as this one with so many questions. It's interesting because it proves that people are not very experienced and that women have not yet seen that the clitoris is an organ of sexual stimulation, since the true function of the clitoris is to concentrate sexual perceptions. This hasn't entered the consciousness of females because of the problems of poor education and repression."

The French take sex very seriously, and at least 70 percent responded that abortion is an important issue. Simon's own interest led him to become one of the founders of the Family Planning Association in France. There was a time when contraception was not taught in medical schools. "It's still not written about in medical school texts," he explains. "I myself am one who, as a member of the French left and a former grand master of the Masons, has for a long time raised the issue of sexuality as a way of changing society.

"The old war against contraception is still going on. Each time an article about accidents or deaths caused by the pill appears in newspapers like *France-Soir*, the number of women taking it drops abruptly, then slowly rises again. In our investigation, we discovered that 93 percent of the French know that the birth-control pill exists, but only 48 percent think it is effective. That explains the high incidence of *coitus interruptus* even among 20-year-olds."

Other forms of contraception are rare. "Very few women use intrauterine devices," says Simon. "The diaphragm is seldom prescribed because, incredibly, doctors don't know how to prescribe one. You must measure the vagina and teach the patient how to put it in and how to take it out. Only an experienced gynecologist knows how. It's not illegal to teach contraceptive methods, but that doesn't mean it's easy to get past ministerial decrees that get in the way."

Thus runs Simon's rap about his study. Herewith, OUI*'s distillation of the 69 essential facts his report discloses:*

1 Of the men under 30, 67 percent made it before the age of 21, compared with 66 percent of their fathers.

2 Of the women under 30, 59 percent had participated in the sexual act before the age of 21, compared with 36 percent of their mothers. Only a fourth of the U. S. women Kinsey interviewed were as liberated.

3 Three fourths of the men between the ages of 20 and 29 have had premarital relations.

4 Only 55 percent of the women between the ages of 20 and 29 have had premarital relations, as opposed to nearly half of all the American women in that age bracket back in the Forties.

5 Of the women, 67 percent had their first sexual experience with their husbands or fiancés.

6 Only 1 percent of the French studied in the report admit to making love on Mondays. In fact, the whole working week is amazingly barren of sexual activity, with no more than 2 percent claiming to engage in sex before the weekend.

7 Only 7 percent make love in the afternoon. This is a fairly paltry percentage, considering all the films and books revolving around the *cinq-à-sept*, supposedly a French tradition of grabbing a quickie between 5:00 and 7:00. Just 11 percent screw around in the morning, but 82 percent do it like clockwork before retiring.

8 Making it in the presence of a third person? Some 10 percent of the Frenchmen said *oui*, occasionally, with 4 percent of those saying they did it often with an observer around. But 99 percent of Frenchwomen said *non*. Which seems to indicate that one out of 100 women is a real exhibitionist.

9 Of the married men, 70 percent never had been unfaithful to their wives.

10 Of the wives, 90 percent had never cheated on their husbands, but Kinsey found that about 28 percent of American wives had.

11 Half of both sexes in France regard adultery as absolutely unforgivable.

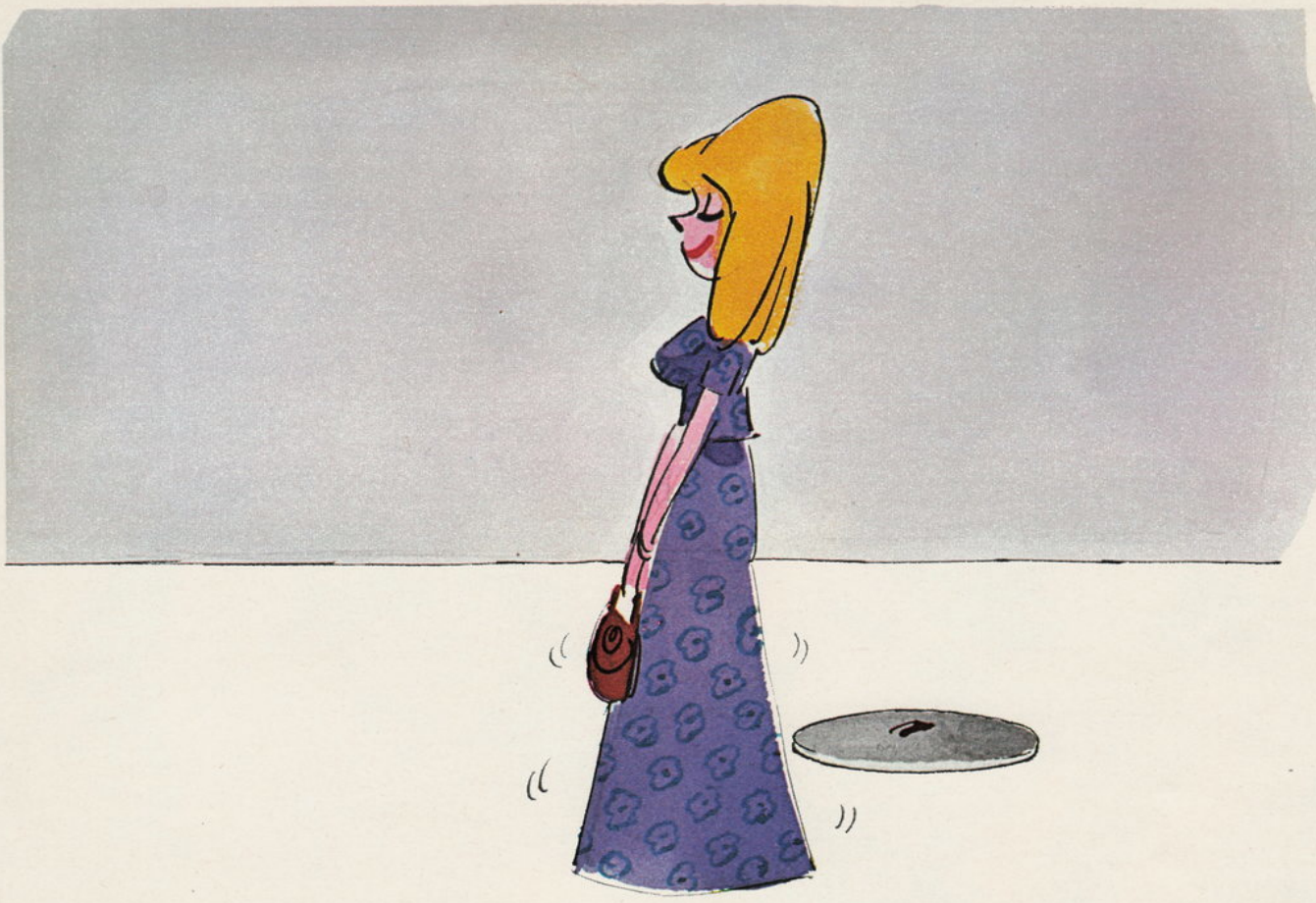
12 When it comes to extramarital affairs, 16 percent of the men and women believe in telling all, even if their spouses had not the slightest doubt of their fidelity.

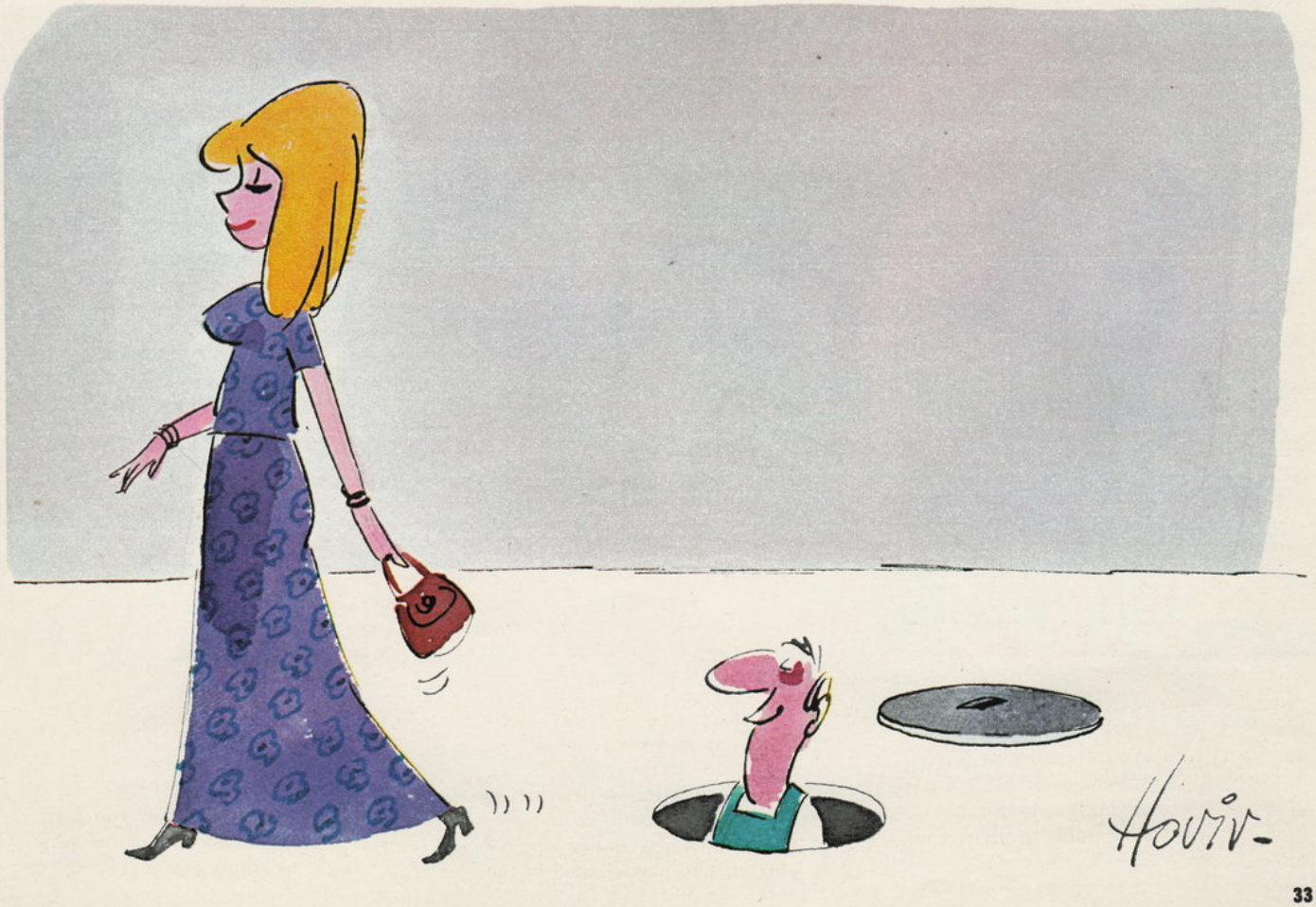
13 About half would not tell in any case.

14 Only 19 percent of the women admit they have ever masturbated, versus 62 percent of Kinsey's American sample.

15 Only 73 percent of the men admit they have ever mastur-

(Continued on page 102)

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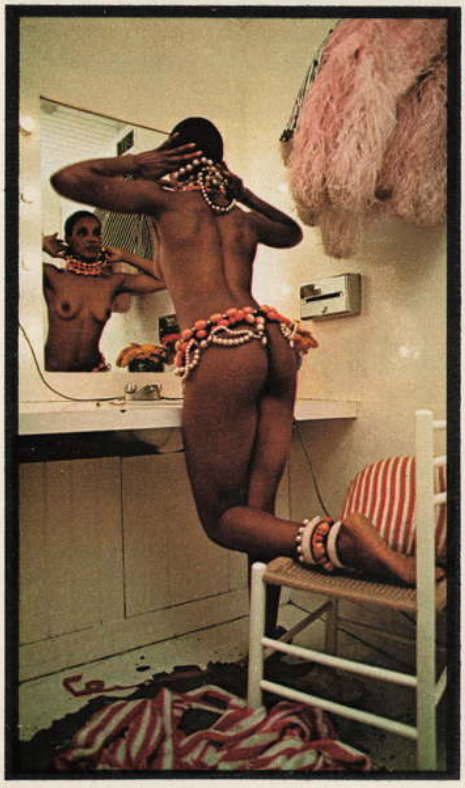
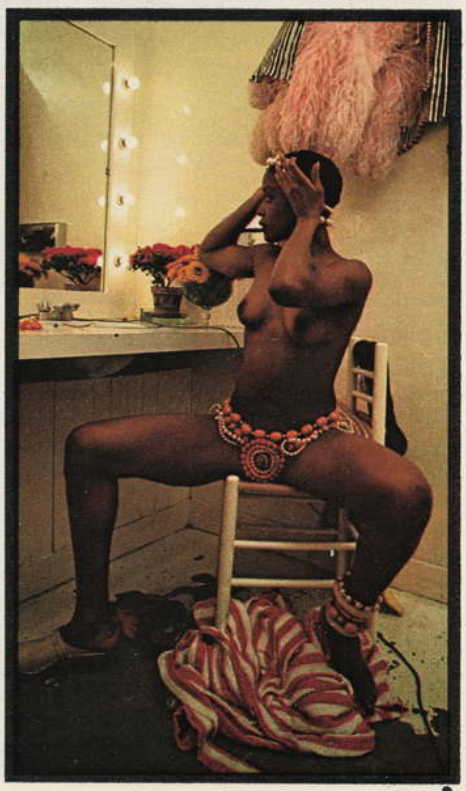
LISETTE

LA CHOUETTE VEDETTE FROM THE CASINO DE PAREE

She was a genius at selling programs, maybe the only girl who took the job seriously, though she could just as easily have been cynical about it. In the first place, the programs cost two dollars apiece, and, in the second, there was plenty of flesh to look at in the Casino de Paris, so why should anyone have wanted to look at programs? This was the period when Lisette Malidor was trying to make ends meet. From nine in the morning till almost eight at night, she would go to a hairdresser in Paris's peep-show and strip district and paint other women's fingernails. Then, in the evening, she would go to the Casino and sell programs. So it must have been the will to succeed that made her so good at it. That—and the figure and the smile. Sometimes, though, she just couldn't help falling asleep. One night, after the entr'acte, for example, she was just sitting there, way at the back of the hall, watching Zizi, the star, parade up and down the famous staircase. It was like a dream. When Roland Petit found her, she was sleeping. And when he touched her shoulder, the programs cascaded out of her lap. "What's your name?" Petit asked—Petit, the great choreographer. "Lisette Malidor, sir." "What do you do?" "I sell programs, sir." "Why aren't you a dancer?" Lisette had no ready answer. Lots of careers start that way.

So it was a Cinderella story from the very start. In Martinique, where Lisette Malidor was born, the boredom was terrible. She wanted to see something of the world—Paris especially—the crowds of people, the lights. Her school friends dared her. At 16 she did it. She went to Paris to work as an *au pair* girl for a French family. Room, board, and 200 francs a month in exchange for taking care of the two young children of a French doctor. But the situation that developed was classic in its form. *C'est toujours la même histoire*: the doctor began to take up more of her time than the children. "I fell in love with him," she said afterward. "He was a fantastic man." So she packed her bags and started at a school for hairdressers and manicurists near the Champs-Elysées. Lisette auditioned the day after Petit awakened her at the back of the Casino. "I'll have to see you without any clothes on," Roland Petit said. Lisette hesitated. She had never been onstage before. But she took her clothes off anyway. She thought she was dreaming. Two weeks later, she started as the Casino's lead nude dancer. Time passed. Then Petit made her another offer. "Lisette," he said, "you are ready to be my number-one performer." Starting next January, Lisette Malidor will replace Petit's wife Zizi in the show's star role. The music will be by Serge Gainsbourg, the costumes by Saint Laurent—and on the marquee in bright Paris lights: *Lisette, Je t'aime*. So what if Lisette is only 25 years old? Already there is talk all over the City of Light that the Paris music hall, which everyone thought was on the skids, has at last found its new Josephine Baker. And one didn't have to be Roland Petit to see the possibilities. In the finale of the current Casino de Paris show, there are 50 performers on the stage at one time. Feathers wave and hips sway as dozens of girls parade up and down the famous staircase. It's a three-ring circus. But all eyes focus on one spot.



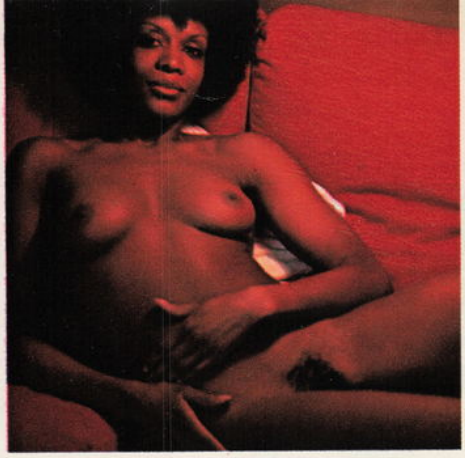


Photographed by Francis Giacobetti/Produced by Jean Demachy

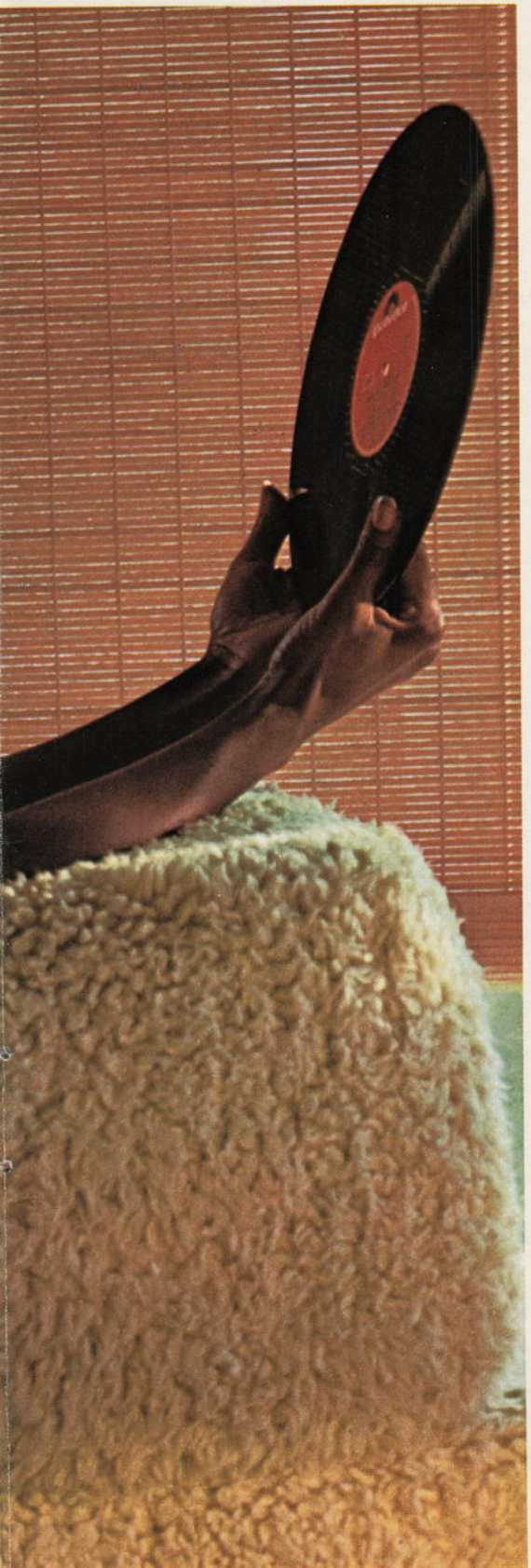
PEOPLE
FROM
MARTINIQUE
ARE NOT
CALLED
MARTIANS
AND
THEY'RE NOT
CALLED
MARTINIS.

Marie France
Le Prêt à Porter

Everybody's watching Lisette. Admittedly, she's a different color from everybody else, and that helps. But there's also more action in her hips, more sparkle in her eyes. Her breasts are rounder. And she is more alive, magnetic. In a nude scene it is she who dances the pretty girl in *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*. In *The Sultan's Awakening*, she kind of massages the sultan awake. Lisette has a stage creed: "I never forget the audience," she says. "I think *je suis là pour vous*—I'm here to please you. *Je fais de mon mieux*—I deliver." Seen backstage in warm-up clothes and her own hair, which is close-cropped and woolly, she looks more like an athlete than a dancer. She is an astonishing 5′11″ with big shoulders. If they told you she was a woman's hurdling champion, you could believe it. In conversation, she has a fresh spontaneity, direct and unsophisticated. There is no show business at all in her offstage manner. She still calls Petit *Monsieur Petit* and Zizi *Madame Jeanmaire*. Lisette's present boyfriend, the English actor Richard Denning, says she is "completely green." She speaks little English, and speaks French with the accent of her native Martinique. She is a compulsive eater of French bread. And her idea of a good time is to have a lovingly prepared picnic in the woods outside Paris—even in the rain.



LISETTE'S A DANCER. THAT'S WHY SHE HAS TO KEEP HER FEET WARM



THE TANGIER METHOD

Put 1000 monkeys
in front of 1000 typewriters
and sooner or later one of them
will write *Naked Lunch.*
by Dan Halpern and Peter Rand

"I wondered why Moroccan women wore veils until they took them off," Mark Twain wrote. He loved Tangier the first day and hated it the second. Apart from some dispirited girl watching, he whiled away his stay figuring out how to deal with the local mosquito. Eventually he found a solution of sorts: "First you get into bed and wait for all the mosquitoes to join you, then you jump out of bed, quickly tuck in the netting, and sleep on the floor." Samuel Pepys endured Tangier, one suspects, as he paced up and down beneath the fig tree in the courtyard of the house above the casbah where he lived. Pepys contended with the Tangier lice, which he trapped in elaborately constructed cages that he kept under his pillow. The fig tree that he wrote about in his diary was a repository for good luck, known as *baraka* to the local Moslem women. There is no record at all of how Hans Christian Andersen felt about the whole business of Tangier. We know only that he was carried in from a boat on the shoulders of local fishermen to keep his portfolio of fairy tales from getting wet.

The tradition of the writer-in-residence is one of Tangier's few consistencies, going back to the 14th Century, when Ibn Batuta, the Arab traveler and historian, lived and wrote in this Moroccan port and used it as a base for his expeditions. Its appeal: the unpredictable, the mingling smells of cumin, old leather, and night jasmine, the not exactly pleasant, and something else, a sense of the fictitious. Anything goes, which is a euphemism for the freedom that writers forever seek and rarely find, freedom of sex and drug, corseted by a rather Edwardian social code that keeps intruders at a distance and protects the vulnerable.

For all that, Tangier is a quiet little town, rising and falling on a hilly green land between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic—a white-belted inner city of minarets and contained clangor, casting the call of its muezzins into the subdued outskirts and the riding country and up through the eucalyptus groves. Over the years, the European denizens have worked out a lovable way of living here, though one which each day threatens to vaporize.

Imagine this dinner party: the Honorable David Herbert, the author of the recent British best seller *Second Son*, and more notably pre-eminent host of Tangier, will serve a cheese soufflé for some friends in his house at Jemaa el Mokra. Access is difficult. You must descend a very steep driveway. Once inside this Andalusian concoction, there is complicated descent by stairway into a pinkish chaos of British reliquaries; then you are flung into mental whirligig by the Christmas tinsel, the mirrors, the crystal, the Chippendale. It keeps you in motion. It's hard to concentrate. Maybe because the rooms are all peculiarly small. Anyway, no time. No time to see the gibbon out back who abuses himself at the sight of anybody at all, even the Honorable Mr. Herbert, president of the local ASPCA *and* the Anglican church. No time. The host is a great handsome bird of a man, red hair, comforting British smile of welcome, just time for one drink. "Mustn't let the soufflé collapse." Dinner is announced. The guests file off to the dining room. The ladies wear evening gowns, the men are in appropriate finery. Drinks aren't really necessary, since a number of the guests have already taken their dose of hash candy or their kif; there is a glazed sprightliness in the air. Peggy Guggenheim files in, wearing a long aquamarine caftan. She is followed by the dowager Lady Tweeddale, then Marguerite McBey, water-colorist and

Doug Johnson

THE TANGIER METHOD *It is easy to see from his experiences in Tangier how Truman Capote got his nose for the big party and the special effect.*

adventuress, in her black Edwardian dress, followed by the young director Joe McPhillips, writer Paul Bowles, a visiting team of reporters, and the Honorable David Herbert. They sit, the guests and their inimitable host, at a tiny round table set with the eating equipment for four courses—funny moon-shaped forks, splayed knives, a twinkling brigade of wine glasses—and whether or not they are tripping, they are tripping anyhow. In comes the soufflé, poised like a perfect little cloud of cheese on the silver salver. Around goes the salver. Down goes the soufflé. "Just in the nick of time, really," says Herbert. "Before it collapses. Have you ever tasted anything so delicious in your life?" he asks Peggy Guggenheim, who is chewing with a will. She looks enraptured, aims her chin at David. Lady Tweeddale looks like Edith Sitwell. The talk is of Woolworth's Barbara Hutton, other heiresses. Down goes the flan basted in kirschwasser. Whoops, wrong spoon. "Up we get, shall we?" says Herbert like a beaming nanny. Paul is right off up the stairs to make sure his driver is there and pointed in the getaway direction. The party cracks into men here, women there, for coffee and kirschwasser. Plans for the next gathering, hails and farewells, kisses on both cheeks.

The whole elaborate affair is clocked in at one hour and 37 minutes.

•

Paul Bowles. *Enfant de Tangier*, composer, writer, ironist, and world traveler. He so personifies Tangier that the city seems to have been written into being by him or at least reinvented by him in the years since that spring in 1930, when Gertrude Stein and her buddy Alice ordered him to come here. "The train is out now," Bowles says around the cigarette holder that he grips firmly in the middle of his mouth as he gazes over the hood of his bronze Mustang to the wind-blown rocks of Cape Spartel. "Sometimes the train is in, and sometimes it's out. Take the late Forties, for example: everybody was here then, and those were the years of the great parties. In the Fifties, the train was out. More people came in the Sixties. It won't be the same again, of course, but neither will the world. Now every day one waits for the explosion, naturally.

"When I first came here, every single day meant more to me than any year of my life had meant before that time. Then, as now, the charm of Tangier is not specifically Moroccan. There was no proletarian section and you never gave a thought to poverty. The beggars were like players in a comic opera. The other Moroccans went about in tarbooshes, sashes, and embroidered vests. The women wore haiks. In the casbah, the houses had little balconies of wrought iron like the houses in New Orleans."

"Paul went to the post office every day," Brion Gysin says, speaking of Bowles. Gysin is well known as an artist and, lately, more as the novelist who gave William Burroughs the cut-up method that Burroughs has since made famous. "All hell might be breaking loose up at the house and probably was. My God, you never knew what would happen next with Jane and the odd assortment of women who came to see her, the African Grey and that evil cat they had that growled like a dog. I don't know how he got out of the house, frankly. Sometimes *I* couldn't go out for days. But every afternoon, there was Paul, and off he'd go to the British office. It gave his life a sense of order, I suppose. The French post office worked like a charm, but Paul was forever battling against the French suppression in Morocco, and every day at the British post office they drank tea at four o'clock.

"Paul could sort of imagine that he was a Graham Greene-type agent when he was in there, not to mention the fact that it was the most chic place in town to receive mail. The Spanish post office was utterly unreliable. It was good if you had some creepy business in Spain, but you could never be sure whether your mail would go anywhere beyond that brass lion's throat you had to stuff your letters into."

Bowles still goes to the British post office every day. He will, on occasion, stop at Madame Porte's to buy a pastry, but he no longer savors the martini they serve, which is said to be the best in the world. Then he goes to the elegant European market to buy a bit of boursin, a chicken, some endive. He gets bread at Peeno's. Finally, the man who is known as the fastest walker in Tangier may ask his chauffeur to drive him to his favorite tea parlor overlooking the Straits of Gibraltar.

"Life is not a pleasant thing to undergo," Bowles says, "so why make it any worse than it has to be."

Even in Tangier Bowles has had to struggle. His wife Jane became incurably ill here. She had already secured a place for herself in American writing with her novel *Two Serious Ladies* and, in fact, had inspired Paul to start writing again after a lapse of many years. She gradually deteriorated, however, after they came to Tangier.

"They took on the succession of Scott and Zelda," Gysin says. "They came out in Mexico, South America, and Paris, and ended up with the same kind of madness."

It is said that after they came to Tangier Jane induced a local witch named Cherifa, who worked in the straw market, to become her companion. Cherifa was ultimately Jane's undoing. Eventually, she gave Jane some powerful indigenous drug that brought about a series of strokes, and Jane Bowles is now in a hospital in Malaga.

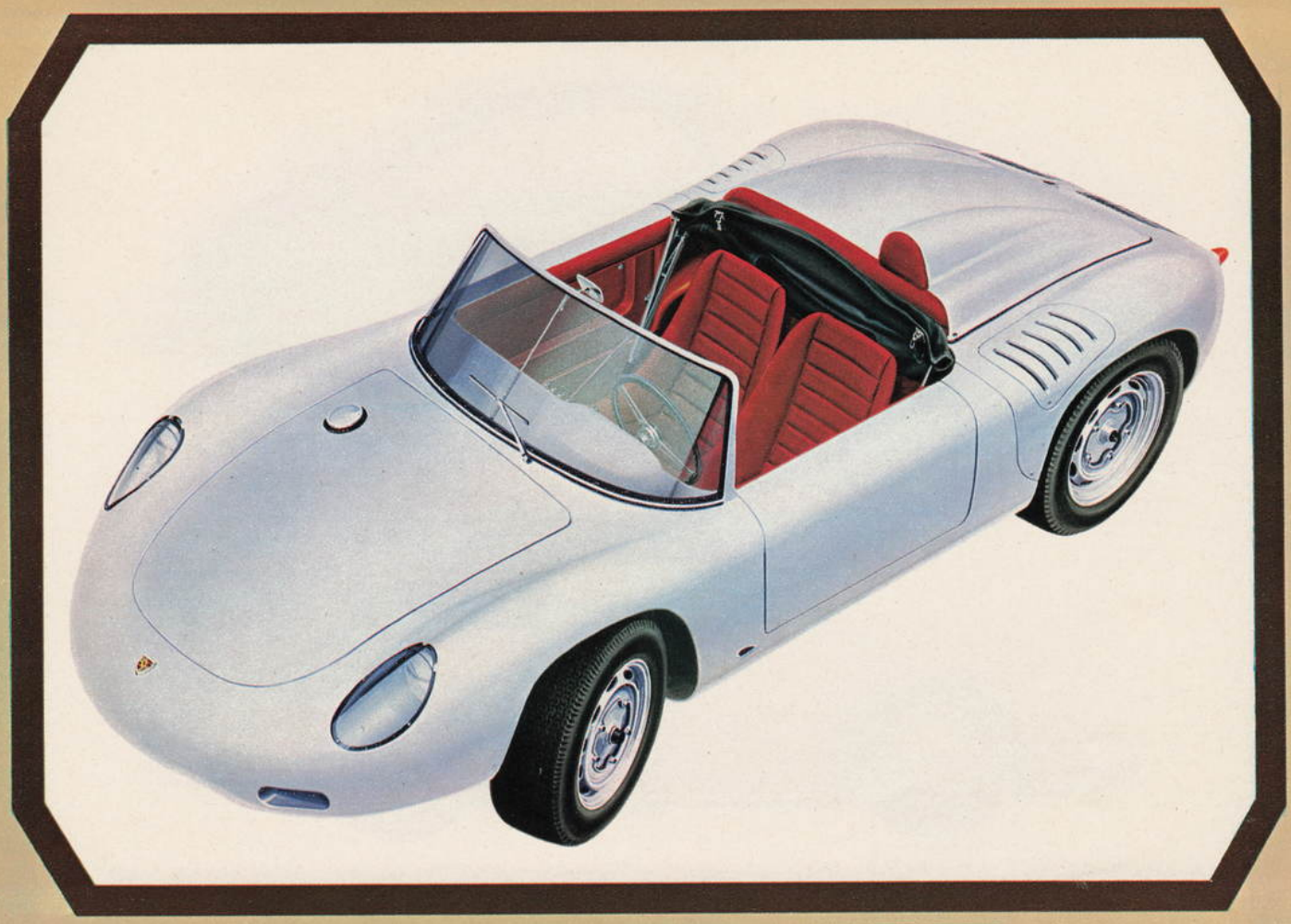
•

The last year of the big Tangier parties was 1949. That year Barbara Hutton saw herself as the reigning queen of Tangier and received people while she sat on a throne on a dais in the living room of her casbah palace. One famous hostess of Tangier built a Moroccan village in her living room and invited her guests to join her around a fire in the middle of the floor.

Gore Vidal, who's been a visitor from time to time ever since, was there that summer to greet Truman Capote at the dock. Tennessee Williams was there, too. Themistocles Hoetis started his literary magazine *Zero* there that summer. (The latest literary magazine to emerge from Tangier is the quarterly *Antaeus*, born there in 1970.) Cecil Beaton decorated the caves of Hercules and threw a party for Truman. He hired two bands and, according to Bowles, "Truman, who claimed to be afraid of scorpions, had to be carried by a group of Moroccans down the face of the cliff in order to get there. An Andalusian orchestra was partially visible, surrounded by rocks and lanterns; the guests lay in the moonlight among cushions in the sand, went swimming, and sat around a big fire." The great point of this party was to serve nothing but champagne and hashish. It is easy to see from this, and it may be the only anthropological point to be made out of it, how Capote got his nose for the big party and the special effect.

•

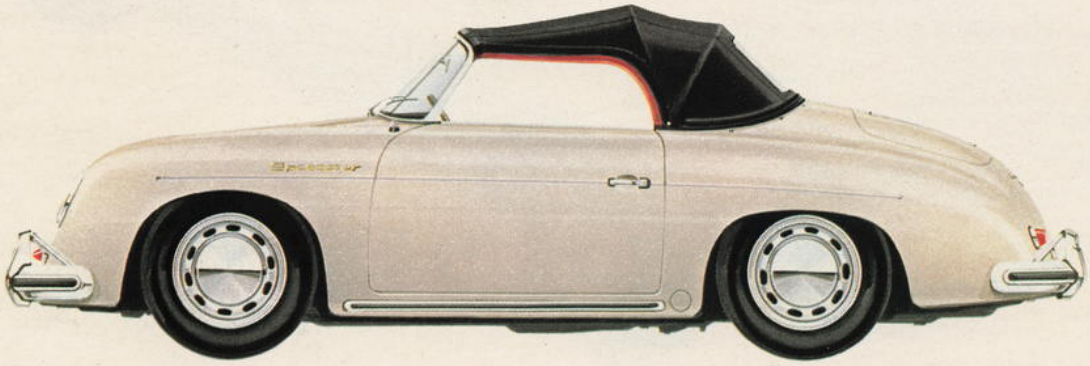
Burroughs came here one afternoon on a day like this, a perfectly sunny afternoon. He usually came here and then shot up in the kitchen, since he knew that needles make me very squeamish. This day he appeared with a concoction from the Soviet Union called Prestonia. I don't know if you've ever heard of it before, I certainly never had. Burroughs injected it. I drank some. I thought the side of my face had blown off. I thought it had blasted a hole into the next apartment. The sensation was like glass shattering. Of course, I touched my face right away and it was *(Continued on page 112)*

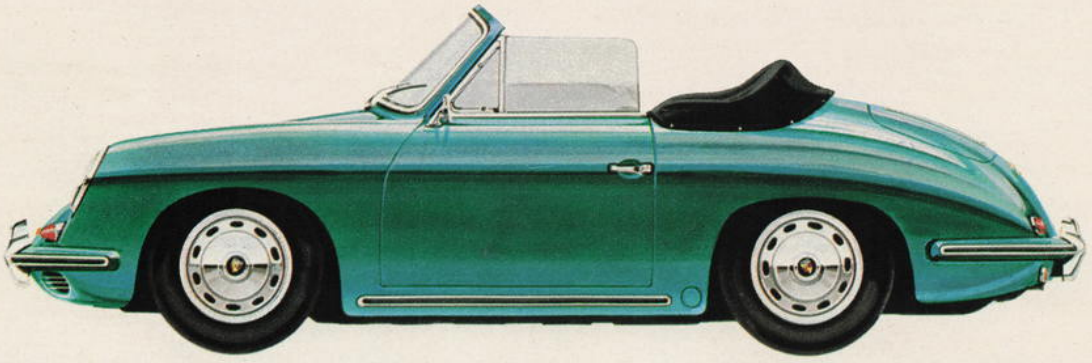


PORSCHE

THIS IS NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT

The car is truly an advertisement for itself. It is so well known, so widely respected, that it seems incredible to consider that the first Porsche was introduced in 1948. Remember, that was the same year James Taylor was born. Many years of automotive skill had, of course, accumulated in the parent company before the Porsche idea took shape, but the machine still rates as a prodigy by any standards. In less than five years after the introduction of the first Porsche, the Stuttgart Stallion crest was crossing the finish line first in its class in an amazing succession of major European races. The 1953 victories included the Monaco Sports, the Mille Miglia, Le Mans, and Roubaix Grand Prix over-all. Porsche dominated the Mille Miglia (1000 miler) every year thereafter until the Italian government prohibited the event in 1957, when a driver and several spectators were killed. The race started and finished in Brescia on the northern edge of the Lombardy plain, and the cars moved out during the night at two-minute intervals. The competition was a spring festival for millions of Italians, who lined the course at crucial spots and stood shoulder-to-shoulder in village streets as the cars roared through, some at speeds approaching 200 mph. It probably was inevitable that someone—it happened to be the Spaniard Alfonso de Portago—would lose control and wipe out some onlookers. The Porsche shown above is the RSK Spyder, and its racing record and the fact that James Dean was killed in a car of this type are major factors in the Porsche mystique. The four-cam, tubular-framed two-seater won the first race in which it was entered, the 1954 Mille Miglia. It continued to win race after race until 1959, when the final RSK version finished 1, 2, 3, 4 in a sweep of the Targa Florio, outlasting all the Ferraris entered. The Spyder frequently surpassed far more powerful cars by virtue of its superior responsiveness and road-holding ability. A Spyder did lose the road with spectacular results in the Avus race in Berlin in the fall of 1956. A modified car nicknamed Mickey Mouse, driven by Richard von Frankenberg, sailed over the edge of a steeply banked two-story curve. The car was destroyed but the driver landed in an acacia bush unhurt. Speculation was that changes in the body work had cramped the car's steering. But that's no problem with the street machines shown on the following pages.

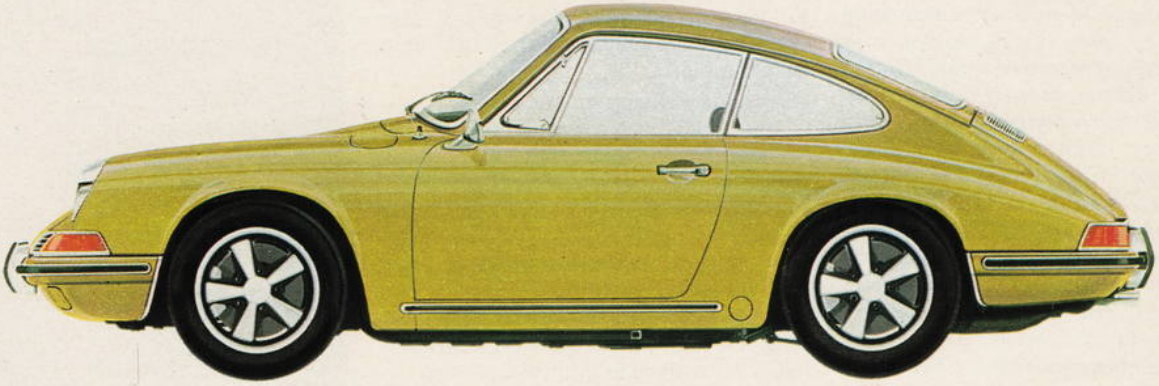




TYPE 356 A (top)
Shown here is the 1955 Continental Coupe, the first Porsche to be imported to the U. S. in any serious numbers. By then it had a 1500-c.c. engine (introduced in 1952) and an all-synchro trans, to eliminate a sensation worse than fingernails down a blackboard: teeth shaken out of head by gear grinding. The split windshield was replaced in 1956 by one piece of glass, and the rocker panel was squared-off to the ground. The latest model (the 914, opposite) happens to be the most-stolen car in Manhattan. A perverse kind of tribute, perhaps, but certainly recognition of the Porsche rep for Teutonic craftsmanship and reliability.

TYPE 356 A Speedster (middle)
Of all production-line Porsches, the Speedster is the most distinctive-looking and probably the best performer. It dominated the field in SCCA production-class racing for years after its introduction in 1954. The model was continued until September 1959. A surviving Speedster can fetch up to ten grand if it's a cherry. Fortunately, the trend now is toward having your Speedster as close to stock as possible. This shows more appreciation for the beauty of the car than did customizing efforts, and it recognizes the purist's judgment that this is a *real* sports car, just as it came off the line. You get a firm but fast ride.

TYPE 356 B Roadster (bottom)
The isinglass curtains of the Speedster were abandoned when this model came up in 1959, leaving only roll-up window-style softtops in production. Other changes for the B included repositioned headlights, larger and raised bumpers, more glass, and better brakes. There were three basic engine options: the 1600, 1600 S, and 1600 Super 90. Two special models, the 1600 GS and 2000-c.c. Carrera, were produced in limited numbers for guys who like one-upmanship games. Those who go in for other games in cars are glad to learn that the seats were lowered in the model B. The shift lever was shortened.



TYPE 356 C 1600 SC (top)
Once Porsche got the news in 1964 that folks out on the West Coast loved bright colors, black upholstery, and more chrome, the SC was put into production. Natural enough, when you consider that more of their cars were purchased on the Coast than anywhere else. Four-wheel disc brakes were added to the SC and you could buy it as either a standard 75- or much hotter 95-horsepower version. That Porsche's new GTS type 904 won the 48th Targa Florio in that year didn't hurt sales, either (Ferrari was not entered), and it was a welcome win because the car had lost at Sebring due to clutch trouble.

TYPE 911 (middle)
This series dropped the four-cylinder engine and bumped its price tag up into the $10,000 area. A completely new design in the fall of 1966, the car lost the bakelite-trimmed bathtub charisma but retained the aircraft-style cockpit and corrected oversteer. It is comfortable without being insensitive. The S versions of the 911 appeal to the stick-breaking gear jockeys. The model probably will stay with its projected ten-year life-span, despite the recently announced Carrera RS. It may be replaced by a fiberglass-bodied car, though, and there is speculation that the engine may be moved to the middle or even up front.

TYPE 914 (bottom)
Here is the latest design in the Porsche family of cars. Its Italian styling is probably the most contemporary on the road. The roadster features the handling and neutral steering you get only from a mid-engine car, plus Beetle reliability. The discontinued six-cylinder model had more balls and more actual Porsche components (the 914 is basically a VW). But the latest 2000-c.c. S four cylinder gives more juice than the standard four while sticking to the original concept of a fun car for the folks. Not just any folks, of course. The $5500 price tag takes care of that, preserving the snob appeal that goes with the Porsche.

Sheet Music

Little did Thomas (Alva) Edison suspect how profoundly his invention, the humble phonograph record, would influence every aspect of the lives of men and women the world over. The Wizard of Menlo Park might well frown with disgust over the findings of Bonn's noted man-and-wife sex-therapy team, Otto-Jens and Gretel Meunchler, concerning contemporary pre-, intra-, extra-, and postcoital uses of recorded sound. On the other hand, Edison, himself reputedly no slouch in the sex category, might simply smile and say: "I knew it all along." Or he might not. Either way, the Meunchlers' richly detailed 850-page book—the result of 18 years' field and laboratory research—entitled Phono Recording & Human Sexuality: Cause, Effect, Cause, Effect, *promises to dispel many commonly held misconceptions and reinforce several others.* OUI *takes great pride in publishing excerpts (the so-called good parts) from this important work, firm in the estimation that discerning readers will put them to good use.—Ed.*

An Historical Overview

The present rage for what has been termed "make-out music" began in the mid-Fifties, reaching an early apex with the pop singer Johnny Mathis. It has been jocularly suggested that Johnny Mathis got more women pregnant than any other man who ever lived. This is not to suggest that Mathis was physically responsible for the worldwide epidemic of impregnations, but rather that the romantic wistfulness of his musical presentations served as a stimulant to get women "in the mood."

Today, of course, we are more liberated and recognize that it is not simply a matter of creating a "hot" ambience to "turn on" female subjects. Male subjects, too, require a proper emotional setting for their sexual endeavors, though the masculine psyche may not be as dependent on externals of mood and setting. This varies from case to case, of course. It can be seen that for certain male subjects, mood and setting are actually *more* important than for some female subjects. The reverse is also true.

Note: Publication of the Meunchlers' book has been delayed in this country due to certain unfortunate incidents in Stuttgart in April of this year. No formal charges have been brought.

In terms of sound's direct effect on the area of highest sexual impact—the pelvis—we quickly discovered that there is often little connection between qualitative "effect" and the kind of music a subject "likes" (or appreciates). Another way of saying this is that many subjects have been seen in our laboratory tests to "get off" on music they might "tune out" if it were played on their car radio, for example.

About the Pelvic Attitude Test

It has long been suggested that the pelvis has a "mind" all its own. It is certainly true that messages transmitted via the spinal cortex control over 90 percent of the activity in the region, but we now believe that the pelvis also picks up independent messages, often acting as a "free agent," by direct induction. This has been felt to be equally as true where sexuality is involved as otherwise.

With this theorem in mind, we set about creating the Pelvic Attitude Test (PATest) in our Bonn laboratories, seeking to find which stimuli (temperature, tactile, sound, etc.) might have a cause-or-effect relationship vis-à-vis sex.

The PATest has gone through many permutations since initial studies were begun in 1955. It was found, for example, that conventional room temperature is desirable and that great fluctuations in either direction (plus or minus 15 degrees C.) were counterproductive. Tactile experimentation yielded no new findings. (Those interested in the influence of tactile exploration of the pelvic region and its effect on sexual arousal are directed toward Hencke and Babbs's trail-breaking *Tactile Experimentation for Social Amusement*, now available in paperback.)

Our methodology, developed over some (11) years, is complex but classically structured. Test subjects are ushered into private soundproof rooms after donning our specially constructed Pelvic Shorts. These Shorts contain two dozen (24) miniaturized speakers, aimed at the important pelvic zones, in rather the same way that earphones transmit sound to the ears. Integrated into the Shorts are stimulation-detection devices.

Pelvic Shorts for male subjects differ, of course, from those for female subjects. Both types monitor pelvic pulse rate and blood pressure, also general perspiration, body heat, and muscle tone. The male

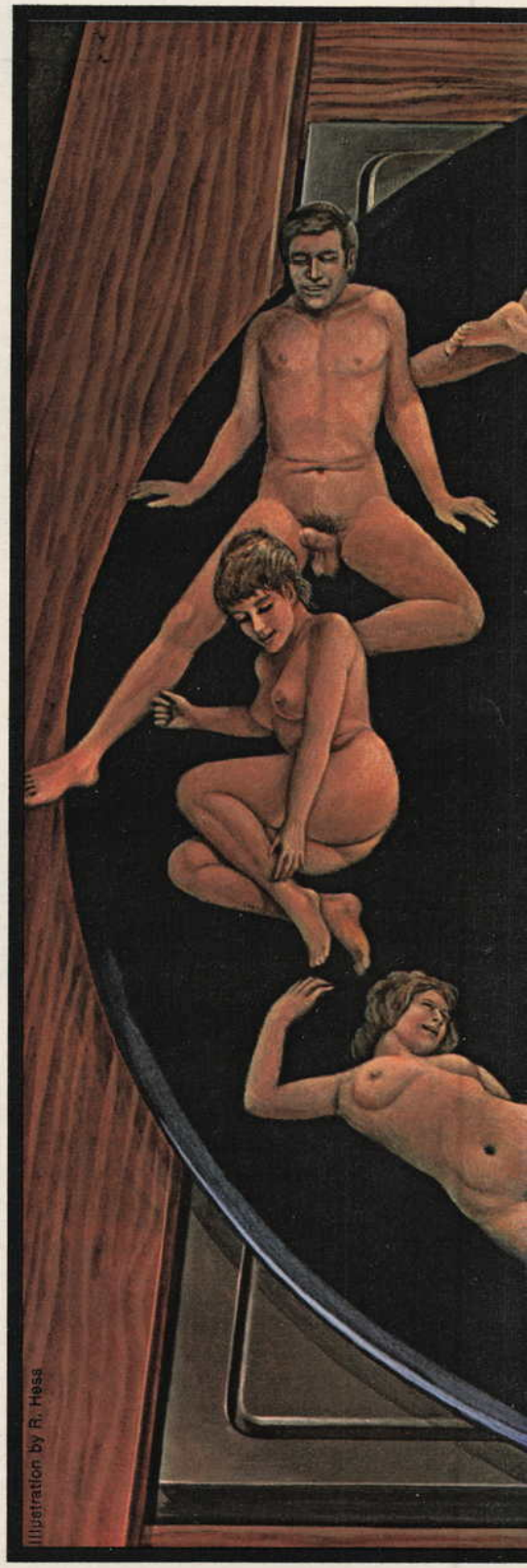
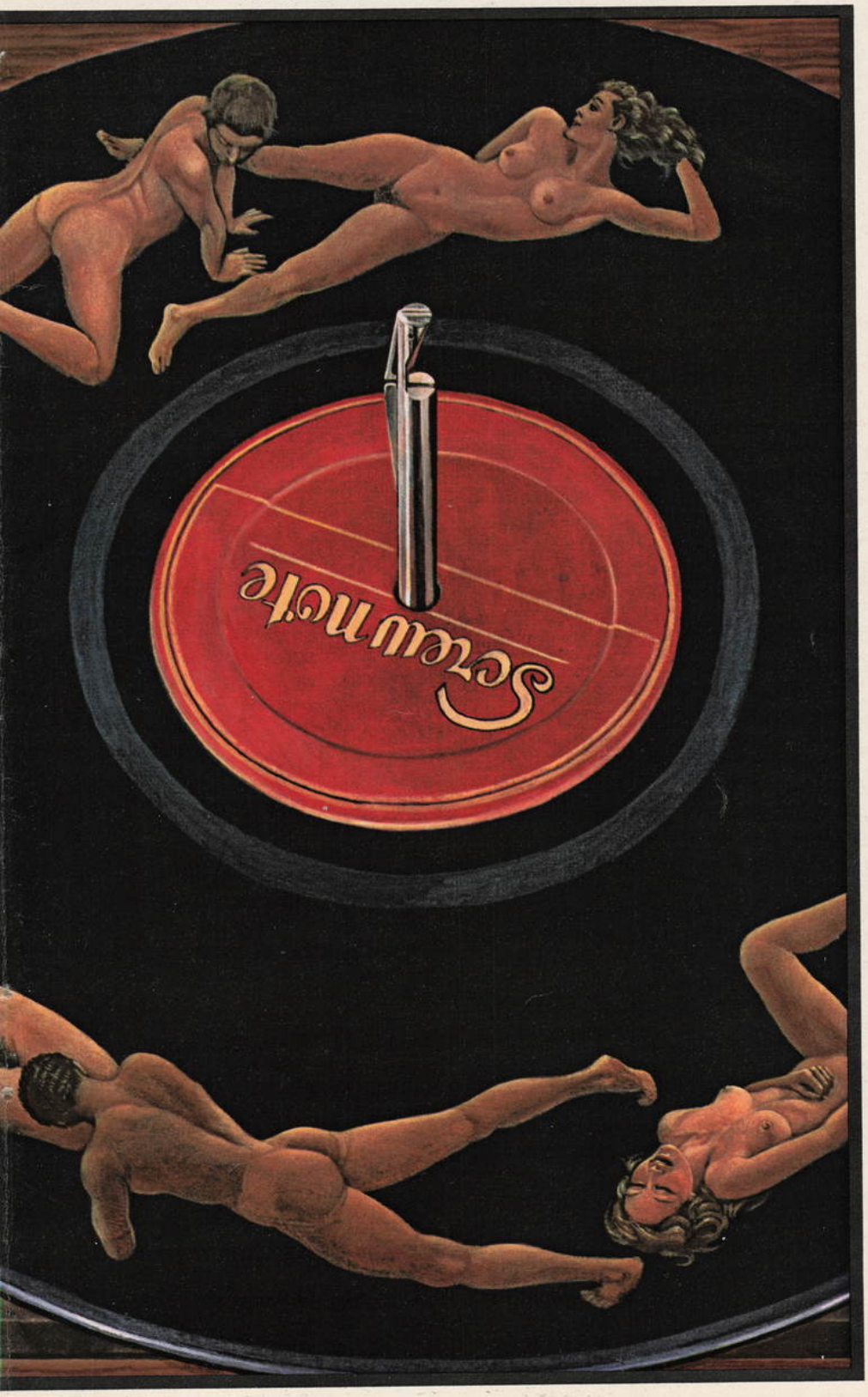


Illustration by R. Hess

Europe's foremost sex-therapy team probes the hidden links between eroticism and rhythm—with amazing results!

By Otto-Jens and Gretel Meunchler



version has a "penis and testes envelope" covering the male organ, measuring length, rigidity, testicle contraction, tip lubrication, and "throb." The female model, by contrast, makes use of a "vaginal plumb," inserted into the feminine organ, testing for salubriousness, flexibility, receptivity, and "twitch."

The Pelvic Shorts were designed by Belgian researchers who were instrumental in fabricating early American astronaut suits, to which the Pelvic Shorts bear some resemblance: airtight, rather puffy, made of a silverized fabric, extending from just below the navel to midthigh, halfway to the knee.

Test subject is given no instruction other than to "relax, be yourself," and to "act naturally." Subject is advised that no one is watching. A hidden camera records every moment in the Test chamber and these films are often used later in therapy, to be shown to subject or subject's sex partner or both, as indicated.

The subject, of course, has no way of knowing this. He or she finds himself or herself in a small, austere room, brightly lighted, barren except for large loudspeakers in opposing corners from which moderately loud but innocuous music is playing. This music is chosen on the basis of its proven "nonsexuality," meaning that it is a neutral factor in sex testing (usually a program of selections by Peggy Lee, Deep Purple, Bobby Darin, Santana, Bette Midler, Buddy Holly, Andy Williams, the Osmond Brothers, and Mozart).

Meanwhile, out of range of subject's hearing, an entirely different and separate sound track is being beamed into his/her Pelvic Shorts. Subjects are often seen to chuckle at themselves dancing to a wholly different tune from what they are hearing—with their ears, that is—*and* at the discovery that their solitary pelvic thrustings lead them toward sexual peaks of pleasure totally out of keeping with their surroundings.

The latter experience—where subject begins to experience deepest sexual excitement—is the result of the music being piped into the Shorts. Researchers "fish around" at first with each new subject, trying first one kind of music, then another, until monitoring devices indicate that researchers have arrived at the sounds which most agreeably "turn on" subject. It is at this point that sub-

SHEET MUSIC *Incredible but true! A problem of oral sex is solved through therapy employing the songs of Billie Holiday and the beat of Jimi Hendrix.*

jects are seen to flush, bite their lips, and "go through the motions." Music is turned off and Test concluded before orgasm can occur, except in rare "hair-trigger" cases.

Actual Test Cases

Here follow only three of the thousands of "cures" that have been effected through the use of sexiomusicological therapy as pioneered in our Bonn laboratory. These cases represent just a small spectrum and are typical only in the sense that one subject's sexual alignments may approximate those of another subject. In life, as has so often been stated, no two experiences are identical, let alone any two subjects, be they same sex or opposed, or not, as the case may be.

A Case of Wrongful Oralism

Male subject, age 33, German Caucasoid, a lorry driver. Female subject, age 34, German Caucasoid, his spouse, mother of five, part-time beauty attendant.

The couple have been married for 11 years, making their home in a medium-sized apartment building in the near-suburbs of Hamburg, where their children (ages four through ten) attend kindergarten and grammar school. It is a "liberated" household, with much open nakedness for male and female subjects alike, where frank and open discussion of all topics is the rule.

Adult subjects enjoyed "normal" sexual relations with one another and occasional outsiders. But an insistent set of reinforcing problems had crept into their relationship, threatening their beautiful situation.

Female subject was positive about oral sex, preferring to give it and to get it. Male subject was negative about oralism, wanted neither to administer nor to receive. (Interviews revealed that female subject had a father fixation; while her husband was fixated upon his dead "sweet mama," as he repeatedly referred to his own mother.) He felt guilty about receiving, but no guilt about not giving oral sex, while his wife expressed guilt about her desire to receive, though none about giving.

Problem, as verbalized by couple, was that in a "liberated" marriage, couples should "do everything," and since they were not doing everything, they were involving themselves, however unintentionally, in the rise of fascism. This added yet a third dimension of guilt to the picture.

Subjects freely admitted, after being pressed on the subject, to a deep general sense of guilt. But this made them all the more eager to please the partner, often adding a sort of "spark" to the relationship—though sometimes resulting in a "stifling" overeagerness.

Our diagnosis of their problems differed from theirs in many particulars, as seen from the strictly scientific viewpoint.

The "tip-off" in this regard came in the results of their separate PATests, revealing that male subject's sexiomusicological predilection was for the highly percussive, Afro-Cuban shriekings of Mongo Santamaria's band (especially during the saxophone solos on the *Mongo at Montreux* LP); whereas his spouse was quite literally "moved" by the renderings of the guttural bluesman John Lee Hooker.

To the trained eye, the message here was all too obvious. Female subject, *in reality*, had a strong *distaste* for oral sex and was only "doing it" to please the memory of her father, now a resident of Czechoslovakia, whom she had not seen in all the years of her marriage. Male subject was proven by his Test results to be "normal"—or at least within generally accepted community standards in the Hamburg region—and no further therapy was deemed advisable in his case.

To aid in female subject's problem, a strategy was devised for the precoital period, whereby she would listen to Billie Holiday's *Lady in Satin* album thrice, both sides. And then, before retiring to the privacy of their conjugal bed, male and female subjects were directed to get on their feet and dance to any Jimi Hendrix recording of their choice until they began to perspire.

Then to bed, where female subject was to lie passively during the coital act until given a cue by male subject, at which point she'd become a whirlwind of pelvic activity, no longer merely the "vessel of his desire," a term she used often to describe prior oral experiences.

After just four months of this therapy, couple mutually agreed that they saw "liberation" in a new light, now practice oralism in a much more "average" fashion, equally gratifying to both partners.

A Problem of Tempo

Male subject, age 29, American Caucasoid, recently "stepped up" from job as program director for radio station in Modesto, California, U.S., to Los Angeles, where he holds same position with leading "Top 40" station. Female subject, age 19, Afro-American, Los Angeles model. Couple had lived together four months prior to therapy.

She is "turned on" in coitus only when accompanied by music. To him it makes no difference one way or the other. Thus music has regularly been employed. Problem 1: A differential in optimum desired speed at time of greatest intensity, preclimax. He wants it slower, statelier; whereas her need is for something quicker and more abandoned. Problem 2: Culturally, the couple is not "tuned in" to the same musical genre. He is aroused by the kind of music he programs for radio airplay, feeling it to be "powerful" because of the millions who listen to it; while she is more inclined to get dewy-lipped in the same room with sounds that emanate more directly out of (her own) black culture.

Following PATesting and motivational interviews, the following therapy was devised: Both were to wear headphones connected to separate phono-record amplifying units. On his unit: *Also Sprach Zarathustra* by Wagner, as performed by Deodato on his *Prelude* album, with stately brass pronouncing the theme, polite soul-rock rhythm, and Deodato's own electrojazz-piano noodlings. Male subject was instructed to set his pace at one half the tempo; that is, on the "one" and "three" beats. On her phono-record unit: *Superstition*, as performed by Stevie Wonder, from his *Talking Book* album, a spirited and driving number, rich in Wonder's "funky" musical overlays. Female subject was instructed to perform at exactly the pace set by Wonder.

Satisfaction was reported by both male subject ("It was as if the ocean had waves moving at two different speeds and I was a surfer") and female subject ("I never knew where he was going to *be*—it drove me crazy!"), and the couple now uses an adaptation of this technique in the bedroom.

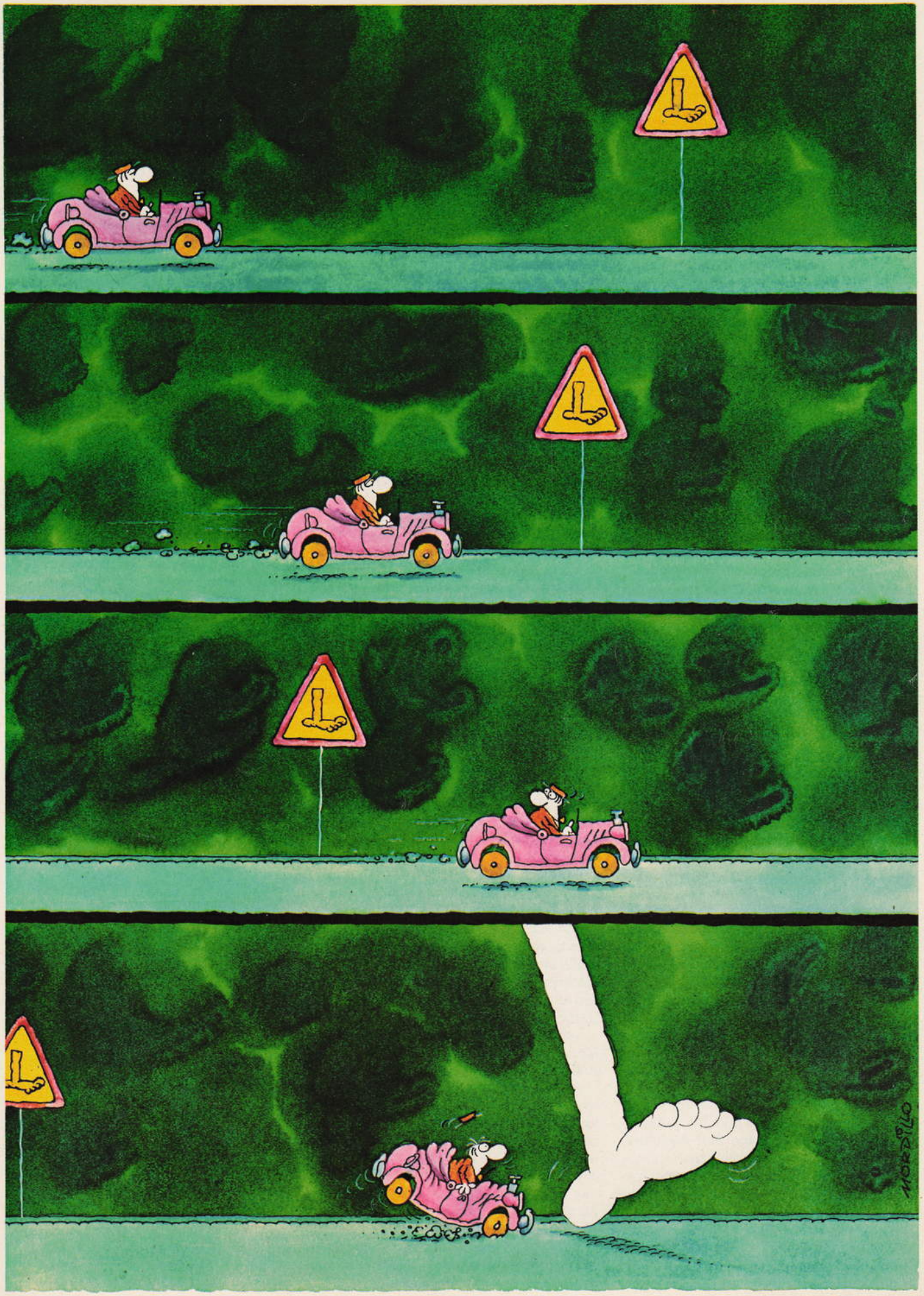
The tape on his bedroom deck features selections by a variety of artists, such as Melanie, Bob Dylan, some slower Blood, Sweat & Tears items, Helen Reddy, plus, of course, the Deodato *Prelude* album in its entirety (its version of Debussy's *Afternoon of the Faun*, an easy-going "rocker," is said to be especially gratifying). Her machine contains mainly Stevie Wonder, early Little Richard, late Otis Redding, and the Jackson 5.

One Masturbation Treatment

Female subject, age 19, French Caucasoid, raised by nuns until the age of 17½, now studying at the Sorbonne.

Strong disapproval of masturbation in France existed even before Napoleon's time. These social sanctions apply much more to women than men. Societal pressures are extremely strong in their negative sanctions against this "dirty" act, with female subjects urged to "save themselves" for their future sex partners.

The temptation proves insurmountable for many female youngsters; and this was true in the case of this female subject, who *(Continued on page 114)*


MORDILLO

AN AMERICAN CALAMITY

TV Grows Up and Becomes Senile

By Stuart Rosenberg

An American Calamity is the widely acclaimed television series (PBS, Thursdays, 3:30 P.M.–11:00 P.M.) that a noted astrologer has praised as the greatest contribution to Western civilization since the invention of the wheel.

The idea for the series is a simple one: put three camera crews, three sound men, a boom operator, a director, a second-unit director, a film editor, 12 stagehands, a lighting technician, a gaffer, a make-up man, an electrician, a producer, and an associate producer in the home of a typical American family and film them acting natural. "My premise," says series producer and veteran opportunist Cary Filbert, "was that if you took any family and moved 28 strangers in to live with them and hound them wherever they went, they'd eventually disintegrate before your eyes. But," he goes on, "please notice that the series is called *AN American Calamity*, not *THE American Calamity*. I'm not claiming that the family is typical—not anymore, they're not."

The family selected for this unique experiment in *cinéma verité* was the Richard P. Lewd family of Redondo Beach, California. As soon as he met the Lewds, Filbert decided they would be naturals for the project since they were the only family in Redondo Beach without curtains on their windows. Filbert does not know to this day why the Lewds accepted his bizarre proposal but speculates, "They had been having so much *tsooris* anyway, they must have figured anything had to be an improvement."

Now it is time to introduce the family:

Lamont Lewd, 23, is a wedgie fetishist and free-lance creep. During the filming of the series, he was living away from home at La Jolla Institute for the Irredeemably Depraved.

Colin Lewd is never seen in the series. His father sent him to the Micronesian Islands to set up a Taco Bell franchise. But he calls home at least once an episode to beg someone to please send him some more Desenex. After filming was completed, it was rumored that Colin had married a cannibal princess, but, on the other hand, she might simply have been some other kook from Southern California.

Dinuba Lewd, the Lewd's lovely 13-year-old daughter, spends every waking moment tap-dancing.

Garth Lewd is probably the most attractive of the Lewd children. At 18, he is preparing for a career as a ne'er-do-well. During summer vacation his father has got him a job painting a yellow line down the middle of a busy freeway.

Giselle Lewd may or may not actually exist.

Little Joe is not technically a member of the Lewd family. He is played by a close friend of Filbert's, actor Purdue Roberts, who has had trouble finding work since he left the Cartwheels.

Pamela Lewd, a stunning housewife in dark glasses, devotes most of her life to smoking and abusing her husband in a flat monotone.

Richard P. Lewd is a successful importer of hubcaps for giant earthmovers. He likes to get back at his family by describing them to everyone he meets.

•

In today's episode, the 17th in the series, the opening scene takes place in a noisy Chinese restaurant at the height of Redondo Beach's annual Purim Festival. The camera moves in on Pamela, *who is talking.*

PAMELA: I got a letter from Lamont today. He writes such wonderful letters. He says his acne is acting up. I think he's beginning to find himself, to discover who he really is. It's too bad that who he really is is so disgusting. But I'm sure the Institute is the best place in the world for him. I just worry about the kind of friends he has there.

RICHARD (*lying across the table, his face in the duck sauce, his voice barely audible*): He's such a fine boy.

PAMELA: Colin called collect today from someplace halfway around the world. He wanted to know whether he could wash his colored things in hot water. I think we had better let him come home in a few months if he promises to stay in the garage until his communicable diseases clear up.

RICHARD: Such a fine boy.

PAMELA: Giselle sent me a telegram from the bedroom today. She wanted me to come up and change the sheets.

RICHARD (*raising his head*): I worry about her. I think she's the one I worry about.

PAMELA: Richard, I hope you appreciate the fact that you're a wimp.

RICHARD (*lowering his head*): I'm a fine wimp.

Dissolve to: 30 seconds of Dinuba *tap-dancing while fixing breakfast.*

Dissolve to: the exterior of the Lewd home.

VOICEOVER: It is now a few days later. Last night Redondo Beach was the epicenter of a gigantic earthquake. Except for the Lewd house, everything within a radius of 25 miles was destroyed.

The camera moves to the Lewds' swimming pool. Richard, Pamela, *and* Garth *are seated on deck chairs. Someone who may or may not be* Giselle *is sitting in the background with her back to the camera.*

GARTH: Boy, that was some earthquake.

PAMELA: It certainly was, Garth.

RICHARD: Well, it seems to me that if anyone survived, I'm glad it was us. It's just a shame it had to be all of us.

PAMELA: I think you put that very well, Richard. But that doesn't mean you're not a *nebbish*.

GARTH: I'd better go in the house. I think *Sesame Street* is starting.

RICHARD: He's an admirable young man and he never causes any trouble. Of course, that's because he never leaves the house. If I were ever at home for more than a minute myself, I'd have a talk with him.

Cut to: Lamont *in his cell. He has shaved off all his hair and painted himself blue.*

LAMONT: Oh, my *Gawd*, I'm so *fantastic*, I could *kiss* myself all over. And this *place* is just *oozing* with the most *fas*cinating *crazy* people. I think I'll write a *chanson de geste* about *all* my *fab*ulous adventures.

Cut to: seven minutes of Dinuba, *tap-dancing in the kitchen as she talks on the phone. The garbage disposal is running, so her words are unintelligible.*

Dissolve to: tight shot of Pamela's *elbow. The hand-held camera crashes to the floor, then pans slowly to the ceiling and comes back to rest on* Pamela's *face.*

PAMELA (*removing her sunglasses*): Richard, it distresses me very much to have to say this, but last night I noticed there was a strange woman in our bed.

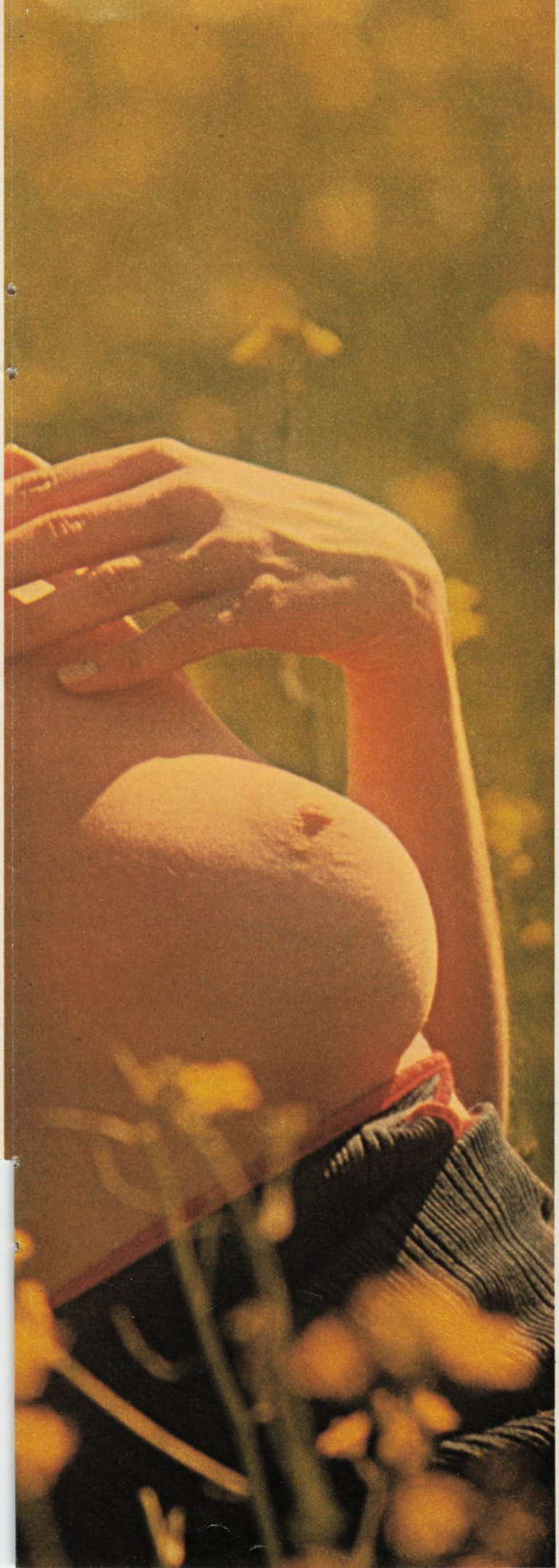
RICHARD: Well, you're a wonderful woman, Pam, and if you say she was strange, she must have been.

PAMELA: Of course I lead a joyous and rich life and have a splendid family. I've filed for a divorce. I want you to move out of the house immediately.

RICHARD: That's fine, Pam. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I took the Water Pic?

Stop-action on Richard's *face, his expression expressionless. Credits over.* ■

Photography by Don Azuma



AUDREY NEWMAN: CLASS OF '73

Audrey Newman says, "I've just turned 18, and I'm a very sensitive kid, very serious. I'll be graduating from high school in the middle of July; having my pictures published is a big opportunity for me, even though all the people I've ever told to get lost will be calling me up on the phone, I guess, and people I never did it with will get to see what I look like naked. My friends say they're going to have the centerfold blown up for their wall—you know how the magazines are always advertising you can have your favorite photos blown up? Really, it was funny when we shot the beach picture. All these skin divers kept coming out of the water and looking at me, and then they'd go back in. And all those little grandmas sitting around chewing popcorn! *Most* people just walked by and tried to pretend I wasn't there. That's Orange County. People here tend to be quite conservative, quite hung up. I mean, Southern California—it's Rutsville; it's a status-quo, middle-of-the-road kind of place. High school's changing a little, though. The teachers are more pro–young people. They're willing to

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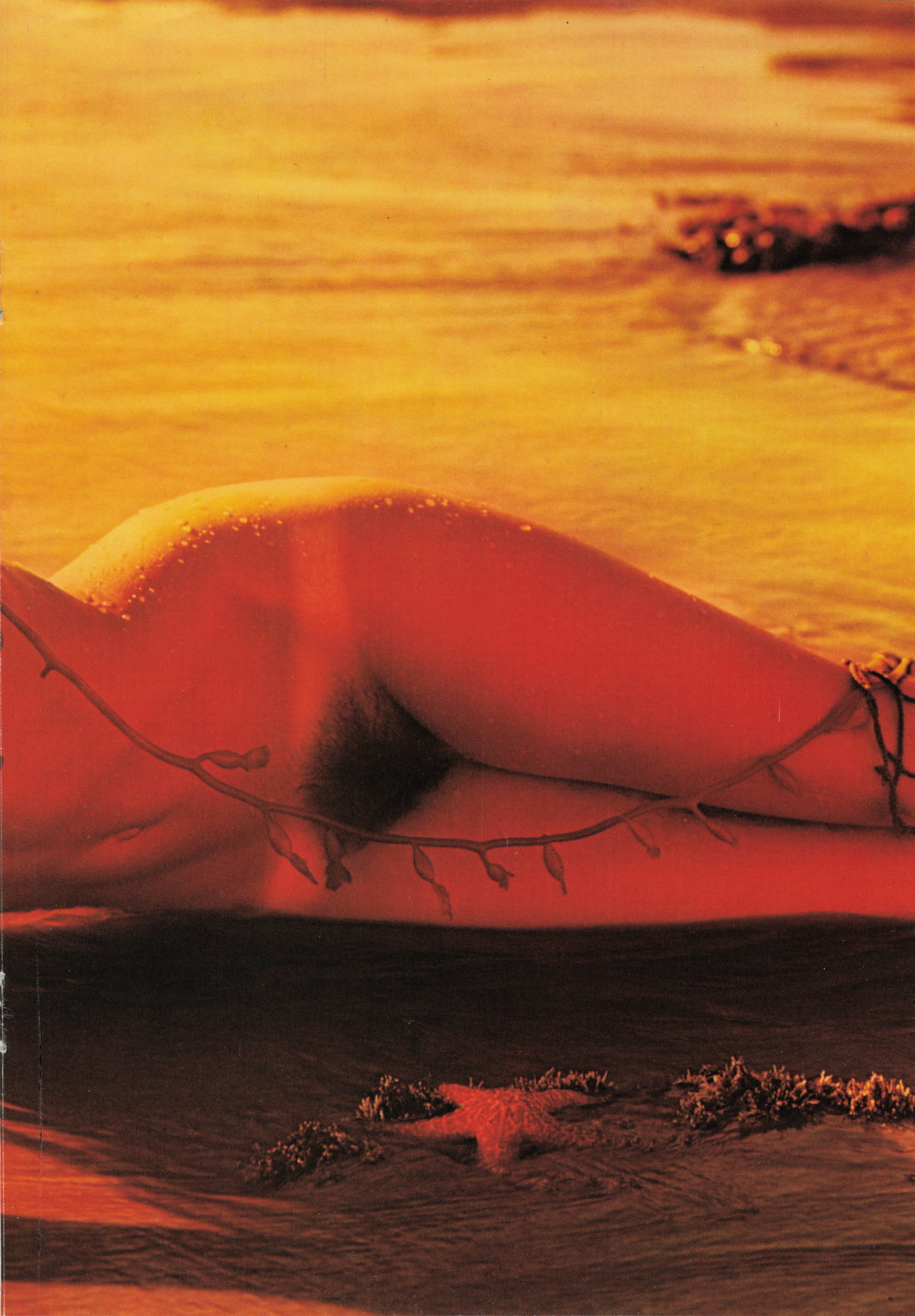
argue more. I'm sort of a radical. I don't mean politically, but people say I'm different, I'm weird. For a while I was sleeping in a van out on the street. There were curtains over all the windows, so the police thought it was some sort of business truck. But actually I'm not weird at all. I'm just straightforward and open, and people here don't always understand that. Also, I don't like hurting anyone. I've got a real thing about it. So I visit the convalescent homes a lot, I visit old people. One other thing I like to do here is go to that big fancy shopping center down the street. They've got a café there. I love to go and sip orange juice and just watch everybody running by. Everybody hurrying. Now *that's* weird. Here in California people are so bored. The cowboys came traipsing out here because they were restless, and now it's a big melting pot. But there's no more place to go physically, so people have to go places in their heads. In California, I guess everyone's trying to find himself. But all the values people used to believe in are breaking down. Really, I think people are just looking for love. It's because families are such a wreck. I mean, kids come from these messed-up broken homes, and then they marry the first guy who comes along just because they need somebody to love them. Then they take it out on their own children. It's a vicious circle. That *American Family* program sort of shook me up. I'd never seen anything like it. Someday I'd like to go to Europe. It's so full of tradition, like back East. And they don't chop their history down the way we do and just leave ghost towns. I guess, also, families work better there—Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle George all living in more or less the same place. Here everybody's trying to get away from everybody else. Everybody's got his own trip. But there, with the big family, you don't have to worry about being loved the way you do here. I guess I'd like to go to Ireland. That's where the quarter of me that's got freckles comes from."

Photography by Mindas

oui

Photo by Pompeo Posar



MGM

CONVERSATION WITH

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

Captain Beefheart is not a military hero, the star of a kiddie show, or the symbol of a brand of dog food. After spending some time with him, though, you get the feeling that he could, if he really wanted to, be any one of those things.

What he might be is the most unorthodox, most creative pop musician of this decade. If his fame is less than that of, say, James Taylor, it's partly because he has—like many of history's eccentric geniuses—a disturbing capacity for being ambushed by reality. Beefheart, now 32 years old, is eight years into a musical career marked by incomprehension, incompetence, and deviousness on the part of those entrusted with his financial and artistic future. He is just beginning to gain acceptance beyond the cult level.

A Southern Californian whose real name is Don Van Vliet, Beefheart dropped out of Antelope Valley Junior College shortly after enrolling in 1959. He hung out with Frank Zappa before the Mothers of Invention were formed. Then, in 1964, Don Van Vliet rode into Los Angeles from the California desert, equipped with a collection of strange-looking musicians known as The Magic Band. He promptly recorded a single (his version of Diddy Wah Diddy, *popularized by Bo Diddley) that became something of a local hit, but he was turned down by the same record company when he tried to convince them to release an entire album of his songs. They called the songs "too negative." The album, titled* Safe as Milk, *was released later by another company. It joined that limbo of low-selling platters, becoming what* Rolling Stone *refers to as "one of the forgotten classics of rock and roll."* Strictly Personal *was the name of his second album, but Don is reluctant to claim credit for it. He believes that it was ruined by an unapproved last-minute re-engineering job that buried the music in layers of extraneous electronics.*

Next he was offered "artistic sanctuary" by Frank Zappa's Straight label (Warner Bros.). Beefheart spent only eight and a half hours writing an album called Trout Mask Replica. *It then took him six months to teach his band how to play it.* Rolling Stone *described this one as "the most astounding and most important work of art ever to appear on a phonograph record." However, it was not to everyone's taste. The tunes are a weird mixture of free-form jazz, Mississippi Delta blues, and rock—often all three simultaneously. Rhythms are totally unpredictable; what starts out as a blues boogie may end up sounding like a surrealist waltz. Everybody seems to be playing whatever comes to mind, including Beefheart, whose sax, musette, and simran-horn solos (played through tubes that allow him to play two instruments at the same time) swoop and dive, mirroring his incredible four-octave voice. Lyrically, it's absurdist poetry, with Beefheart ad-libbing such lines as "A squid-eating doe in a polyethylene bag is fast and bulbous/ Got me?"* Trout Mask Replica *was not an overnight sensation.*

After splitting with Zappa over alleged double-dealing (the company countercharged that any man who'd hire eight tree surgeons at its expense was too much to handle), Beefheart settled down to make a series of albums with titles like Lick My Decals Off, Baby *and* The Spotlight Kid. *His newest,* Clear Spot *(packaged in a clear-plastic envelope, a tactic adopted when Warner Bros. refused his request that the album be pressed on transparent vinyl) was written in its entirety during a two-hour auto ride to a gig. He hummed the tunes into a cassette recorder while dictating the lyrics to his guitarist.*

Onstage, Captain Beefheart looks like the beefy ringmaster of some satanic circus, with his long cloak flowing as he raunches away on harmonica, saxophone, and gravel throat.

Listening to him talk has been likened to hearing the English language collapse. But his rap is the same as his music: after you listen to it for a while, it all begins to make sense.

OUI: You've been in the music business for some time now, and your music has changed a lot. Did you find it necessary to commercialize your approach, or are you still doing pretty much what you want to?

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART: I don't think you have to make any compromises; just get to the basic play-what-feels-good-to-your-hands-and-sing-what-feels-good-to-your-voice. It's all a matter of feeling good, and I think we have that in this band. Now, the group before was just experimenting. On *Trout Mask Replica*, Zoot Horn Rollo and Rockette Morton were people that had never played before.

OUI: Have they left the band?

BEEFHEART: No, they're still with me. They've been with me for over three years.

OUI: And they had never played at *all* before that?

BEEFHEART: Nothin'. I got together with them and told them not to play. I *taught* them how not to play. I wrote *Trout Mask Replica* in eight and a half hours —words and music. The only reason I wrote words is that I knew the record company would make me put the album out, even though I didn't want to. It was a rhythm exercise to get them to be able to do what they do now. On this new album, *Clear Spot*, they really get on that rhythm, like a shadow does on the ground. Oh, not so *on it* that it goes out of shape or bogs down. Not like some cowboy digging his pointed heels into the dirt, trying to stop the earth from moving.

OUI: Why didn't you want to release *Trout Mask*?

BEEFHEART: I didn't want to put it out for Straight Records. Even when they did release it, they didn't push it or promote it, which is too bad because the musicians had worked so hard on it. Those guys were *born* on that album, and hardly anybody's heard it. And the result is that one of the great art statements of all time was lost to the world.

OUI: Where are you from? I've always had the impression you might have come from the desert.

BEEFHEART: No, originally I'm from Glendale, that's L. A. But, you see, I started out when I was three—sculpting. In the bathtub first, like everyone does; my genitals, then a bar of soap, and on out from there. When I was five, I *really* got into it. I used to lock myself in a room for three weeks and my mother would have to put the food under the door. I used to vacuum the carpet and get hairs from my Persian cat to put in my sculptures. I sculpted every animal on the Northern Continent, then I started on

Illustration by Gilbert Stone

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART: *"I must have sounded like a burro or something. And he says, 'That's horrible, man,' and I say, 'I told you.' But he says we're gonna do it anyway."*

African animals. By the time I was 13, I had them all done . . . aye-ayes, dik-diks, and all of these obscure lemurs. I love them all. After that, I did all the fish in the ocean, and that's quite a feat. My folks thought I was insane, of course, but I had my own TV show at seven, from Griffith Park, on sculpture. By the time I was 11, I was lecturing in sculpture at the Barzell Art Institute of UCLA. Then I got a scholarship from Knudsen's Creamery to go to Europe to study for six years, all tuition paid. I would've gone as soon as I was 16. Then my parents said, "All artists are queers," and picked me up and moved me to the desert. Isn't that funny? I tried to run away, but I couldn't do it. I missed out on that big scholarship, but in a way, it's better that I did, 'cause it really repressed me to be taken to the desert away from all my artist friends. My parents didn't really mean any harm. They were just protecting their kid, so they took me away.

OUI: And you quit sculpting?

BEEFHEART: That's the reason that it all came out later in music. I didn't do any sculpting or painting or anything from the time I was 13 until I was 24. Nothing. I never even listened to any music. It embittered me so much. Look, if I was *that* dependent on it, they probably did the right thing. I probably would have burned out.

OUI: So at 13 you went back and became a Normal Kid?

BEEFHEART: I went back and became a baby. I was like an egg rolling through time until I was 24. Then the egg cracked and I popped out. Into music. I never really played music before that, other than going to one rehearsal that this group was having. I bought this saxophone and I thought, "I'm gonna go *play* something." I don't know why I got an alto sax, although I did have an extensive pipe collection. I think I must have gone through this pipe collection and wound up with a saxophone. Anyway, I took this sax and went into the studio, where they were playing this thing called *Logan Incident*, a song written about this incident in . . . oh . . . San Diego. Something really corny like the *Death March*, only hyped up, like the Fifties. So I grabbed the sax and started blowing how I felt about this thing. I was saying, "Hey, this is *me* playing." They said, "Hey, look, it's too weird." "*How* can you say that to me in this day and age?" I asked, and they replied, "Well, we're saying it to you. As a matter of fact, you're fired!" Can you imagine that? They fired me the first day I went in—the same day!

OUI: What pushed you in the direction of music?

BEEFHEART: I was listening to the radio. I thought, "I can hear a place in there that I could be." I'd always thought that music was too formal, and I thought, "Well, I'll get into this and fix it." Silly sculptor, going into music. What I am is not a musician but a sculptor, which is why my music sounds different. I put it together a different way.

OUI: How did you get started?

BEEFHEART: Alex St. Clair called me—you know, the fellow who was on *Safe as Milk* along with Ry Cooder. He had a great influence on Jimi Hendrix when he was in England. Anyway, he calls me and says, "I'm putting a group together and we're gonna play tonight. You're gonna sing, Van Vliet." He's a real Prussian, you know? I said, "Give me a minute, will you? I never sang anything. I don't know anything about music." And he says, "Tonight you're going to sing." I must have sounded like a burro or something. And he says, "That's horrible, man." I say, "I *told* you." But he says we're gonna do it anyway, and it'll get better. So that's how I went onstage in Lancaster, California. Out of paranoia, I took some of my art things with me. I took a Hoover Superchief Vacuum Cleaner—one of those really heavy ones with a Mars light—and plugged it into the amplifier during the intermission. I had these Mexican ducks, you'd call them jumping beans, and I got a single spotlight on them and even unveiled them with a little curtain I brought. I was doing an artistic show, and the people dug it. That's what got me on the wrong track, because I went on into that.

OUI: You consider that a mistake?

BEEFHEART: The worst thing I've ever done was to try and sculpt the people in the group. That's why the first group broke up. Now I'm much wiser and I've apologized to everybody and they all agree that I wasn't that mean or anything. I could be a millionaire now if that band had stayed together and I had had to listen to Alex. Now he's come back with the band and we play what feels good, and goodbye to all that phony art-statement shit: the vacuum cleaner, jumping beans, single spotlight, all that crap.

OUI: How did you come by the title *Safe as Milk* for the first album?

BEEFHEART: Well, I'd gone down to L. A. to find somebody to put out this group. First we were with A&M and did *Diddy Wah Diddy* before *Safe as Milk*. The name meant the strontium-90 content of the woman's breast and *not* acid, as it was taken to mean, as everything was taken to mean at that time. That's one of the reasons I split for a while. I didn't want people to think my imagination was due to . . . something external. I'm a very pure type of -ist. I eat health food and I don't use anything.

OUI: Did problems with the group crop up while you were making the record?

BEEFHEART: The group had a difficult time relating to me because I had these . . . ideas. They just wanted to play what felt good. I should have stuck with them because they were right. Where your fingers go is where it is. I had this idea to pull a wild hair out of the sky, or something like that. You know, thinking about that album, I used a theremin on it—that's an electronic-impulse instrument invented by this Dr. Theremin. The guy who played it on the album was a friend of Dr. Theremin's, also a doctor—a psychiatrist. Now this was seven years ago, and people thought I was out of my *mind* for using a theremin, and this fella walked into the studio and did *Spellbound*, which is an old record, a beautiful, eerie thing full of sea-foam-green imagery. This fella was able to relate to me because I wrote out what I wanted like a graph—I don't write music—and snap, first cut, he did exactly what I had been thinking of.

OUI: *Trout Mask Replica* was also pretty weird. What were you trying to accomplish with that one?

BEEFHEART: I wasn't doing the art statement on *Trout Mask*, but it *was* a little bit outrageous. I mean, we were flinging so much paint that it took people this long to get into it. That album is getting popular *now*. I guess I *did* do my art statement on *Trout Mask*. We gave them everything we had. We flung all of our paint, all the colors. We've all grown. We got into this house and stayed there for three and a half years. I didn't go out of the house for three and a half years. What I remember most of all is a pair of male and female eucalyptus trees. We'd play music to them, and they were really thriving, although they hadn't been when we got there. But it started raining terribly and I was really worried about them. I suddenly decided, "God, I've got to get something done about this." So I went out and got eight tree surgeons and *we saved those trees*. Then we had this whole weird thing with that Zappa cat and Herbie Cohen from Straight Records because I got eight tree surgeons and billed it to Straight. Well, what do *they* care about eucalyptus trees?

OUI: Listening to *Trout Mask*, you sense a relationship to certain forms of free jazz. Were you influenced at all by people like John Coltrane and Archie Shepp?

BEEFHEART: No way. There is just no way—even though I've always believed that everyone is colored, or else you wouldn't be able to see them—that us little cream puffs could ever feel the repression of being the Chosen Color on the Hit Parade in this *(Continued on page 104)*

"It's pretty, but is it art?"
Rudyard Kipling
AsLan

Vida
Durango

☆ STARRING ☆

JOHN WAYNE, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, SAM PECKINPAH, AND BOB "LONESOME COWBOY" DYLAN

A CAVALCADE OF STARS SURGES ACROSS THE SCREEN IN THE MEXICAN DUST

BY ROBERTA OSTROFF

Durango, Durango. Close to Christmas time. A tired, worn city 6000 feet above sea level locked in by the Sierra Madres. Soda-pop bottling companies line the main street. Twenty-foot-high ceramic pop bottles greet you as you come into town. *Disfrute* Coca-Cola. *Tome* Fanta. The Governor's Palace is 200 years old, but the governor doesn't live there anymore.

Reports of strange dreams dominate the conversations of the residents of the AAA-approved Mexico Courts, 69 plaster quarters that house most of the cast and crew connected with the Batjac production *Wednesday Morning*, starring John Wayne, George Kennedy, Neville Brand, and Marie Windsor; and the MGM–Sam Peckinpah production *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, starring James Coburn, Kris Kristofferson, Bob Dylan, Jason Robards, Jr. (gone), Barry Sullivan (gone), Katy Jurado (gone), Slim Pickens (gone), Jack Elam, Elisha Cook,

VIVA DURANGO *Larry Kaplan is very tense. He is bugged by Dylan's refusal to talk to anyone. Dylan seems to be unaware that anyone else on the set exists.*

Jr., R. G. Armstrong. Dreams of overanxious color and burgeoning content.

"Have you ever noticed how weird your dreams are in this place?" James Coburn asks early one morning. "They are too weird," he insists. Maybe it is the air. Too pure. Or the sky. Too blue. "Last night I was dreaming about Ali MacGraw and chocolate syrup," says Larry Kaplan, Sam Peckinpah's publicist. "And right in the middle of the dream, there is this knock on my door, and this fat Mexican woman with a blond wig on pushes me and yells, 'Where's Marta?' The dumb scum bag." Danny the extra dreams about his dog at home being dead and wakes up sweating. Jack Elam believes he has experienced strange dreams but is not quite sure, while Jack Casey, the Batjac publicist, cannot remember ever dreaming at all.

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Larry Kaplan is losing his grip on reality. "First I had the *touristas*, now I'm constipated. You know what's going to happen next—I'm going to just flip out, go insane." Larry has been in Durango for six weeks. Behind his glasses, his eyes are stunned, passive. He rubs the freckled bridge of his nose: "Can you imagine getting medical aid in this shithole?" Larry stares at the eight-by-ten glossies of Glenn Ford and John Wayne and Kirk Douglas on the walls of the Mexico Courts office. A motel employee stands behind the desk, answering the switchboard. He is dressed in a Mexican general's uniform. "Look at him," whispers Larry, "will you tell me why he is wearing the uniform? He's the fuckin' porter!" Larry walks up to the Mexican general. "*Por favor*," enunciates Larry, "*por favor*, these phone calls for me to Los Angeles?" The Mexican general smiles. "Look," says Larry, pulling at the waist of his blue sweater, "these calls are *muy importante. ¿Comprende?*" The general grins. He pushes a piece of paper in front of Larry. Larry looks at the sheet. "You mean I have to wait for you to make all of these other calls?" The general smiles and shows his teeth. "No!" Larry shouts. "No! No! No!" Larry crosses out all preceding phone requests. "These calls are not important," he mumbles, "my calls are important!" Larry hands the sheet of paper back to the general. "When the call goes through, I'll be in the restaurant."

El Dorado Restaurant and Ladies' Lounge (a bar *cum* dance hall) are separated from the Mexico Courts by a very long, narrow gravel path. It is Durango's finest drinking establishment. Because of the often violent nature of the town's citizens, the cast and crew of both productions spend free hours there. The marbelized floor is generally wet with liberal traces of disinfectant. The ceiling is swathed with pink and yellow neon, reflecting off the coral Naugahyde chairs and frayed table linen. A wall of windows faces the street.

We sit inside the restaurant, waiting for Larry's driver Chu Chu to take us to the Peckinpah set. "Just don't look at the plates," Larry moans. "They don't clean them very well." Jack Elam, on call from Sam's set, sits down at our table. He scours the room for a possible card game, sees no players. Jack's bushy eyebrows twitch as his Mexican match explodes against his cigar. He looks at the wall. "Did you ever wonder about those boxes?" Jack asks. He points to several wooden boxes at eye level on the wall. We stare at the boxes. "Every 20 minutes," Jack says, "they go off." We watch the boxes. A steady weak spray hits our plates. "It's bug spray," announces Jack, sucking on his cigar. "Clever, isn't it?"

"Now, listen," Larry says as he slides down in the back seat of Chu Chu's 1965 blue Chevrolet, "everything is very tense on the set. You cannot talk to Dylan. I mean, he hates journalists. In fact, I don't even talk to him, and it's part of my job to relate. But I can't." Larry looks out the window and covers his face with his hands. Chu Chu is trying to pass a slow-moving truck. We are on a narrow two-lane highway, going up a hill. There is no way for Chu Chu to see what is coming in our direction. He swerves wildly and avoids a collision with a cement truck. "Also," Larry continues, removing his hands from his face, "Sam isn't feeling well. So you may not be able to talk to him, either." Chu Chu sticks his pompadoured head out the window and moos at a herd of cows. Larry lays his head against the car door. He looks at the bouncing plastic kachina doll hanging from Chu Chu's mirror. "Oh, God," sighs Larry, "I forgot to fill my prescription for Valiums. Do you have any?"

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The village of Chupaderos, where the Peckinpah movie is being shot, is a collection of mud huts and cactus gardens. Just behind the mud huts, where the Mexicans stand in their cactus gardens and pan fry their meals over open fires, there is another town—an American Western town—a two-sided street with a hotel, jail, church, general store, saloon, barber shop, bank, livery stable. Fifteen Hollywood movies have been made on this street. When the production companies leave, the Mexicans abandon their adobes and take up residence on the set.

Larry is very tense. "I wish the fuck Dylan would fuckin' go back to New York." Dylan is standing next to a Mexican wrangler, drinking a Fanta, dressed in his printer's costume for his part of Alias—the young man who saves Billy the Kid's life and rides off with him. Dylan's eyes are tucked behind his mirrored shades and he has a sketch pad in his hand. Larry brushes past him. "You see," Larry says, "he doesn't talk to anybody."

Sam Peckinpah is not seeing anyone today. He is sick and he is shooting interiors with Bob Dylan. Nobody can watch because it is Dylan's first time in front of the cameras and he must be protected. Out here, in the pure mountain air of Mexico, Hollywood anxiety persists.

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At 6:30, when the sky is black, the adolescent peepers appear outside the motel. Their eyes are as big as pancakes. Hands clutch the sills of the bathroom window ledges. You bang on the screen, taking aim, scattering the kids like flies. Next to the motel, in the grammar school, the band of brass is practicing, out of time.

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Inside El Dorado, the slow-moving waiters, dressed in their gold jackets, take a full house of orders. Everybody is gulping down avocado cocktails. Neville Brand is circling the room, cigar stuck in his mouth. Marie Windsor is reading *Love Machine*. Jack Casey (the publicist, not to be confused with Jack Elam, the actor) is gulping beer, and stunt man Walter Scott is trying to figure out a way to get home for Christmas. "Do you know what the Wayne people are doing?" asks Walter, setting his glass of milk down in front of me. "They're chartering a plane for all their people and flying them home. I got to get home for Christmas. I got a girl at home. They won't let me get on the plane. They say they don't have any room. I told them I'd sign anything. Anything!" Walter casts his green eyes around the room. "Have you ever seen a room filled with so many lonely men?" he asks. It is a fact. El Dorado vibrates with horniness. There are no women.

"I knew all about you, everyone knew all about you, at least two weeks before you got here," says Neville Brand. Rough and rowdy cowboys stalk the dining room, the baddest asses on celluloid, looking for ladies.

Walter Scott stretches. "Maybe I'll go down to the Intima later," he says.

"Isn't that where the four men from the *Major Dundee* production got themselves killed?" Larry asks.

"Yeah," Walter answers.

"Then why do you want to go there?" Larry asks.

" 'Cause I'm tired of looking at all these men," Walter replies. The local talent slides *(Continued on page 107)*

OUI GOES TO AN S/M PARTY

Can there be love without heartache? Romance without pain? We took these questions into the chic world of international decadence and came back with this wrap-up of the real and not-so-real world of S/M (or, as some call it, sadomasochism). Come, put on those leathers and stroll with us down Cactus Lane. Meet Ms. Monique von Cleef, Queen of the Sadists; Mr. Terry Pastor, King of Ouch Art; the Eulenspiegel Society, first lib group for S/M freaks; and much, much more. Just remember, the world is full of lots of people, many of them unlike yourself. Keep an open mind; but never *let a fearsome stranger operate on you. Romance does have its limits.*

Pamela and John run a busy custom S/M business from the hidden back room of a dress store in Bath, three hours west of London. They are used to making things like total-enclosure leather bags ($500) and limb separators ($50 to $75, depending on the detail work). They recently received a most difficult request: "A man called on us one morning to *demand* that we create trousers for him that would be absolutely, unequivocally *impossible* to get out of—unless he wanted to!" John shook his head, bemused: "Crimey, he was missin' the whole *point*."

Photography by Roger Prigent

I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE.
I'M NOT SICK, IT'S SOCIETY.
I'M A MAGNET! I'M A MAGNET!
IT HURTS MORE WHEN YOU LAUGH.
I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE.
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE HORSEBACK RIDING.
ACTUALLY, I PREFER WATER SPORTS.

Can you hear, America? The fetishist's classic Gordian knot. Whatever happens in Europe eventually happens over here. It would appear, however, that as with so many other European cultural traditions—the pizza, psychiatry, the French restaurant—America has transmogrified, or at least transmongrelized, S/M. The guy who wanted the not-really-impossible pants was from Detroit, and the models in the picture above are portraying what we are advised is a typical New York S/M party scene. OUI arranged the photos after consulting with Bill Rifkind, who runs the Pleasure Chest in Manhattan, one of many leather and discipline shops that are open-

ing across the nation. He swears the beery, joky spirit is accurate. In Europe, people who like to beat, get beaten, be tied up, chained down, dipped in hot oil, trod on, yelled at, gagged, garroted, infibulated, and splashed with various substances in order to get off sexually, *really mean it*, at least to the extent that they are psychically committed to their kinkiness. John Sutcliffe of London, for example, who is to custom-made leather and vinyl couture what God is to earth, is *horrified* at the way in which photos he takes for private clientele keep winding up in the American underground porno press and in catalogues that *(Continued on page 80)*

ODD DEVICES

AND STRANGE GIMMICKS FOR THE NEARLY NORMAL

If you're economy-minded, you can probably practice S/M arts with a couple hundred feet of nylon rope. To truly excel and enjoy the fantasy to its hilt, though, you need fancier stuff. From the leading purveyors and illustrators of what has been called "the last taboo," OUI has compiled a catalogue of gear and an insider's glossary.

The nifty leather helmet comes from London's AtomAge to protect your lady from the weather. Her hair can escape through the ponytail hole, but the mouth and eye coverings permit no exit.

The slave apron, only $28 from Karaval, Houston, Texas, puts your waitress in her place. When she serves, she is protected. When she departs, the view is different. Quite different, indeed.

Bullwhips and cat-o'-nine-tails are standard S/M paraphernalia, along with spanking straps, bamboo canes, riding crops, and frat paddles. Merely draping a whip on the body can get submission.

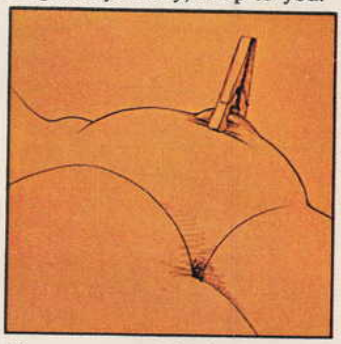
By drawing the wrists into rearward bondage, this spanking stock from Karaval for $45 brings the body into a classic posture. Catalogue states that no measurements are necessary.

Pillories, of course, are stock-in-trade for S/M fans. The Puritans in Massachusetts indulged in this act for the redemption of souls through penance. With such historical legitimacy, how can you go wrong? The Adult Company in Colorado warns about its wares: "Great care and judgment must be used at all times so as not to harm anyone. The equipment's safe use, like anything else you buy, is up to you."

In the Middle Ages, the spiked-ball harness was used to improve the posture and gait of young women. Needles on the dangling ball will prick the wearer if she refuses to walk very, very softly.

Male genitals can attract a lot of attention if encumbered with cock rings, ball weights, and other ornaments. This pretty set of chrome rings will encircle and really put someone in a big bind.

Bottoms up is easily possible with this $25 harness. Karaval claims that this device was used by the Chinese 25 centuries ago. If you grasp the strap, you'll be able to spin the person like a top.



Finesse counts high in the application of mild pain. Drawing blood, in this instance, is definitely considered bad form. A simple clothespin can serve as a powerful reminder of gentle discipline.

Like pendants hung around the neck, these amyl-nitrite sniffers are worn by true enthusiasts as a sign of their eagerness. They say a whiff or two helps kill the pain —although it's just in the mind.

People who get into S/M say they learn that the only effective mouth gag is a ball. Gives a mouthful to nagging wives and nitpicking husbands. This one is really a jawbreaker. . . . Mumble.

The top leather gag stuffs the mouth with a penile facsimile, while the gag in the middle allows the forcing of fluids. Bottom, a blindfold with distressing bulges to press into the eyes.

These boots are not made for walking. Boot fetishism goes hand-in-glove with bondage and discipline. Some ballet-type shoes put a slave on painful point, while others with ten-inch spike heels and platforms elevate a mistress. A must for every dominatrix! This array of heavy footgear can be ordered from the Centurians in California. You don't break these shoes in; they break you in. The shoes at left run around $60. The thigh-high numbers above can cost as much as $100, but it's well worth the price if you want your friends to lick your high-stepping boots.

The infinite variety of thumb- and fingercuffs makes it possible to be confined to the last digit. A handy belt pouch from New York's Pleasure Chest helps one tote all these gleaming utensils.

This girl is strapped in a so-called squatting harness. She cannot bend over in this rig. Everything she wants to do with her hands or mouth must happen at the squat. From Karaval, $38.

In the art of bondage, originality and imagination count. Getting someone into a bind requires more than a Boy Scout's knowledge of hand knots; advocates of their use scream their praises.

This spanking block proffers the bum without the possibility of squirming. Straps around the knees, waist, and elbows ensure that the subject will not slip away. It's just $75 at Karaval.

S/M GLOSSARY

B/D: Bondage and discipline is the general practice of tying people up to make them feel small, then making them toe the line—even upside down.

Diaper discipline: A B/D variant in which grownups don diapers to recapture the helpless joys of infantility.

Dominatrix: A woman who enjoys dominating a man both verbally and physically. Some guys love a real butch bitch.

English massage: Dominant massage that may sting more than it tingles for those who like being chastised.

F.F. of A.: Fist Fuckers of America. Their clenched-fist gestures are often an internal expression.

French massage: Wherein a man is tenderized in one location. Oral exercise. In S/M, this may involve pain.

Frottage: From the French for "rubbing," an activity practiced in crowded places.

Greek love: There are those who enjoy giving and receiving a bum deal. Anal fun.

Infibulation: Fastening male or female sexual organs with a clasp to impose chastity.

M: Anything masochistic that happily endures pain, derived from the German 19th-Century novelist Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. (In the U. S. West, M means a "master," quite the reverse.)

Mature: This refers to permissive attitudes, as opposed to those immature people who don't like being hurt.

Obsédés: The French are diplomatic when they refer to S/M types as "obsessed ones."

S: Anything sadistic that happily inflicts pain, derived from the 18th-Century French writer the Marquis de Sade. (In the U. S. West, S means a "slave" —again, reversed meaning.)

S/M: Sadomasochism is Sigmund Freud's term for the whole bag that people sometimes wrap themselves in.

TV: Short form for transvestitism, in which girls and guys swap clothes and reverse sexual roles.

U.D. skirt: A skirt flung upward over a woman's upper body, then tied like a bag to enclose her head and arms.

Undinism: More elegant term for the following.

Water sports: The games for those who like being peed on.

STRANGE DAYS IN FUN CITY

SIX PLACES TOURIST INFORMATION WON'T RECOMMEND/BY ARTHUR BELL

Photography by Richard Alcorn

At a gathering of the Eulenspiegel Society in New York, real people get it off by getting on weird duds and making magic black.

Sunday afternoon on Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. The bars have just opened. I enter Julius's and mingle with the spaniel-faced leftovers from the night before, the Bufferin brigade, nursing their hangovers with bloody marys. Today the talk isn't about tricks or headaches, and the song isn't the usual Sunday afternoon oh-what-I-did-the-night-before blues. There's no complaining. Instead, a strained chatter fills the air, magpies in expectation, twittering about the rumors.

The rumors concern murder. Three guys who were into the sadomasochist scene have been knocked off in four days. They were frequenters of the local pubs, the trucks, familiar night faces in the West Village. The rumors are about strangulation, knifing, castration, and decapitation. Fear rides down Christopher Street all the way to the waterfront leather bars, where I search for more information and hear advice like: "Keep away from wild-eyed strangers, know your trick, and if you have to, God forbid, play the virgin for a while. Better masturbation than total annihilation."

At the S/M bars—Ty's, The Spike, The Eagle's Nest—there's even more tension. Strangers who usually pose in crotch-sure, beer-bottle stoops are loosened up. Real speech replaces the traditional, carefully affected grunting. A motorcycle jock with a copper popper snifter hung around his neck shyly inquires of a pseudo–telephone lineman to his right. "Isn't it awful? How many more before this is done with?" And the lineman answers in clipped Madison Avenue tones: "Yes, it's awful. I don't know what I'm doing here." And then: "Getting drunk is what I'm doing here."

Jack Modica, the manager of The Eagle's Nest, tells me that "anytime something like this happens, they blame it on the S/M crowd. We're the niggers of the gay world, and I'm fucking tired of it." He relates the facts as he knows them. There were three murders. The first victim was a 29-year-old Puerto Rican hairdresser. His head was bashed in. He was stabbed ten times. His apartment was set on fire. The second victim was a heavy

drinker. On the day of his murder, he'd been belting them down at a few of the raunchier bars. Somewhere he'd picked someone up. He was knifed 30 times. Got it in the face, the chest, the back. The third victim, the drunkard's buddy, who lived across the hallway, was stabbed 53 times. The buddy was a former Philadelphia socialite who knew Norman Mailer and Andy Warhol but chummed with the harbor rats and preferred the drag bars of Canal Street to Max's Kansas City. Both victims two and three had had their underwear set on fire, but Modica points out that there was no evidence of S/M. Hands weren't tied. Feet weren't chained. The murders could have been the work of any psychopath. There was none of the foreplay that precedes a consensual S/M act, just the total trip. Death.

Hanging out at the leather bars that day, I was made conscious of the mile-wide gap between S/M games and the real thing. Fear, the toy S/M people play with, the one that provides the needed excitement, is a hairy security blanket when the players control the game. Stripped of pretense, there's a whole new scenario that very few want to act in. Nevertheless, at Ty's that Sunday, a customer came in looking for the unknown assailant. Dressed totally in leather and stoned on downs, he shouted, "Where is my killerman? Where is he? Where is he?" Then he proudly announced that he wanted to die.

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New York's leather-bar scene, unlike California's, is primarily homosexual. (There is a heterosexual S/M scene in New York, but, curiously, it isn't "social.") Occasionally, a woman enters The Eagle's Nest, like the jet-set photographer who dates a boyish 40-year-old movie star who lives in the area. It's kicks and zippie pow—a New School sort of experience for the lady. But the men who run the leather bars don't like it and the men who frequent the scene despise it. Leather fag hags destroy the sawdust floor, tough-guy fantasy.

In the leather bars, a well-schooled sadist can spot a superb masochist across a crowded room by facial expression, not clothing, then zoom in for the kill. Once home, he'll know where to exert the right amount of pleasure by a leather-gloved slap on the face, when to thrust forward with the tip of a boot, when to coddle, to spank, to take his partner beyond the rainbow with the whip of a belt, and when to bring him back to Kansas.

Charles Pitts is such a person, a sadist with an instinctive sense of his partner's needs. Pitts has his own weekly radio talk show in New York.

He looks like a cross between a young Yul Brynner and an old Jackie Coogan. A few days after the Village murders, we spent some time discussing everything from fist fucking ("it can be dangerous") *(Continued on page 116)*

DO YOU BEAT IN THE NUDE?

MONIQUE VAN CLEEF QUESTIONS YOUR ANSWERS/BY AL GOLDSTEIN

OUI: What are the differences between European S/M and American S/M?

MONIQUE VON CLEEF: Well, with the Americans you have to start out easier because they are much more childish. The Germans and the British want it very stern, in general—they like really severe rubberwear and also being in inflatable suits and boots. You can leave any Englishman confined for an hour and he doesn't panic. The English and the Germans are the kinkiest of them all. They go to any kind of scene and they come and say, "Yeah, that was really nice." On the other hand, Americans are more devoted. In Europe, we have more addresses to go to. Americans can't find anyone to give them what they need.

OUI: What's the reason for the advanced kinkiness of the English and Germans?

MVC: I don't know, maybe it's the upbringing.

OUI: Do you charge the same everywhere?

MVC: Same as I did in America—$50.

OUI: What about inflation? Do you have increases?

MVC: No.

OUI: Do you think you'll ever accept credit cards here: Diners Club, American Express?

MVC: I might, why not? Yes, I should.

OUI: Do you really hurt your clients?

MVC: I threaten a lot. Once in a while I do something really horrible. Maybe four or five really painful things.

OUI: Out of how many slaves?

MVC: Maybe 350 of them. I try to give no more than four or five marks that go away in four or five days. This gets boring, boring, boring. I'm lucky there are only a few who like that, because it's much nicer to mold somebody without whipping.

OUI: You approach S/M sort of creatively?

MVC: Sure. I go into moods sometimes. It's like creating. You have to think of fantasies. You have to pinch their nipples or give them teasers. I'll give them a two-gallon enema, put them in a corset, tie up their bellies so they have lots of stress on everything. They go through terrible pain, cramps and everything, and they love you for it. It's very wearing on me.

OUI: What about your own moods? Are you more pissed off some days than other days?

MVC: If I'm really in a bad mood, I won't work.

OUI: With many of the people, it's not just the pain; they want humiliation.

MVC: Right. And to be dominated. They have to do so many things, make so many decisions . . . so they love just to have nothing to say in my home . . . nothing at all. I always laugh because sometimes they bring a whole list of wishes. I read the list, then all of a sudden I switch it all, and afterward they say, "That isn't what I asked for." So then I say, "Forget it, it's nonsense. Now it's my turn." And they love it. Otherwise they wouldn't come back, right?

OUI: That's a true test. Do you find that most of your slaves are people of authority and power, like judges or the clergy?

MVC: Sure. Or psychiatrists, doctors, surgeons, publishers, or editors (laughs).

OUI: Do you ever get turned on in these sexual situations?

MVC: Oh, yes. Like, if I fantasize, I'm very turned on. You can't just *do* this. You're not professional if you're not touched by it.

OUI: Do you feel women's liberation is new competition? If a man gets tough treatment outside, he doesn't have to come to you.

MVC: I'm always very happy for new colleagues.

OUI: What about your own fantasies?

MVC: Well, I find it very hard to find a man I could lay with or have any sexual thing with because I don't like to be dominated in sex.

OUI: Really? I thought that might be your fantasy—for a man to say "Monique, suck cock!"

MVC: Oh, no. I hate it. I tried several years ago. I hate it. I was in a mood to kill.

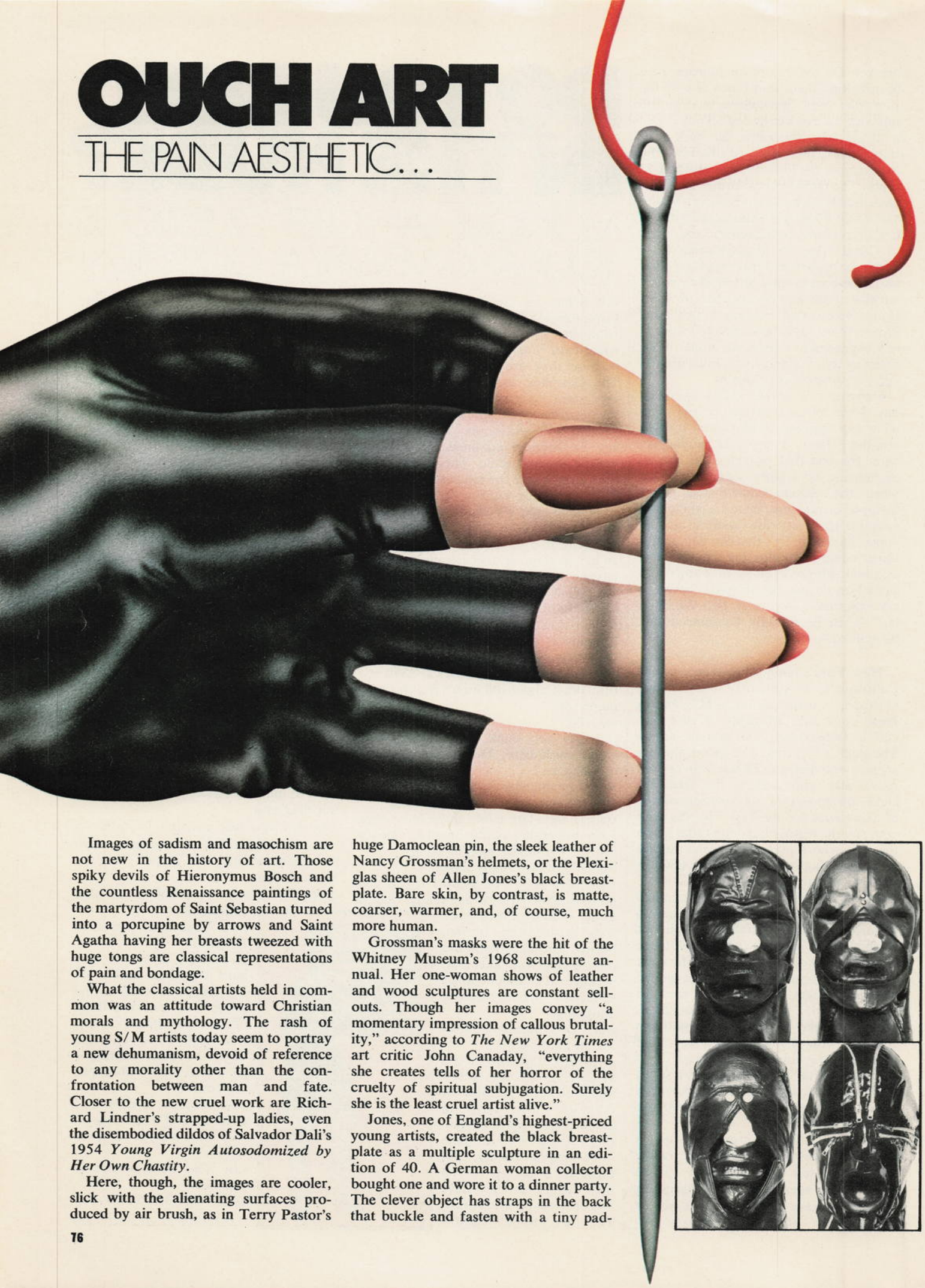
OUI: What kinds of men do you like?

MVC: I like 55- or 60-year-

(Continued on page 103)

OUCH ART

THE PAIN AESTHETIC...



Images of sadism and masochism are not new in the history of art. Those spiky devils of Hieronymus Bosch and the countless Renaissance paintings of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian turned into a porcupine by arrows and Saint Agatha having her breasts tweezed with huge tongs are classical representations of pain and bondage.

What the classical artists held in common was an attitude toward Christian morals and mythology. The rash of young S/M artists today seem to portray a new dehumanism, devoid of reference to any morality other than the confrontation between man and fate. Closer to the new cruel work are Richard Lindner's strapped-up ladies, even the disembodied dildos of Salvador Dali's 1954 *Young Virgin Autosodomized by Her Own Chastity*.

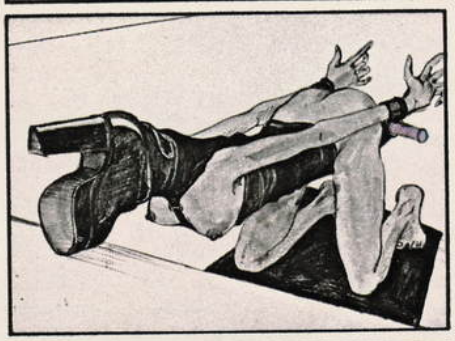
Here, though, the images are cooler, slick with the alienating surfaces produced by air brush, as in Terry Pastor's huge Damoclean pin, the sleek leather of Nancy Grossman's helmets, or the Plexiglas sheen of Allen Jones's black breastplate. Bare skin, by contrast, is matte, coarser, warmer, and, of course, much more human.

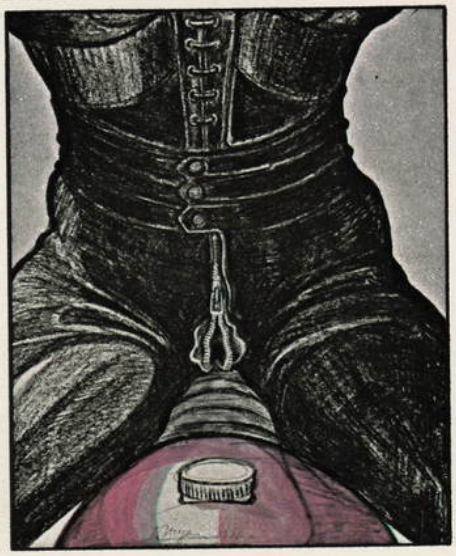
Grossman's masks were the hit of the Whitney Museum's 1968 sculpture annual. Her one-woman shows of leather and wood sculptures are constant sellouts. Though her images convey "a momentary impression of callous brutality," according to *The New York Times* art critic John Canaday, "everything she creates tells of her horror of the cruelty of spiritual subjugation. Surely she is the least cruel artist alive."

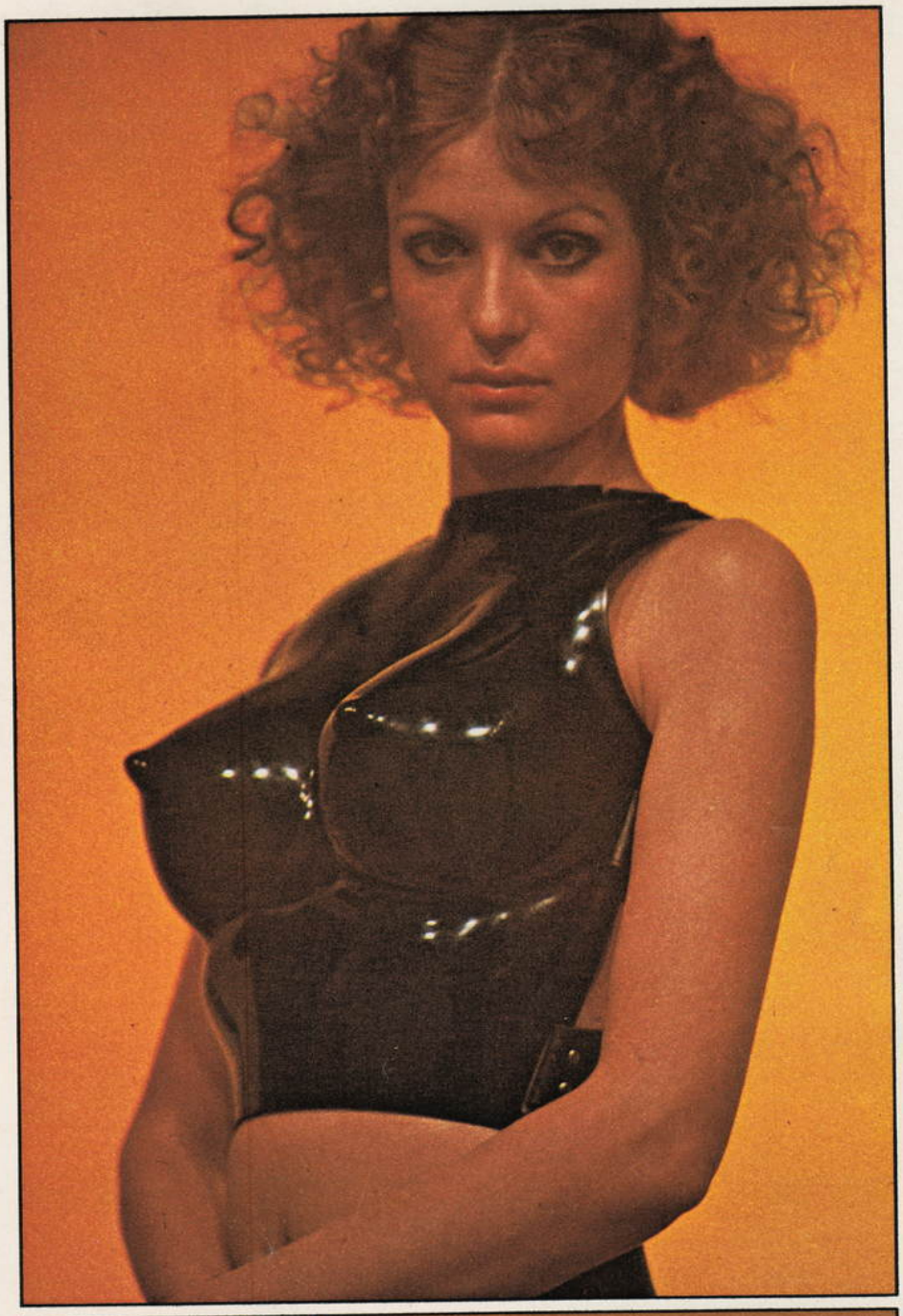
Jones, one of England's highest-priced young artists, created the black breastplate as a multiple sculpture in an edition of 40. A German woman collector bought one and wore it to a dinner party. The clever object has straps in the back that buckle and fasten with a tiny pad-

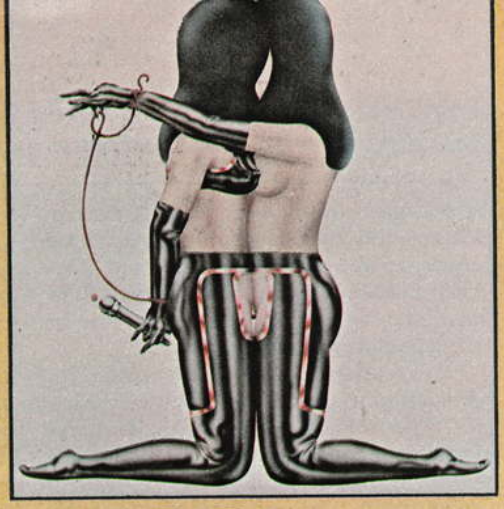
lock. This "mythical chest," as Jones calls it, outfits real people with idealized breasts. It is a spin-off of his three-dimensional objects that turn women into tables, chairs, and hat racks. Their leather coverings are by John Sutcliffe.

The fetish and bondage drawings of Tomi Ungerer are part of a series created for a lithographic edition. He invents a stacked-heel shoe as a dildo, a boot as bondage helmet, a fucking saddle to straddle, the ultimate U. D. skirt. Born in Strasbourg, France, 34 years ago, Ungerer began his research into S/M imagery with his 1969 portfolio of erotic machinery, *Fornicon*. The influences of the old German etchers of the 1500s, Dürer and Grünewald, mingle his hard line with the flat colorism of the great Japanese print-



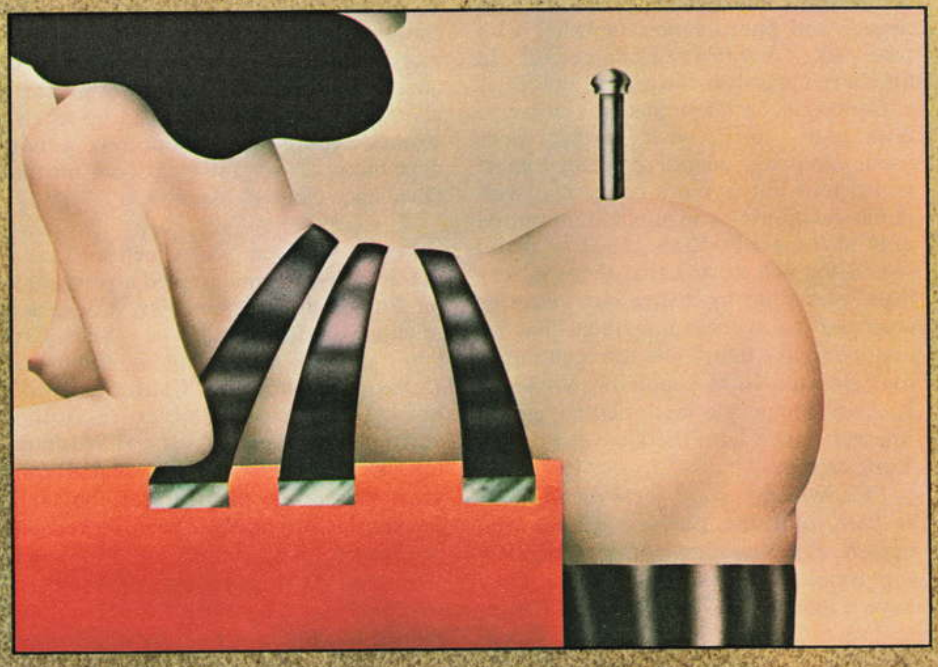






. . . PRICKS YOU IN THE EYE

maker of the 1800s, Hokusai. More in the British pop-art school, Terry Pastor's bondage reveals a posterlike humor. The tongue-in-cheek title for the bound girl below is *British Steel*. The 27-year-old artist, who illustrates for English girlie magazines, such as *Men Only* and *Mayfair*, has found a way to inject whimsey into sadism. It would be a mistake to assume that these artists are celebrating torture, pain, or humiliation. They seem to be stating that contemporary man, bound and often gagged by society and authority, can still resist. Ultimately, artists who make images of human beings do not have contempt for mankind.



LEATHER CULTURE *How would you like to own an electrical machine for oral, penile, and vaginal massage with optional factory accessories including a self-lubricating, variable-stroke penis?*

(Continued from page 71) American leather and rubber manufacturers keep cranking out like those old Sears Roebuck mail-order jobs. Sutcliffe feels S/M shouldn't be marketed like the truss or the inflatable swimming pool.

The reasons for the differences in approach are hard-core. In France during the 17th and 18th Centuries, Cornelis Jansen's theories on freedom of the will —chiefly that it shouldn't exist—gained great vogue and still persist, cheek by jowl with the country's eccentric Catholicism. In Northern Europe, people live with the pain of the elements every day and have simply applied their usual pragmatism to the S/M question. In Holland, if you tell someone you're seeing a psychiatrist, he's liable to think you're crazy. It's considered far better form to indulge your fetish than to pay some stranger to listen to you talk about it. (It's cheaper, too; Dutch whores and governesses charge, on an average, about one quarter the rate of L. A. or Manhattan analysts.) In England, S/M is, of course, a gentlemen's agreement and a tradition.

American S/M culture is a spotty thing. You can find it in most major cities but it seems to thrive in places like Denver, Houston, Nebraska (in Omaha it's the Diamond Bar), and Southern California, where there are lots of middle-income, liberal government employees and technocrats. The leather crowd in Houston keeps in touch via "black books" put out by an outfit called Karaval. (In addition to address books, Karaval prints a 71-page illustrated catalogue of chastity belts, scold's bridles, punishment collars, antisitting harnesses, serving shackles, dungeon chairs, thumbcuffs, ball gags, lady trainers, partial penetrators, slave bras, spanking blocks, spread-eagle chains and spiked-ball harnesses, and photo-fiction fantasies with titles like *Karen's Confinement*.) In Southern California the biggest publisher is Centurian, in Westminster. Centurian does pretty much what Karaval does (both companies manufacture or import items, too) but is more concerned with public relations: "The public is interested only in those who draw blood or maim —and the hell of it is that there is very little we can do to change our image or convince the average individual that we are not all like that." The strange thing is that Houston S/M people do not know L. A. S/M people and neither group interacts much with the Denver or New York crowd.

Meanwhile, bastard form or no, S/M is here, and the pop-sex people who exploit it are coining phrases, identifying trends, and gathering cash. They have euphemized S/M onstage in *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, onscreen in *A Clockwork Orange*, on television in *The Avengers* and *Mission Impossible*, and in fashion, where the rag-trade rage for leather began with *Wehrmacht* war-surplus and biker styles.

As for the real thing, the message is generally too obscure, as in the desert camp scene from *Lawrence of Arabia*, or its distribution is too careless, as was the case with *The Story of O* and *Robert Getting His Nipples Pierced*. There seems little chance that Sam (the Jeweler) Kramer's heirs on Eighth Street in Greenwich Village will be piercing anything more than ears in the near future. What follows, therefore, is OUI's answer, the toughest, most true-to-life guide you're likely to get.

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"It's all right here in my catalogue," says Hildebrand, adjusting his black nylon tights. "The piercing of scrotum, foreskin, and nipples is carried out with surgical precision at £25 a piercing. That includes, of course, the stainless-steel 'keeper ring' inserted while it's healing." Hildebrand's specialty is his line of electrical, sexual, fornication, and discipline machines. He brought Tomi Ungerer drawings to life before Ungerer was born and now operates a hugely successful business out of a Quonset hut near London.

For over 40 years, Hildebrand has supplied custom-made porno machines to clients around the world, each creation sent off in color-coded boxes for easy assembly and labeled "pig-farrowing unit" to disarm the customs people. "Here's my latest model," Hildy says proudly. "It's an electrical machine for simulating oral, penile, or vaginal massage. It has optional accessories. You can fit it with a self-lubricating penis. A vaginal tool goes right in here, balls clamped here, or, for madam, two penises! Difficult engineering problem, that one. Synchronization and so forth. Variable speed, variable stroke . . . up to 150 strokes a minute! . . . Now have a look over there . . . see the electrodes on this Obedience Control Machine? . . ."

•

When Monique von Cleef sojourned in the States, she maintained a penthouse on East 75th Street in New York, had townhouses in Newark and Staten Island, and ran a traveling road show to Dallas, Denver, and California, with quick side trips to Chicago to further corrupt Illinois politicians and Washington, D. C., where she had sexual congress with some members of the U. S. Senate. Now that she's been kicked out of the country, most of Monique's wealthiest American clients fly regularly to The Hauge and her Cornelis Houtmanstraat House of Pain for $500 weekend sessions. These include tours of the Rijksmuseum and meals of bread and water. Hourly rates start at $60.

If Monique is tied up, Maison Centsept, also in The Hague, is said to be the best house in the Netherlands. This is saying a great deal. The Cent-sept pursues a theory that generations of diplomats and other delegates to peace conferences in The Hague and elsewhere have spent less time making peace at conference tables than making war on themselves in bawdy houses. The Centsept can be easily found by staking out the American, British, French, and Swedish Embassies. It has excellent facilities and resembles a Dürrenmatt conception of a mad Swiss millionaire's milk farm.

As a disciplinarian, Monique has few peers in the civilized world. Two who do measure up are Karen and Madeline in Hamburg's Herbertstrasse. They have various-sized clubs and a stuffed vulture in their macabre parlor, and if things get dull, they'll bevel your tool with an Odessa File. Prices start at $20.

Back in Amsterdam, Jan Bik symbolizes the kind of personal service now readily available in many parts of Europe. He's at Haarlemmerdijk 118, phone 22-27-85 or 25-24-97 or 22-89-07. A sympathetic, sensitive Cancer, the bearded proprietor of International Call-girl-Callboy can provide fornicators for heterosexual and homosexual female and male customers, as well as urophiles for scatologists, masochists for sadists, virgins for pedophiles, nurses for enema freaks, and so on. Nearby, Deheer van Herwerden, proprietor of the Sadoma/Caliente shop, operates a master-slave marriage bureau. In California, he might find a number of takers. In Holland, his innovation is only a sideline.

Can you imagine *The New York Times* carrying classified ads for "colonic irrigation"? Well, London dailies have them. But for the true "operation freak," only Lady P. of Maida Vale will suffice (she *never* advertises). At her place you spend a week in 'ospital, have your urine analyzed daily, get fed intravenously, and not infrequently get brought to orgasm by having a stethoscope introduced into your rectum. The whole program is punctuated by periodic enemas and capped by a delirious dose of Amytal Sodium, a scalpel across your buttocks, a quick suture by an expert "nurse," and a mad midnight ride around the flat on an old coffee table. For all this, including autographed daily charts and cardiograms, Lady P. charges £500.

While in England, call on Johnny Sutcliffe's AtomAge, 10A Dryden Street, Drury Lane, WC2, London, 836-0150, and Kastley Limited of Blackburn, where you'll find *(Continued on page 99)*

NiTKA

ENNY

Saint Lenny: The Early Years

Was he really worth a $5 cover charge and a two-drink minimum?

by Albert Goldman from the journalism of Lawrence Schiller

Purple, everywhere you looked. Purple walls, purple floors, purple spotlight, purple clothes, purple eyes. It was Sunday night, ethnic night at Strip City, the home—at Pico and Western—of Big Name Burlesk in the L. A. area. Spades from the ghetto, Japs from Gardena, beaners from downtown and East Los Angeles sitting at tiny tables with knees spread wide, heads hung low, lips parted, faces frowning—one hand on the glass, the other on the bulge—watching those long white legs, those white tits, and that white ass split up the middle with a silver G string.

Working these flesh joints was enough to drive any comic crazy. Most of the time, you felt like a faggot window dresser *schlepping* naked mannequins in and out while the dumb tattoos gaped at you from the street. Yet you found some fairly hip guys working here. Eddie Ryder, for one, who later became a Hollywood actor and made all those Toyota commercials. Joey Carter, Berl Williams, Danny Bishop. Even the musicians were sharp, literate cats. Kenny Hume got into comedy writing in later years and Bill Richmond wrote scripts for about a hundred Jerry Lewis films.

So it wasn't exactly a garbage can, this joint where Lenny Bruce was working. The truth is he was lucky to have the gig. When he and his new wife Honey got to the Coast in the spring of 1953, they found themselves in a lot of trouble. They were unknowns in a strange town with nothing going for them except their looks. Lenny got so worried about money that he started taking day jobs, mowing lawns and canvassing with shingle crews. Then Honey got an offer for three weeks in Vegas at $350 a week. It created an instant crisis. They had worked out an agreement: she would never go back to stripping and they would never work apart. Now she wanted to take this gig.

Back and forth they argued, Lenny hurt and sullen. At last he said, "OK—but you better call me every night."

A month later they were back together, working as a double in a little joint called the Cup and Saucer out in Downey. There Maynard Sloate, owner of Strip City, found Lenny, "doing an act that didn't quite work." "Still, I thought he was good enough, so I offered him a ten-dollar increase over the $75 a week he was making so he would work my place."

Those ten dollars tipped the balance and sent Lenny and Honey back into burlesque: him to Strip City and her to the Colony Club in Gardena—a route they traveled for the next year and a half.

Every night they would leave the bungalow they rented in West Hollywood, their little dream house with the white picket fence, and climb into a huge black Caddy—Honey with a scarf around her hair and a big round hat box, Lenny in shirt and slacks, carrying his freshly pressed suit on a hanger. They'd drive down Wilshire Boulevard to Western Avenue, down Western to Pico. Honey would drop Lenny and head south 15 miles to Gardena.

When the night was over, she'd drive back to Strip City and pick Lenny up at Scrivener's, a drive-in eatery across the street. Sometimes he had the hots for her before they even got out of the car. She'd laugh, a deep, throaty laugh, and push his hand away; but he wanted to make it—right there in the street in front of the white picket fence. That was the hot and steamy time of their marriage, when they lived in that little dream house. Honey looked so great as she leaned against the sink doing dishes. Lenny would look up from the vacuum cleaner and stare at her from behind, and it was like a fantasy, something he had always imagined but never figured to really have. She was so gorgeous in those days: high, wide Ukrainian cheekbones, big voluptuous eyes, creamy skin. And that body! She wasn't a perfect figure by any means—too long in the torso and short in the legs. But she had that glamorous aura of *flesh*, the Alice Faye, Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth thing, with big heavy breasts, massive curves, yards of silken red hair—sheer generosity of body.

Lenny was an erotic personality, always on the fry, the type of person who thinks of sex and talks of sex and lives in sex and stares at other people *doing it*—and never feels he's had enough.

Now he was living with Honey and it was the most beautiful moment in their whole history. But was it? One of the problems with being an erotic personality is that you're disposed to jealousy. She was jealous of him, with all those strippers around Strip City. And he was just as jealous of her, though he always denied it and pretended he didn't care and was oh-so-breezy around the house. There came a time—it wasn't so many years later—when Honey would say: "Lenny, why don't you take a walk around the block? Jack is here and I'd like to ball him." *And Lenny would go!* He would pinch his lower lip and lower his head and walk! In five years of marriage, he hit her only twice. No, he wouldn't fight, but he could make her feel *guiltier* than anyone on earth. Make her feel like a tramp, a whore. She *hated* him for that. She didn't trust him, either, the little mamma's boy! Of course he was getting his cock sucked in that club.

So they had a lot of fights in that little dream house, a lot of jealous quarrels.

It was always Lenny's way when he was hurt or frightened to turn bitter, cynical, and dirty. Whatever else dirt represented for him, it certainly was a weapon, a defiling missile he could hurl at audiences who ignored him or at critics who taunted him or at judges who condemned him. Another guy would have erected a barrier between his selves—his professional self, out there on the stage smiling and shouting, "A big hand of welcome for Melba, the Toast of the Town!" and his private self at home with his pretty wife in the house with the white picket fence. Lenny couldn't function that way. He always had to show his emotions, punish everybody he felt was accountable for his predicament. He'd take the audience into his confidence: "See that waitress over there in the butch *(Continued on page 90)*

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejka

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COUPLING

A strange situation. Here they were at a party at G.'s sprawling stucco mansion on the edge of Paris. They were in the midst of a terrific conversation about *Cries and Whispers* and the symbolic use of touching in Bergman's films, and suddenly he noticed that the evening was over. The rest of the guests had gone and their hosts were going up to bed in the west wing, apparently unaware that the two of them were still talking earnestly in the dimly lighted study. She arched her brows and shrugged with a conspiratorial smile.

"Touching is the important thing," he said, resuming the discussion. "Bergman believes that you must be able to make contact with another human being or you are lost."

Their hands touched. A small blue spark of static electricity spat between them and both flinched. Then they fell laughing into an embrace that quickly became no laughing matter.

"Do you have a word for this in French?" he asked. "For my kissing you this way?"

"Oh, yes, we have words for all of these things. When you do

Photography by Gus Gregory

that it is called *rouler une pelle*."

"What a wonderful language!"

The quiet closed in as they explored each other's body, touching, touching, seeking out ridges and hollows and glades of synaptic fire.

In the deepening rills of sensation, he found atavistic urges welling. The thin, pure, microscopic connection binding his chemistry to the Neanderthal was stirring. His hands seemed to take on simian aspects in contrast to the creamy smoothness of her skin. And what there was in him of the keen-eyed, predatory hunter rejoiced in his primordial lasciviousness. But this was only one level of feeling; there were many others that her enveloping presence brought forth. So while certain savage instincts would compel him to prance and stomp a possessive ritual ballet, their message was overridden by her sweetly numbing quality. As their bodies ivied in graceful coupling, there was a speechless nexus of spirit that both of them were reluctant to break. But as the glow ebbed and neuron and dendron drooped, exhausted, the rigid intensity of concentration flagged and made words natural and necessary once more. Yet he was reluctant to break the silence with his question.

"I make my point, do I not?" he asked. "You don't feel lost?"

"Oh, no, I feel *found*," she said, giggling.

...A SPEECHLESS NEXUS OF SPIRIT THAT BOTH WERE RELUCTANT TO BREAK

"FOR THIS MOMENT OF ECSTASY," SHE TOLD HIM, "WE FRENCH SAY S'ENVOYER EN L'AIR...."

"What do you say in French about touching?"

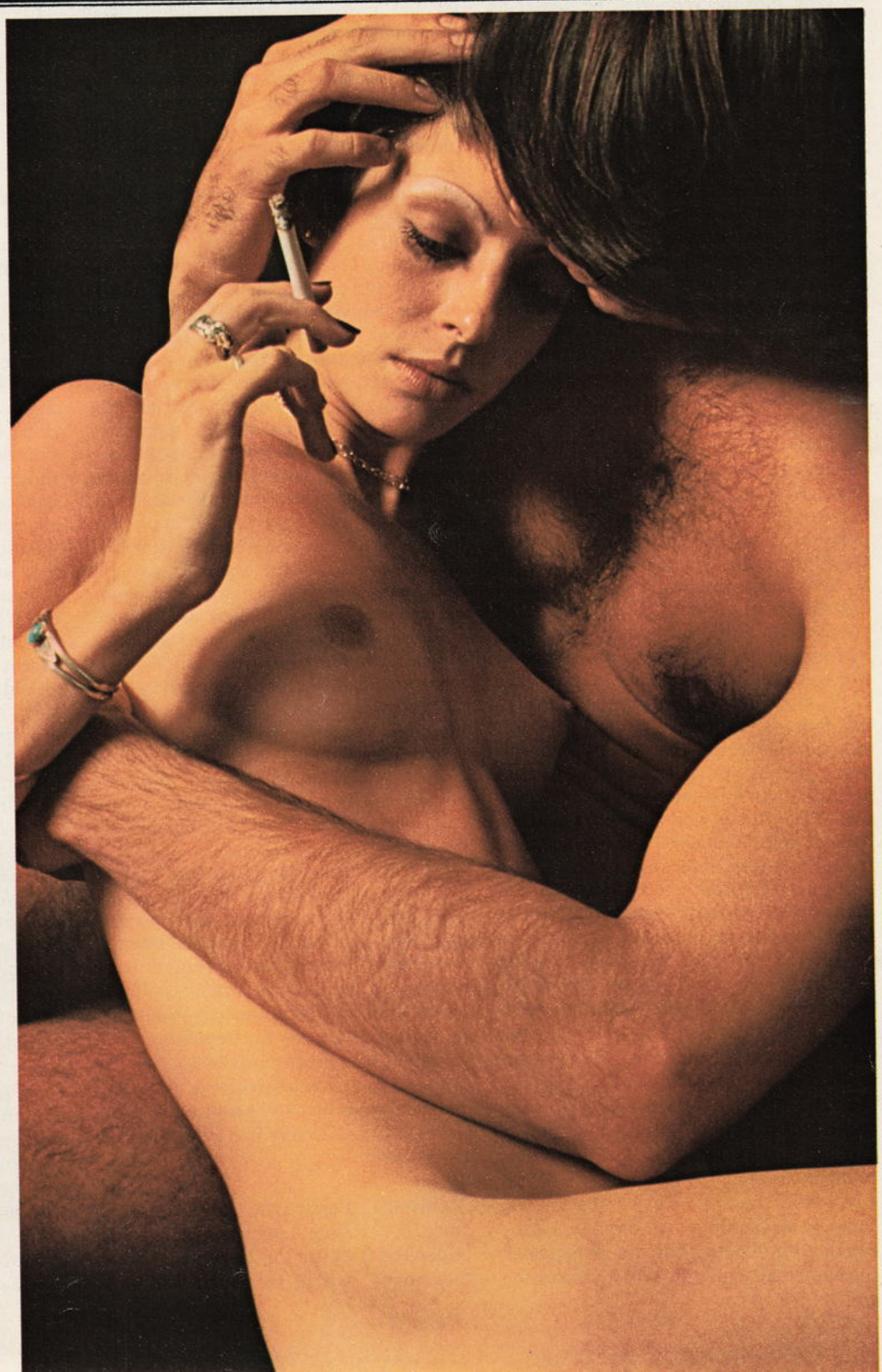
"Oh, you can say *toucher* or *caresser*," she replied, "but what you are doing now is *jouir*. And for the moment of ecstasy, of orgasm, we say *s'envoyer en l'air*, take off into the air."

"Indeed! What a wonderful language!"

Somewhere in the avenues of the 16th *arrondissement*, beyond the gates of G.'s house, a dog barked and the sound made her shiver. Then she lighted a cigarette, sank back into his arms, and asked, "So what do we do now? Wake them up and say good night?"

"No, let's not bother them. I'll drive you home and call them from the airport. I must thank them for introducing me to such a marvelous language teacher."

As it turned out, she accompanied him to the airport and made funny faces at him as he talked to G. on the phone. But then her mood turned sentimental and she pleaded with him not to leave. He was tempted, but there was no alternative. Her eyes swam with tears as she blew a kiss from behind the passenger gate and he found it—touching.



SAINT LENNY *The Cobblestone Club was the rock-bottom pits. No respect for genius. So there was nothing else he could do except prance right out there in his birthday-suit nakedness.*

(Continued from page 83) haircut? She's a diesel dyke! That bartender? A muff diver! You know what the owner of this club said to a stripper this afternoon when she wouldn't dance at rehearsal? 'Turn in your cunt—you're through!' "

But it wasn't until Lenny left the sleazy yet civilized aura of Strip City and began working a really low-rent raunchy ranch house—the Cobblestone Club in San Fernando—that he started to come on like Lenny Bruce. It seemed the deeper he sank into the *schmutz*, the higher he rose as an artist. Creativity for him, as for so many people, was a kind of licentiousness. Here Lenny began to blow with a spontaneous freedom and resourcefulness that resembled the style and inspiration of his new friends, the jazz musicians of the modernist school.

By all accounts, the Cobblestone Club was among the worst dives on the West Coast. It was desolate, ramshackle, its nearest neighbors a power plant and a gravel yard; it could have been a roadhouse in the middle of Kansas. The club attracted truck drivers, Lockheed aircraft workers, and shoddy, small-time businessmen. The girls were mostly semi-pro strippers—either just breaking in or all washed up.

After Lenny became famous, he would talk often about the years when he worked the "toilets." People thought the word was just another colorful expression of his, but the fact is that at the Cobblestone the ladies' room opened directly offstage right; and as you worked onstage, you could smell it. That toilet got to be an important station in Lenny's nightly passion. Any woman who had to piss was forced to brave Lenny's remarks as she made her way onstage and through the door. Often when she got to the toilet, she discovered that Lenny had followed her. We don't know what he said or did to these poor women, but they would stay there while the male patrons buzzed and chuckled and entertained themselves with obscene remarks.

At stage left there was a door leading to the dressing room. It had no catch, and Lenny used to rest his back against it as he offered his cock to some kneeling stripper. As he leaned back, having his joint copped, feeling the sensations rise, he could hear the din of the onstage band, the murmur of the audience, the WHOMP-CLANG! of an irreverent ski-ball machine near the bar. He was practically being sucked off in public.

What Lenny was getting into at this point in his career was more than dirt; it was sexual fantasy. He was boiling up sexually and spilling over onstage. Lenny began to compete with the girls, shock the audience, ignite the whole depressing atmosphere. If the Okie assholes out front got too loud or obstreperous, he would silence them with a scene—fake a fit, fall down screaming on the stage, go into spasms, bang his heels on the floor boards. Instead of a slim, handsome m.c. in a black suit, he was a three-year-old child throwing a tantrum. *"I'm the boss's son!"* he screamed. *"You've got to pay attention to me!"*

The strippers were, of course, a grotesque-looking crew. One was a human dumbbell, with a huge pear-shaped keister and a *bouffant* hairdo bulbing up in the opposite direction. Another had such enormous, blimp-sized boobs that you expected her, any moment, to float off the stage. Another was a runty Oriental perched on sharp six-inch heels, a dwarf on stilts. A San Fernando Valley of the Dolls. Yet the audience stared at them and ignored Lenny. So one night he taught them a lesson they would never forget.

It was a quiet evening at the club—no heat in sight, very few women, mostly just the help and the band. Lenny had put on two or three strippers without event, but after he introduced the next girl, he quietly retreated to the dressing room and remained there during her act. She finally reached her fleshy epiphany, bowed, turned to head for the dressing room, when suddenly the door swung open and out walked that talented, handsome, witty, and vivacious m.c., Mr. Lenny Bruce—*bare-assed naked!* Walking slowly across the stage toward the mike with a painfully bored expression on his face, Lenny called out—barely stifling a yawn—"Let's give the little girl a big hand!" Then he demonstrated what he meant by plopping his hands together exactly twice. As the gasps from the house reached snake-pit intensity, he seized the mike and stared down with an earnest expression on his face. "What are you all staring at? You see nudity on this stage every night. What's the big deal if *I* get naked?"

The big deal was, of course, that he had finally stepped over the line. Overnight, the story became a show-biz legend. Word traveled all over the country that Lenny Bruce had appeared nude onstage. It marked a turning point in Lenny's career. Even if he never did anything like it again, his reputation was smirched, his professionalism was open to question, his potential for trouble was demonstrated to café proprietors from Coast to Coast. Lenny had at last become Dirty Lenny.

•

Offstage, Lenny was going through other devastating changes: he'd fallen under the spell of the jazz life. And in those days, part of that spell was junk. His favorite playmate was an absolutely extraordinary character named Joe Maini, a close disciple of Charlie Parker and probably the greatest natural alto-sax man on the Coast. Joe first met Lenny at Strip City after serving two and a half years at Lexington and Ft. Worth for smack.

"My junkie lover," Lenny called Joe, and he could have spoken for Honey, too, who considered Joe one of the greatest people she'd ever met. He was certainly a fascinating man, fascinating particularly for his mainlining.

Scoring soon became an obsession for Lenny and Honey, driving them into dense black neighborhoods to meet pushers on the street. It was a scary, tricky business, and it introduced danger and criminality into their lives. It changed their perspective. Banged out of their nuts on horse, they grew less satisfied with the little dream house and the white picket fence.

Lenny was 28 then, and already he had developed a philosophy to rationalize his vices. "Look," he'd say to Joe, "you only have 65 years to live. Before you're 20, you can't enjoy anything because you don't know what's going on. After you're 50, you can't enjoy it either, because you don't have the physical energies. So you only have around 25 years to swing. In those 25 years, *I'm going to swing!*" Or he'd explain, "If you're not hung up about fixing, if it doesn't make you guilty, then it can't hurt you. It's the guilty ones that suffer."

Lenny was a natural-born dope fiend, and it didn't take him long to get up there with the heaviest junkies of his day. His ascent was further aided and abetted by an old friend, a cat burglar named Chic Eder, who turned up unexpectedly and promptly blew Lenny's mind. Writing from the penitentiary at Tehachapi, California, 20 years later, Chic demonstrates his gift of total recall:

I'd known that Lenny was chippying but didn't realize how many others in his immediate circle were also fixing. Although almost everyone in that tip was a talented musician or entertainer, few of them were hip to the huckly-buck world of scoring. Finding the source is the secret of being a successful hustler, so I'd unknowingly been preparing for years to become the connection. That was my entree into that tribe of brilliant, talented people.

Although some of those in the tip had formerly geezed other kinds of opiates, the only thing we were into at that time was heroin. All that changed, though, with the arrival of a character with whom I'd grown up in New York.

Fast Harry could run, but that wasn't how he got his name. He had the swiftest

SCARFE VIEWS: *The World of Jackie and Ari Onassis*

SAINT LENNY *He was one of the best minds of the generation that spent its time looking for angry fixes. When peyote enemas didn't work, he tried opium suppositories. They didn't work either.*

mind for figures of any kid in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen. Harry could take long strings of numbers, do mental acrobatics with them, and come up with the correct answer to any mathematical problem. He was a short, wiry guy, with thick glasses and more complexes than the combined hang-ups of those in a Bellevue back ward.

Harry had my phone number and I was overjoyed when he called to tell me to pick him up at L. A.'s Union Station the following day. When I saw the size of his steamer trunk, I dug his need to travel by rail.

We schlepped that wardrobe trunk up the stairs and barely got it through the door to my little flat. Harry opened it with a flourish and blew my mind! It was filled with drugs! My myopic buddy had brought to fruition the dream of every junkie. Singlehandedly, he'd ripped off the narcotics vault of a wholesale drug firm's warehouse. He had drugs about which I'd never even heard! If they required an opiate prescription, they were in that trunk.

I'd told Lenny about Harry the night before—of our friendship, his professional background, and his imminent arrival. When I phoned Lenny, he heard the excitement in my voice and immediately bopped over with Joe Maini. I introduced them: "Sir John Falstaff, John Philip Sousa—meet Eli Lilly!" Despite his having grown up in the Apple, having a college education, and being a confirmed hype, Harry's naïveté in many areas of life was such that Lenny and Joe, more than any of the others in our tip, wigged him with their hiptitude.

For openers, though, it was all Harry's show. He began by removing different bottles from the trunk, explaining the properties of each as he laid them out on the bed. Then he unstashed different syringes, a small box of spikes, a bottle of alcohol, a rubber hospital tourniquet, and a box of cotton.

"With your assistance, I'd like to prepare for you a heavenly cocktail from some of these ingredients."

He took out a sort of portable Bunsen burner with a metal container that fit over the flame. Then, as though he were conducting a college lab course, he proceeded to lay everything out with a full explanation. Lenny, who was immaculate in his personal hygiene, was fascinated by the manner in which Harry sterilized everything in alcohol poured into a soup bowl.

"For a soluble solution, we will use morphine sulphate. Voilà! *" Using a horse needle inserted into a syringe big enough to baste a turkey, he withdrew an enormous quantity of liquid morphine from the tiny bottle. "Here we have some Pantopon," which he plopped into the container, "and although we have many different strengths of Dilaudid—64ths, 32nds, 20ths, 16ths, and 'footballs' [a half-grain, used only by veterinarians and junkies]—we will use the strongest there is:* powdered *Dilaudid! That should round out the mixture nicely."*

Noticing our rising anxiety to get it on, Harry lit the burner and quickly fitted four needles to syringes. Continuing his monologue—"We heat the morphine only enough to dissolve the Pantopon, since the powdered Dilaudid dissolved on contact with the liquid." Harry completed his duties as "chef" and with swift dexterity drew up what seemed to be an unusually small quantity of the liquid in three of the outfits.

Up to that point, Harry's dialogue and operation had held three of the world's most compulsive talkers speechless. With the concoction in front of us, though, the dam broke. To our jointly voiced complaints about the size of the fixes he'd prepared, Harry answered: "I think you'll find that each contains a grand sufficiency. Pig junkies are soon dead junkies."

Having veins so huge that I don't even have to tie off to get a hit, I picked up a syringe, geezed, and walked to the sink to rinse out the outfit. I never made it. Harry's cocktail reached my heart and I flopped into an armchair. It was only days later, when I got hip to the individual drugs, that I began to understand the potency of that mixture.

Not only was Harry an authentic expert on drugs and their use, he seemed to have enough on hand to keep us all loaded for a lifetime. More than anything else, Harry was a teacher. He could impart knowledge so succinctly and with such clarity that he would have made an excellent rabbi. The only payment he asked of any of us was that we conscientiously assist him by giving a description of how the drug (or combination of drugs) affected us. He gloried in the fact that he was surrounded by a group of talented and articulate hypes.

As Harry's research became a daily ritual with us, we grew progressively more introspective for his benefit. To varying degrees we were all educated by his scientific method of approaching the entire concept of drug use. Although it's doubtful that any of us realized it at the time, we were engaged in a series of experiments that were destined to shape our preferences for future use, drastically changing our lives—and deaths.

Harry had gone to school in New York with a guy who was doing graduate work at UCLA at that time, who got him permission to use the school's chemistry-department laboratory. Weakening under Lenny's persuasive manner, Harry agreed to take him and me out to the lab while he processed another batch of our heroin fortifier. All Harry's instructions about being cool in school were wasted. Once he'd agreed to take us, it was only a matter of time before it became an expedition.

Lenny had a black four-door 1951 Cadillac gangstermobile—which seemed the ideal vehicle for a trip to upper-class Westwood. When Lenny showed up, he had two passengers, a talented young drummer named Gary Fromer and Joe Maini, and the five of us trooped into one of the older buildings that housed the lab.

There were a couple of other cats in the lab, but they were off deep into whatever they were hung up in on the other side of the room. By the time we'd donned white smocks, we felt very professional.

Lenny started to do a bit about the uniforms making us invisible, only to be shushed by Harry. It was the first time Lenny'd seen Harry nervous or flustered about anything, and he started shooting whispered zingers at "Mr. Supercool."

Harry'd brought along a carpetbag full of bottles and vials and half a dozen of those big green desk blotters. He unrolled the blotters and immediately put Gary and me to work. He had hundreds of small tablets, which he instructed us to place on the blotters, leaving about an inch between each. He explained that they were morphine tablets that also contained atropine, that they were used as a preoperative medication, that the atropine dehydrated the user and also fucked up his vision. He gave us each an eyedropper and instructions on how to carefully place one drop of water on each tablet. He explained how the water, going through the tabs and being soaked up by the blotters, would draw out most of the atropine without affecting the morphine itself; and while we wouldn't want to shoot any of it, it would become profitably marketable when mixed with heroin.

As soon as he got us started, he put Joe to work pulling the tinfoil off what we learned were individually wrapped opium suppositories. Harry pulled out a number of large bottles labled "tincture of opium," and he and Lenny went through a series of elaborate steps to extract the opium base from the liquid.

The two genuine students completed whatever experiments they were conducting and got in the wind. We could tell by their friendly gestures upon departing that they'd bought in with us being fellow professionals. The moment the door shut behind them, pandemonium reigned. Cats like us could retain a façade of reserved decorum for just

SAINT LENNY *In the mid-Fifties, Spiro Agnew was as yet undreamed of, and every popular song was the raw material for a drug lyric. It was Lenny who wrote, "Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, pass the reefer."*

so long, and we were way overdue to get loose.

Joe kicked it off. He jumped up on the long work table, pulled out his superwhang, and began pissing in the sink. Harry got uptight: "Somebody could walk in at any moment!" Lenny told him: "Be cool, baby. Joe can't stand rejection. He gets angry, he's subject to shit in your centrifuge." With that, Lenny grabbed a couple of the opium suppositories, dropped his drawers, and began sticking them up his ass. To Harry's protestations that they wouldn't get him high, he answered: "I don't care; I just dig shoving stuff up my ass! Tried a peyote enema because the taste of it made me sick. That didn't get me high either, but I dug it. I think I'm very anal." Harry cracked up with the rest of us, and we all started to get manic.

Gary bugged Harry to concoct something that would bubble and steam like a Jekyll-Hyde solution, and that got the rest of us into doing bits based on the mad-scientist flicks that played such a major role in our childhoods. Gary, who could do some wild feats with drumsticks, started flip-juggling three long test tubes. When Harry cautioned him about being careful, Gary just left all three of them up in the air and turned to ask innocently, "Whadya say, Harry?" The different looks on Gary's and Harry's faces when they crashed to the floor brought boffos that had us holding our sides.

Harry began to get visions of us totalling out that lab, so he dived for his carpetbag. "Medication time at the funny farm. You guys get that glass swept up while I chef this." Lenny started screaming: "Yenta-mother-bribe-time, you mean! Make a nice potty and mommy will give you a piece of candy. I want some titty!"

In that fantastic brain of his, Harry had catalogued the exact tolerances of every individual with whom he'd fixed. We took off, Harry went back to the final stages of extracting the opium from the tincture, and we collected the dry morphine tabs from the blotters. Harry postponed working on the opium suppositories in his desire to get us madmen out of the hallowed halls of higher education.

We all drove to Westwood Village, and as we piled out of the car to cop cigarettes, we saw something that stretched our practiced credulity to the point where all we could do was gawk in open-mouthed awe: this obviously snobbish matron holding a leash, attached to which was a large poodle—taking a shit. As quick as the dog got done, the biddy leaned over and wiped its ass with a piece of Kleenex!

Lenny, who hated everything for which clipped and groomed French poodles stood, couldn't resist engaging the snob in a put-on. He began rapping poodle talk, and had her enchanted, when Joe moved in. Joe put his face less than a foot from the woman's, and loudly asked: "Lick your leg for a quarter, lady?" You know how you can laugh and whoop until the tears run down your cheeks? Joe's line and this haughty woman's reaction to it—lips pursed, dragging her dog away in a huff—brought on that kind of laughter.

We got into singing on the trip back to Hollywood. We parodied pop tunes, and, of course, the lyrics reflected our life style. Lenny started it with a brand-new take-off: "It's delicious, it's delightful, it's Dilaudid!" We hummed the melody line, created new lyrics in concert, and knocked out a new song a mile. We pulled into our neighborhood doing four-part harmony on a standard that most of us knew:

"Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, pass the reefer/Caught a whiff of what you're smoking, let's get high/Is it gunja, is it hashish that you're toking?/'Cause a good joint never fails to catch my eye/Do you still push reds and bennies, Mona Lisa?/Yes a pill or two is still the right approach/Many weed heads have been to your doorstep/Not to cry there, just get high there/Thanks a lot, for the pot, Mona Lisa/So baby light a new one, while I kill this roach!/Mona Liiiiisa . . . Pass the reeeeefer!"

This was the spirit in which Lenny Bruce and his cronies encountered the dread specter of narcotics addiction. Lenny obviously didn't give a shit. But he couldn't blink the fact that Honey was becoming hopelessly strung out; and when they decided to have a baby, he began to put pressure on her to clean up. She resisted until well along in her pregnancy, when she read in a magazine that addicted mothers often gave birth to addicted babies. Honey confided in her obstetrician, who assured her that if she stopped immediately, her baby would be normal. Meanwhile, the doctor made preparations to keep the baby from dying of withdrawal symptoms immediately after birth.

The whole drug scene began to get Lenny and Honey uptight as her pregnancy came to term. She was clean at the time, taking only a few tranquilizers and sleeping pills. Yet the fear of giving birth to an addicted baby hovered over what was otherwise a happy time.

On November 7, 1955, Kitty Bruce was born at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, weighing five pounds, nine ounces. She was absolutely normal.

The moment Honey brought the baby home, Lenny took over. He diapered Kitty a dozen times a day. This crazy junkie who would cold-cook his stuff in a syringe and shoot it into his ass or leg right through his trousers became a fanatic about sterilization. "Not those bottles, Honey! Those aren't sterilized enough. The temperature has to be exactly what the doctor said!"

Lenny read all the baby books. He read Dr. Spock. Honey was delighted. She had wondered if his fear of having children, his jealousy and possessiveness, might create problems after the baby was born. Nothing of the kind revealed itself. Lenny Bruce was a model father.

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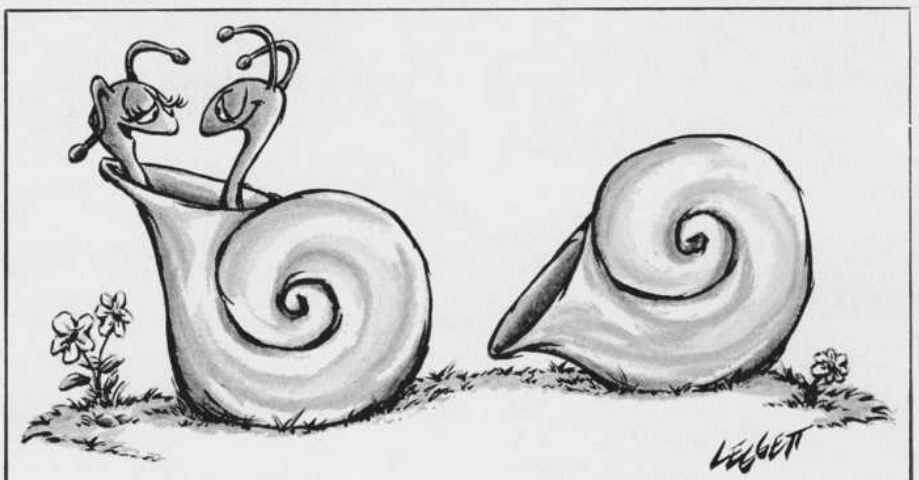
Meanwhile, Lenny began nurturing another sort of family, no less devoted and obedient to his will—the drug-addled, hell-bent tribe of musicians, friends, and relations that gathered each night at the Cobblestone. There were Honey; Sally Marr, Lenny's mother; Tony Viscarra, Sally's 19-year-old husband whom Lenny fondly called "Dad"; Herb Geller, the house alto player;



"Where'd you learn how to eat escargot like that?"

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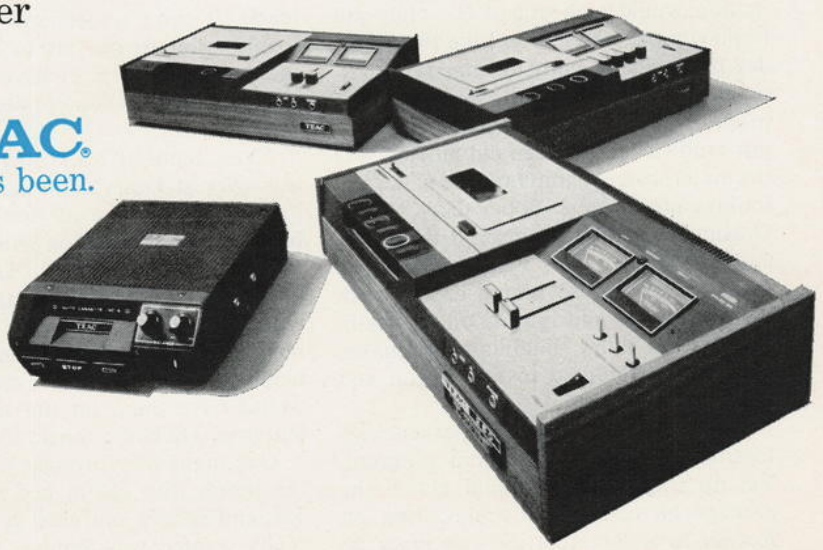

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SAINT LENNY *The dope honeymoon ended about the same time that the sex honeymoon ended. Lenny turned yellow and went into a hospital.*

Herb's wife, Lorraine; Joe Maini; and Joe's wife-to-be Sandra, a high liver who loved creative debauchery.

Lenny so loved this bizarre Family that he wanted them to stay together, to work together, for life. He combed Los Angeles for some joint desperate enough to hire the crew and finally hit upon an off-beat Italian restaurant on Cahuenga Boulevard called Duffy's Gayeties. Lenny, a born closer, soon conned the owner, a retired, 60-year-old pharmacist, into adopting the Family's entertainment policy—musicians, strippers, singers, the works.

They opened at Duffy's on New Year's Eve, 1955, with brilliant, all-new material that a feverish Lenny had written for the occasion; it included a new kind of put-on that used a live telephone onstage. Lenny would call Ciro's:

"Hello? Is this Ciro's? Yeah? Well, we're from out of town. It's our last night in Los Angeles. The Andersons from Cedar Rapids told us to be sure and stop in and see your show. But me and the wife have only $1.75. Would that be enough, do you think?"

On the other end of the phone, the condescending maître d' would explain that $1.75 wasn't enough, because the cover charge alone was $3.50 per person.

"Well, suppose I stand up at the bar and let Minnie, that's my wife, sit down and order some coffee?"

He'd be informed that what he asked was out of the question.

"Well, wait a minute! Would it be all right if I came in the doorway and let Minnie sit in the car? Then I could tell her later all about the show."

Before the exasperated maître d' could answer, Lenny would bang down the phone as the whole club erupted in laughter.

Sometimes Lenny's unbridled imagination would spill out of the club and implicate the whole city. Like the Saturday night when Lenny arranged his classic put-on of *Rocket to Stardom*. This program, a late-night TV amateur contest sandwiched between old movies, was the underground camp favorite of L. A.'s junkies and hipsters. Bob Yaekel, a local Oldsmobile dealer, sponsored the show, and his sister-in-law, Betty Yaekel was m.c.—one of those klutzy broads with platform shoes and lipstick on her teeth, always bubbling, bubbling, bubbling, until you're tempted to find a gun and shoot out her lights.

Lenny was stimulated to perverse intensities by this really stupid program. Yet no stage routine would match the damage he could do by appearing on *Rocket* as an amateur. So one night he alerted everybody at Duffy's, plus a score of friends watching in his apartment, and, with Jack Sheldon, a trumpet player, drove to the TV studio.

What every cacked-out Saturday night loafer in L. A. spied from his easy chair was, first, Lenny Bruce and Jack Sheldon being introduced as Herb Geller and Jerry Mandel (a well-known jazz pianist), then their startling appearance: Jack in a sweat suit, holding his trumpet, and Lenny—a maniacal speed-freak grin on his face—in a 1944 zoot suit. Asked what they planned to do, Lenny annnounced he would sing *Lonesome Road* while Herb accompanied him.

"Look down, look down, that lonesome road," Lenny began, deliberately singing off key. Sheldon accompanied him with some terribly blatted and broken arpeggios.

"Look, Mac," said Lenny, stopping in mid-chorus and glaring at Sheldon. "Can't you get my key?"

Mrs. Yaekel walked on camera and offered to help.

"Get away from here, dopey," snapped Lenny, pushing her aside. Lenny resumed, even more out of tune:

"Look down, look down, that lonesome road."

The infuriated Mrs. Yaekel, realizing she was being put on, returned to camera range and gave the signal for the hook.

Lenny refused to leave. "Look here, dummy," he snarled. "Go away!"

Three ushers finally gave them the bum's rush, and the spectacle concluded with Lenny and Jack racing up the aisle of the studio screaming, "H. J. Caruso is innocent!"—a reference to a crooked used-car dealer who had just been indicted.

Lenny had arranged for all his friends to call the station and vote for the team who sang *Lonesome Road*. The calls poured in; Mrs. Yaekel was reduced to tears. "I can't understand why anyone would want to do this to me," she lamented on camera. "I have always kept the door open to young talent on *Rocket to Stardom*!"

Every night at 2 A.M., when the show was over at Duffy's, the hearty crew of junkies would take off for the Gellers' house on Lookout Mountain Drive, and the orgy would begin. "Lenny was a devil," Joe Maini mused later. "He was really into fucking people. Girls would never think for a moment that they would do anything to anybody, and he would have them on the floor fucking ten guys. He had a magic to him."

One night they brought a chick up to the house who got in bed with Lenny, Joe, and Sandra, and then decided all she really wanted was Sandra. "Get out of here, you two guys!" she yelled, slamming the door. That closed door had a sinister effect on Joe; it stung his pride. He threw his shoulder into it and sprang it open. Then he pulled Sandra out of bed and began beating her. She ran screaming into the bathroom, locked herself in, and began cutting her wrists—describing the whole process through the locked door.

When Joe again bashed his way in, he found a disheveled and bloody Sandra standing there with a razor in her hand. At this point, the chick who started it all got off a line that for years was a favorite among the boys. Looking at the battered doors, the bloody Sandra, and the maniacal Joe, she cried: "This is more than I bargained for!"

Honey's line with the girls at the parties was that she couldn't participate because she had just had a baby. But one girl, a huge bisexual nymph, was crazy to get Honey into the sack. Every night she would work on Honey, bringing first one guy and then another—a big basketball stud, or maybe a groovy-looking, Tony Curtis–type actor. She was trying everything to make Honey bend. Finally, one night, Honey said, "OK, just this one time."

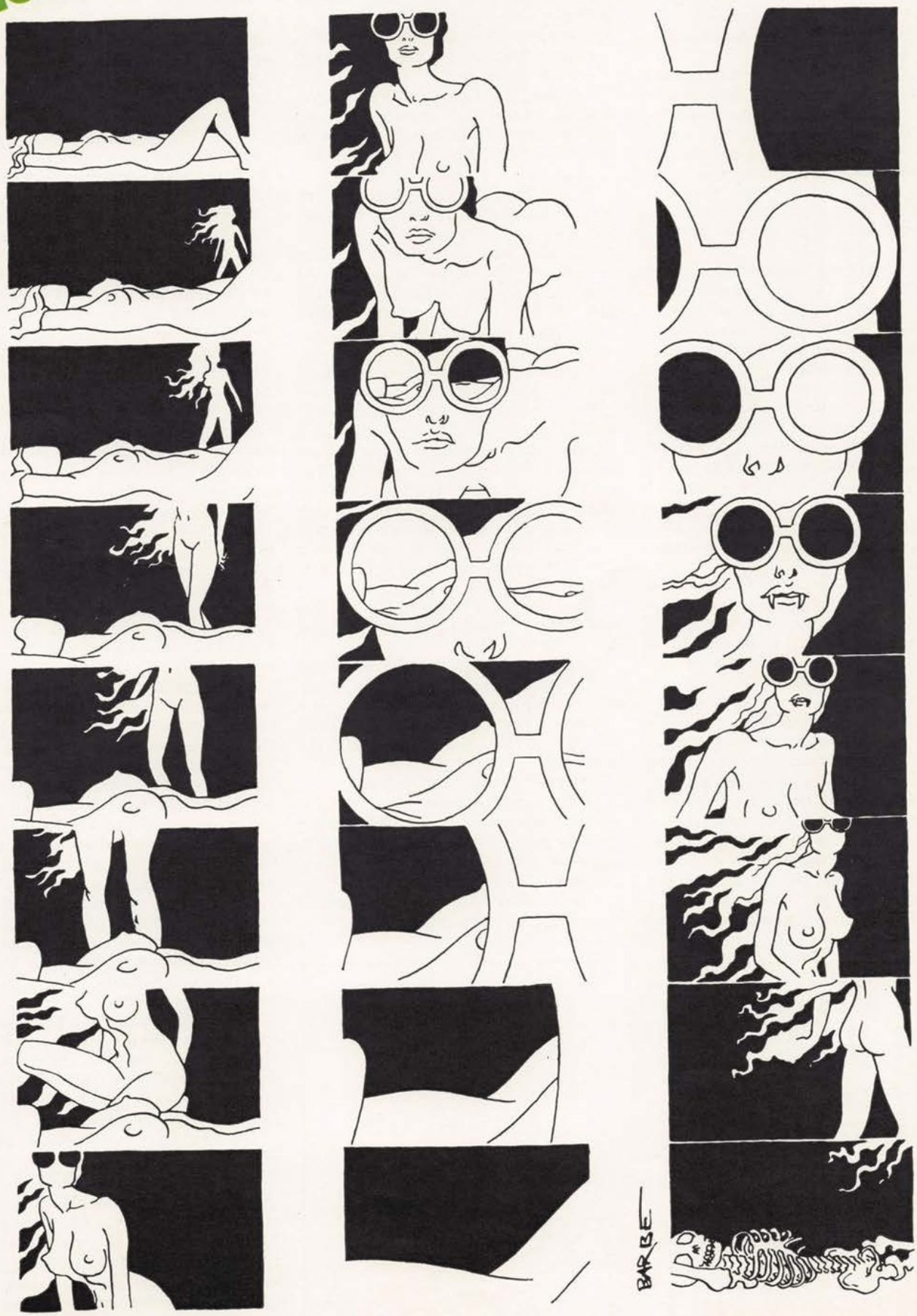
The four of them—Honey, Lenny, the nymph, and the newcomer stud—got into bed and started swapping. As Honey lay there in the half light, giving head to this strange cat, she could see Lenny's face as he was giving his dick to the chick. *And the expression on his face was identical to the one he had when they were making love!* She went into a rage. She leaped out of the bed, grabbed a sharp-heeled slipper, and began beating all of them, cursing and slugging and hollering. She drove them all out of the place and ended the parties forever.

That was the beginning of the end for Lenny and Honey. They had always been terribly jealous of each other. Neither ever fully accepted the swinging scene.

But the sickness that finally undid the marriage was dope. The dope honeymoon ended, in fact, at about the same time that the sex honeymoon ended. In February 1956, Lenny turned yellow and went into a hospital with hepatitis.

He was out in less than a month, still feeling woozy, and returned to their new apartment on Cahuenga. He discovered that Honey had been running for weeks with Joe Maini and Jack Sheldon and had built up a nice little oil burner of a habit. Increasingly indifferent to the baby, she was neglecting the routine Lenny had established for Kitty's care. When he reproached her and insisted that she kick, *(Continued on page 98)*

Movieola



SAINT LENNY *Lenny's wife was picked up on the road to Pearl Harbor. The narcs found six joints in her purse. To this day, Honey believes that Lenny framed her.*

(Continued from page 96) Honey became furious and counterattacked: "It's your fault I'm using this damn stuff to begin with!"

Horrified by Honey's accusation, Lenny vainly struggled to deny it. Why was it *his* fault? What had *he* done? Why did she have to get strung out? Honey countered with more arguments. She blamed Lenny for all the freaky sex scenes. Those parties were disgusting. Perverted. What a hypocrite he was—demanding that she go straight while he wallowed in filth!

The arguments flamed and subsided day after day. One night backstage at Duffy's, they had a terrible blowup. Honey had invited some of her friends to the apartment after the show. She hadn't asked Lenny, and he wanted to be alone. He was still sick and weak. Honey refused to call off her friends. Lenny went into a deep sulk, and later that night, after Honey had left the club, he took his revenge. He came onstage and handed out slips of paper bearing his home address. "You people are such a wonderful audience," he said. "My wife and I are having a little party after the show. You're all invited."

Nearly 200 strangers turned up for the party. Finding no place to park, they drove up on the front lawn, slicing deep ruts in the soggy turf. In the apartment they ran head-on into a frantic redhaired woman, "Who are you?" she screamed. "Get the hell out of here!"

On the afternoon of March 8, 1956, Tony "Dad" Viscarra got a call from Lenny. Would he come over and help Lenny move all his stuff out of the apartment? Honey and he were breaking up for good. Tony and Sally found Lenny alone in the torn-up apartment. They loaded boxes and bags into the car. When Tony returned for the last load, Lenny was seated on a carton near the wall, laboriously lettering a message in red lipstick. Printing with great concentration on the new white wall, Lenny wrote:

IS THE PERSON WHO GIVES YOU YOUR FIRST DRINK RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING YOU AN ALCOHOLIC?

The next day, Lenny filed for divorce, alleging mental and physical suffering and humiliation. He sought permanent custody of Kitty, then four months old.

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In mid-June, Lenny and Honey ran into each other and pledged tearfully that they would reconcile and get off drugs. They flew to Hawaii to perform in separate gigs—Lenny at the Orchid Room in Honolulu, Honey at the Pearl City Tavern in Pearl Harbor. They took Kitty with them but left their stash behind.

Unfortunately, we have only Honey's verison of the disaster that followed:

On the evening of June 30, 1956, their fifth day in Hawaii, Lenny stood under a shower, shaving with a safety razor. Honey, gathering up her stuff for the night's performance, found a tube of Sea and Ski suntan lotion among the sunglasses, lipstick, and mascara in her straw tote bag. She had not noticed the tube before. It seemed unusually light. It rattled when she shook it.

"Hey, Baby," she said to Lenny, "listen. There's something in here. Let me have your razor."

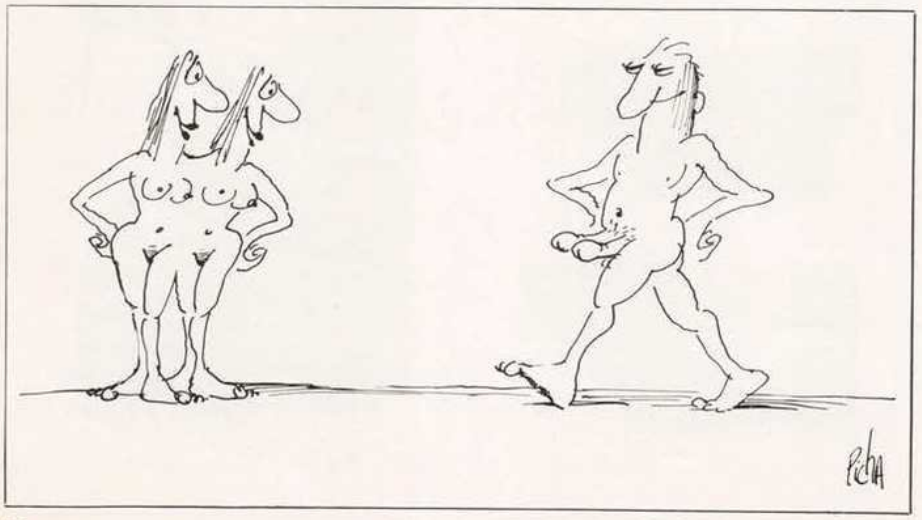
While Lenny watched, she sliced the end of the tube and found half a dozen sticks of marijuana.

"Wow!" she said. "How about that! Six joints! What do you think I should do with it?"

"Throw it away," Lenny advised.

"Why should I throw it away?" she snapped, remembering one of the musicians at the club who had been driving her back and forth to work. "Derek's been asking for some all week."

"Well, *don't* throw it away then," Lenny replied, perfunctorily.



That night, at 7:30 sharp, Derek pulled up to the curb, Honey jumped in, chuckling about the grass in her purse, and they headed down a one-way street for Kalkaua, the main road to Pearl Harbor. There was just one stop sign before they reached the road. As they slowed down for it, they noticed two cars parked, one on each side of the intersection, *facing in the wrong direction.* Suddenly, the two cars lunged forward, sandwiching Derek's car to a stop. Four plainclothesmen jumped from the pincer vehicles. "Oh, my God! That weed!" she flashed. She stabbed her hand into the purse, but the gesture was futile. "I'll take that, Harriet," purred the narc, laying his hand, palm up, before her face.

To this day, Honey believes that Lenny framed her, informed on her. She never confronted him with her suspicions, but over years of brooding, her earliest suspicions have grown and solidified. She claims that earlier that day, an unknown caller phoned the Federal Narcotics Bureau and said : "*Harriet Bruce will be leaving the Privateer Motel at 7:30 tonight. If you search her, she will be carrying marijuana cigarettes.*" Who else could have made that call? she asks. Who else could have known what she would be holding that night? That at 7:30, precisely, she would be driving away from the motel with six joints wrapped up in her purse?

But there are other questions: Was there actually a phone call? Or did the narcs make that up? Or did Honey? Only the night before, those very same narcs had rousted Honey, had searched her vigorously and viciously. They found nothing but warned her: "You're gonna end up doing five years!" Could they have planted the weed in her bag at that time? If Lenny did indeed plant the stuff, why did he tell her to throw it away?

At any rate, the mystery had little bearing on Honey's case. A Honolulu court sentenced her to three years' probation for narcotics possession. The following January, Lenny won a divorce and custody of Kitty.

Honey was charged with "associating with a known felon," and her probation was revoked. She was sentenced on June 23, 1957, to two years in the federal prison on Oahu and was later transferred to Terminal Island, California.

During her first few months in prison, Honey received no word from Lenny. Then at the beginning of 1958, she heard that he had broken into the big time. He was working a joint called Ann's 440 in San Francisco, and the whole town was sitting at his feet. He was getting plenty of press, and guys like Herb Caen were pegging him as the hippest, coolest, sickest comic of modern times. ▣

LEATHER CULTURE *Or be the first on your block to possess Chinese crib cages, heavy crosses to bear for every occasion, iron maidens, bull's-penis whips, and preburred saddlery? Write now.*

(Continued from page 80) good latex bloomers, bras, jockstraps, and balaclava-style hoods in the colors of the Empire, green to ice pink, Putney Chutney, Clockwork Orange, or Last Mango in Paris.

Madame Medeq of Mayfair is a corset maker in the same way that Winston Churchill was a civil servant. She makes the finest gold or silver lamé corsets in the Kingdom, from 120 guineas. If you like caning, you can't go wrong in the vicinity of Shepherd Market, Mayfair. Mayfair governesses serve clients on a retainer basis and are proud of their expertise, acquired after years of laboratory observation and apprenticeship. Some insist they perform services as valuable as and not unlike those of psychiatrists. All have lines of patter that are themselves worth the price of admission, not to mention antennae that can unfailingly sense one's threshold of pain.

TV? Cover Girl has, for over 30 years, been Chanel to cross-dressers. She's so good she even has a blind man among her many illustrious clients. Her coded ads appear regularly in daily newspapers: ". . . wide range of mules, pumps, etc. with spiked heels up to seven inches, sizes tiny 7 to large 15."

Meanwhile, in Curzon Street there is a great pillowy blonde called Gratis Gladys. She's 19, looks a well-preserved 40, and gets 15 quid a go for hand jobs. She says she's saving herself for marriage. "It's gratis if you bring *me* off, dear." Just up the road, Bovril Betty wears clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork and smears bouillon on your penis. Then she sics her lap dog on you.

In Paris, Madame Jaky of Montmartre has five rooms of the finest S/M facilities in the Fifth Republic: torture wheels, Chinese crib cages, heavy crosses to bear for every occasion, manacles, preburred saddlery, iron maidens, bull's-penis whips . . . everything. Great whips may be ordered direct from Major Noel Curry, Steeple Bumpstead, Suffolk, England. Major Curry scavenges the bull rings of Spain; he makes his whips by stretching a bull's penis with weights, then fashioning it into a 40-inch whip.

For drinking and looking, leather Londoners much prefer the ambience of the Colheren on Old Brompton Road. It has enough rawhide and bike-chain mail to outfit a regiment. Amsterdamers swear by the quiet, civilized terror of the Argos Bar and The Leather Bar. The friendly gentlemen in the Warmoesstraat police station will gladly offer directions.

Speaking of police stations, there are at least two in London that maintain museums devoted to bizarre sexual crimes. You can observe the tobacco tin containing four tufts of female pubic hair that John Reginald Halliday Christie harvested from his six known sex-murder victims. Or the glass-encased intestines of "this bloke who used to stand on a stepladder with a broom handle up his backside," the constable-guide jokes. "One day he fell off, and there you see the result. And how about this jar of nipples? Belonged to this jobbernowl who wired 'em to electric current. Pathologist took over after that."

The Paris police have the best museum of its kind. Among the exhibits is a small ("for use in the home") sexual gallows. It was designed to release its German inventor just after he had achieved orgasm through temporary strangulation but just short of death. It malfunctioned only once. —ALLAN MANKOFF

SONNY ON MY MIND

GETTING ROLLINS BACK INTO THE STUDIO
BY ORRIN KEEPNEWS

When I ran into Sonny Rollins at the Whitney Museum in New York one summer evening in 1970, it was the first time I'd seen him in several years. That wasn't too unusual—most people had been seeing little or nothing of him at that time. A talented and self-demanding artist, Sonny continually blames himself for falling short of his own unique standard of perfection. He is also a deeply sensitive man who gets turned off by the dismal facts of life on the road—the cramped clubs, the drunks, the hustlers. On more than one occasion, he simply got fed up and walked away. His second disappearance from the jazz scene was in full swing in 1970, only occasionally broken by an almost unpublicized date like the museum concert that evening.

I was standing in front of the building as Sonny approached. The small auditorium was sold out, and somehow no one knew anything about the press ticket I had been promised. When I complained about being denied a rare chance to hear him, Rollins immediately handed me his horn case: "Carry this in; they'll think you're one of the musicians, and no one will stop me." I got to hear enough to reassure me that, whatever the reasons for his latest "retirement," he was still one of the most commanding saxophone players of all time. I also had a rather dramatic indication that Sonny retained friendly feelings toward me; and in our conversation, I came up with something very rare: his telephone number.

The only trouble with having Sonny's phone number was that over the next few months he either was never home when I called or wasn't answering. But I kept probing with what I hoped were persuasive letters and copies of my most recent records with other saxophonists. The tide began to turn—although, at first, even that was frustrating. Following two scribbled notes assuring me that he had been busy but would call me soon, there were three occasions when I returned to my office to find the same message: Mr. Rollins had called. I called back each time. Still no answer. Finally, a message with a different number to try. I called. Wonder of wonders, Sonny picked up the phone and had a simple statement to make: "I think I'm ready to come back out; are you still interested in recording me?" My answer was equally direct: *yes*, followed by something gently vulgar about get in here fast and let's talk.

I brought Rollins into the studio in the summer of 1972, for the first time in almost five years. I could go on to write about taking the recording engineer to see Sonny perform in a club; he was so concerned about Sonny's constantly walking around while playing that he devised a plywood and foam-rubber tripod for mounting a microphone right on the saxophone bell. (Rollins admired it, tried it, eventually decided against it—and then recorded seated on a chair.) Or I could write about how hard it still is to reach him by phone (as difficult as ever, but I'm as stubborn as ever). But those are three or four other stories.

Orrin Keepnews produced The Next Album, *the new Sonny Rollins album on Milestone records.*

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69 FACTS *Would you believe that most Frenchwomen made their male partners stew for more than a year before consenting? Or that most everybody prefers the missionary position? Truths that shock!*

(Continued from page 32)

bated, versus 93 percent of Kinsey's American sample. Either the French are embarrassed to tell the truth or they are awfully busy at other things.

16 **Of the men, 54 percent try to achieve contraception by the method of *coitus interruptus*.**

17 **Only 9 percent of the women avoid conception by using birth-control pills.**

18 **Nearly a third of the women oppose all forms of birth control. But the pill is used by 32 percent of the women under 30.**

19 **Despite the lack of ardent contraceptive use, 91 percent of the French believe they should choose when to have children.**

20 **The average French couple in their 20s make love five times a week.**

21 **The average couple in their 50s do it nine times a month.**

22 **Almost half the women prefer lovemaking in the dark, with only 3 percent preferring the lights on.**

23 **Of the men, 81 percent prefer to see what is going on.**

24 **Only 2 percent of the women admit ever engaging in any homosexual act, as opposed to Kinsey's findings of 13 percent among the American women.**

25 **Only 5 percent of the men confess to any homosexual act; Kinsey's percentage was 37.**

26 **Aha! 11 percent of the men and 17 percent of the women refused to answer any questions about homosexuality.**

27 **An overwhelming number, 96 percent, of the men and women prefer the missionary position, the male lying atop the female.**

28 **However, 60 percent of the women know or practice all sexual positions and caresses. Kinsey found just after the Second World War that 52 percent of the American women already were that knowledgeable.**

29 **The so-called Roman position in which the woman rides the man is often used by 55 percent.**

30 **A fifth often make love with the man on the woman's back.**

31 **The standing positions are often used by 13 percent.**

32 **The sitting positions are often enjoyed by 11 percent.**

33 **Only 26 percent fuck "frequently or rather often."**

34 **Hardly universal: 58 percent "French," or mutually caress sexual organs with the mouth. Not even 69 percent.**

35 **Oral caresses often helped 8 percent of the men and 7 percent of the women reach orgasm.**

36 **Anal intercourse was tried by 19 percent of the men and 14 percent of the women.**

37 **Only 1 percent said "often." Questions on anal intercourse were ignored by 13 percent.**

38 **The women make love more often than do the men in the age bracket from 20 to 29: 31 percent get laid more than 15 times a month.**

39 **No more than a quarter of the men of the same age claim that number.**

40 **City dwellers, students, and nonchurchgoers get it more often with more partners.**

41 **The men average 11.8 partners during their lifetimes.**

42 **The women average but 1.8 partners during their lives.**

43 **Of the men, 16 percent had more than 15 partners.**

44 **Only 2 percent of the women had more than six partners.**

45 **Of the women, 7 percent were very disappointed with their sexual experiences, while half reported they were rather-to-very satisfied. The older the women became, the more satisfied they were.**

46 **Only 3 percent of the women had four or more partners.**

47 **Of the men, 56 percent are convinced that their ladies have orgasms; only 44 percent of the women claim to have them.**

48 **The same percentage think they climax at the same time as their women partners, while only 40 percent of the women agree. Obviously, men still think that they're Casanovas even when they're not.**

49 **After coitus, 70 percent of the men continue to display their affection with kisses, caresses, and warm gestures.**

50 **Women are less affectionate after coitus, with 26 percent of them seeking to sleep right away. Only 20 percent of the men try to sleep immediately.**

51 **Some 64 percent of the men wish their women would take more initiative during intercourse.**

52 **The courtly love tradition lives on in the land of *les belles dames sans merci:* the majority of the women made their male partners wait more than a year before consenting to make love, and two out of five men actually waited longer.**

53 **Almost a third, mostly men, wish that foreplay lasted longer. But the duration of foreplay does not increase, it diminishes with age.**

54 **The younger men cheat less on their wives than do the older men, while the younger wives reverse the statistics with gay abandon.**

55 **For 2 percent, coitus lasts no more than one minute.**

56 **For another 2 percent the act generally lasts more than 45 minutes, they say.**

57 **Of the women, 64 percent achieved orgasm before becoming married.**

58 **Prostitution is necessary say 17 percent of the men and 9 percent of the women.**

59 **Prostitution is considered intolerable by 20 percent of the men. And as they grow older, the stuffies are steadily less tolerant.**

60 **Only 10 percent of the men think masturbation is not bad for their health, with only 7 percent of the women agreeing.**

61 **More than 70 percent of the French had never heard or seen their parents having sexual relations.**

62 **Virginity is less of an obstacle: of the men under 30, 41 percent first experienced sex with a female virgin, while of those older, only 31 percent report the same.**

63 **Only 10 percent of the women over 50 had their first encounters with virgin males, while those under 30 reported 31 percent were both virgins.**

64 **Of the men, 23 percent lost their virginity outdoors. This puts them way ahead of those who had their first experience in cars, hotel rooms, and homes.**

65 **Only 32 percent of the French would sanction abortion for reasons of poverty.**

66 **Only 2 percent of the men and 1 percent of the women named fall as the season most passionately filled with lovemaking.**

67 **The men believe that the average erect penis during intercourse measures 6.73 inches; the women think that it averages 5.9 inches.**

68 **While 30 percent of the men and 13 percent of the women want more sex in their lives, 4 percent of the men and 9 percent of the women want less!**

69 **Some 45 percent are satisfied with what they have.** ▣

BEAT IN THE NUDE *"The slaves want to be as immobile as possible, and most of them dream about castration. I did it one time, but I worry about somebody changing his mind."*

(Continued from page 75) olds, you know. They have to have nice money.

OUI: Right.

MVC: (Laughs.) Sure. No, I wouldn't mind being married to a... oh... a nice old transvestite or so. And you know, do the scene with him twice or three times a week. I would like him to suck my pussy or something, or maybe I would tie him up in the bed and just give him a ride.

OUI: Do you ever feel lonely?

MVC: No, uh-uh.

OUI: What are the favorite situations slaves wish to be in?

MVC: Well, they want to be as immobile as possible, and most of them dream about castration. I did it one time. I'd never do it again. I'd prefer not to run the risk of somebody bleeding and I would have to call the ambulance. And also, somebody changing his mind. You know, sometimes people dream about being severely beaten, and then you give them ten lashes and they cry like hell. Let's see. The shit fantasy is not much. The urine fantasy is quite large.

OUI: What would be the second-favorite. You know, the all-time golden oldie?

MVC: Well, they like to be locked in the basement and have the fear that maybe you'll never take them out again.

OUI: Do the slaves talk to each other?

MVC: If they aren't gagged.

OUI: I understand you sell slaves. How does that work?

MVC: Well, we put them on the platform and put them on the slave market.

OUI: What are some of the things that would lower the price of a slave?

MVC: It all depends on how well behaved he or she is and how youthful. Everybody has his own demands.

OUI: Do you sell your slaves with any kind of warranty?

MVC: No, I sell them, but first I loan them out. For trial or as a punishment, if I think he needs to be punished and I'm sure he won't like the other mistress, because I know the way she works.

OUI: Can't you rent them out, like a Monique von Cleef cleaning service?

MVC: No, they won't perform for anyone else.

OUI: Do you think S/M is a growing trend?

MVC: It's bigger than it was 10 or 20 or 50 years ago. There are a lot of magazines out and people talk more about it.

OUI: Is S/M influencing fashion?

MVC: Sure, but those platform shoes aren't any good. I walk around in spike heels.

OUI: You should be getting credit for some of the fashion changes, though.

MVC: Yeah, well, they should have brought a lot of things out with my name on them.

OUI: Do you beat in the nude?

MVC: Never. ■

Gescheidt

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART *"He had put psychedelic Bromo-Seltzer all over my record. Whoooooosh . . . I've heard of this Alice Cooper using live animals in his act. That's disgusting sensationalism!"*

(Continued from page 64) silly world of bullshit. There's no way that I could have felt what any of those people felt, so I just didn't pay any attention. I just told the group to let out who *they* are, what would you call it, middle-class apple turnovers. We just got together and stirred it up.

OUI: You mentioned the incident with the tree surgeons before—stories of your run-ins with record companies seem to abound. Was the first hassle with Buddah Records?

BEEFHEART: It was really corny. I should have known better, right? They *really* have their nerve. I mean the *idea* of what they've done. I should have had five million dollars in the seven years I've been in this business. I signed with Buddah because Bob Krasnow was there. When I brought *Safe as Milk* to A&M in 1965, Jerry Moss said it was too "negative." Can you believe that? Krasnow was the only person who didn't get shook up at the idea of using a theremin on the album, so I recorded with them. Buddah turned out to be so wrong. . . . Do you know that in all this time, since 1967, I've never even received a royalty statement from that album, much less any money? That album was a smash in England, but nobody here dug it. They didn't push it. It was a very ecological album. I was just trying to eke out a little logic.

OUI: The next album was on Blue Thumb. Did that go any better?

BEEFHEART: Oh, God! I even *named* Blue Thumb Records. Bob Krasnow, who became president of Blue Thumb after leaving Buddah, didn't. *I* did! All right, I'm over in England. We mixed the album *Strictly Personal* before we left on tour. Krasnow had produced, I produced, and Alex St. Clair helped with the production. Now, while we were gone, Bob Krasnow went in and remixed the album! We get back from Europe and my cousin, the Mascara Snake, who later played clarinet on *Trout Mask Replica*, walks in the door with this album. I ask, "What's this?" I'd just gotten back and he'd had my car, a big old Jaguar that he'd take out and run around like you would a greyhound. So he hands me the album, and there's the album cover I did, with the stamps and manila envelope. Everything just as I did it. So I put the album on and, my God, it's not the same album! He had put psychedelic Bromo-Seltzer all over the tapes we'd made—you know, phasing, whoooooosh. The music—there are diamonds in the rough under there, but it sounds like some kid's got a hold of a *Mona Lisa*. A mean little kid. All of a sudden I find this album a shambles with psychedelic Bromo-Seltzer all over it. I didn't know what to do. That's when the group broke up. The other people, who didn't want to do so much of an art statement, said, "Forget it, we've had enough." I just said, "Man, I agree with you." What could I say? He's gonna make me commercial! Now, maybe he had good intentions, but I still haven't gotten any money for the album.

OUI: What did you do after the demise of that group?

BEEFHEART: I retired for a while. I had to put together another group, so I was looking for people. Getting away from Krasnow to another similar person who I didn't *ever* think would be that way.

OUI: You're referring to Frank Zappa?

BEEFHEART: Did you know that I picked up Frank Zappa on the street in my '49 Olds back in 1958? I couldn't help it; he looked so woebegone. Zappa wanted to pretend that he had done *Trout Mask Replica*, on which he'd done nothing but go to sleep at the mixing board. It was *way* over his head. Not really over his head, just too unstructured and telepathic for him, because he's so formed and regimented. These guys had only been playing for six months when they did that album. You know, Krasnow did that, Zappa did that—it's all these guys wanting to cop a feel off Don Van Vliet. Years ago, I was taped by Frank Zappa, and a *lot* of ideas on a *lot* of his records started out with me. Like *Susie Cream Cheese*, *What's Got into You?*, and *Brown Shoes Don't Make It*. *Hot Rats* is my title. *Lumpy Gravy*—I was referring to the ups and downs of life, the lumps in the sperm and the gravy.

OUI: If you had this tremendous battle with Zappa, why did you record *Willie the Pimp* on *his* album?

BEEFHEART: I just thought to myself, "All right, man, you had your hand in my album and messed it up. I'm gonna come over and do a song for you as good as I can do it, and maybe that'll show you the difference." I wanted especially to show him that bygones could be bygones. I couldn't believe that he could do what he did. Frank Zappa sent me in the night to Warner Bros., and I didn't even know it. I'm talking about the way the Indians were sold on the reservation. I suppose that's what you get for dealing with old fools you meet in the desert.

OUI: In other words, when Zappa started his label, it wasn't part of Warners?

BEEFHEART: No, it was just Straight Records. Bizarre and Straight, actually, two separate entities. And then, after promising me that he would not, he put me on the same label as Wild Man Fischer, the GTOs, and Alice Cooper. I said, "I don't want any part of those people." I've heard of this Alice Cooper using live animals in his act, throwing them into the audience. Chickens! Do you know how disgusting that is, using an animal for sensationalism? I think that's just disgusting. I mean, I'm an animal lover. I'm an *animal*. A human animal, but the animal may be better than the human in my case. It's the animal that paints, the animal that makes music. The human part is me losing one of the best groups that ever was by being an art-statement-oriented fool!

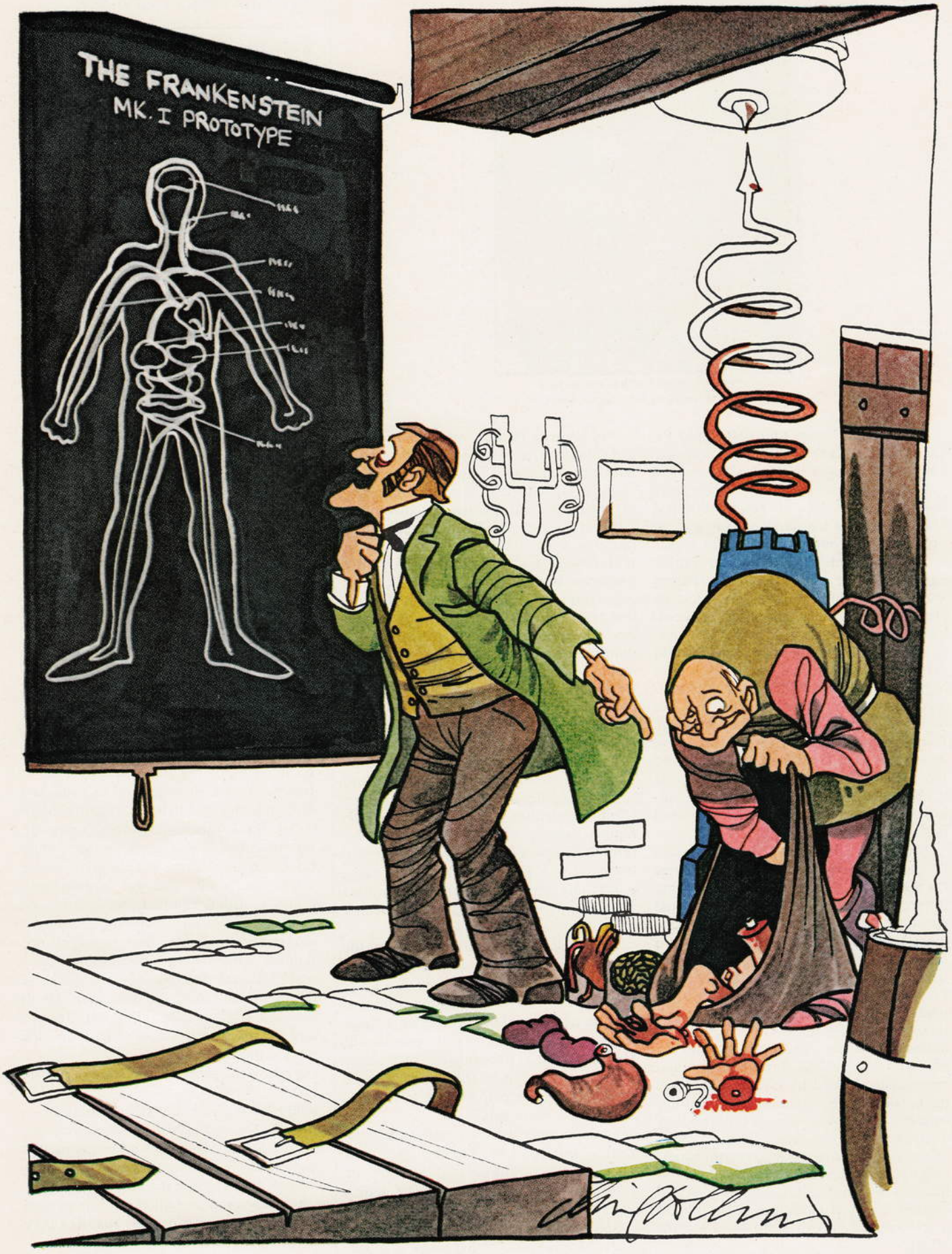
OUI: Do you feel that being into the art statements had something to do with your hassles with the record companies?

BEEFHEART: Definitely! I was a chump. When you're playing what feels good and they try to get it away from you, you say "uh-uh." When you're doing the art statement and *avant-garde*—you know, the cold place where they sometimes find icicles on the clouds—they say, "What's that?" and "He's weird!" They don't want to hear you, but they get the money. And that's how they did it to me. The group kept telling me, "C'mon, let's play," but I guess I had some kind of an ax to grind due to having quit art when I was 13. I'm telling you the truth. I guess today I feel better than I ever have. I have this group together now, but *I* don't have it together; *they're* really together. I'm just out there playing the harmonica and singing. I'm *in* the group, rather than being Captain Beefheart with the group hiding behind the cape of the mystery man. Now it's called Captain Beefheart and *the* Magic Band, instead of *his* Magic Band—that was never my idea, anyway—and I'm glad of it. I don't want to lead the damn group, I just want to blow.

OUI: Do you think you were naïve?

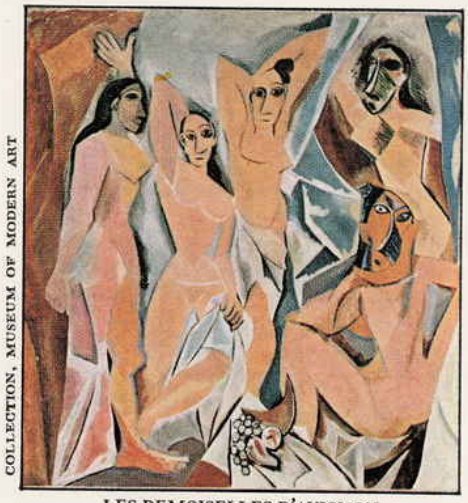
BEEFHEART: Oh, yeah, I still am. And I

Above is the cover of Captain Beefheart's new album Clear Spot. *It's as plain as the nose on your face, the hand before your eyes. Who says the Captain ain't accessible?*



"Someday, son, all this will be you. . . ."

My Favorite Picasso



COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON
Guess what's going down here.

You have all been told that Pablo Picasso was a great artist. You probably knew that he was a great artist before you'd seen his work, and you might have distrusted this bit of found cultural knowledge. But it's true: he was a great artist and right here we'd like to prove it.

The obits said that Picasso was "prolific," meaning he made a lot of art. He did, and it made him millions. In fact, he created so much art that any time a collector sent Picasso a Picasso for verification of its authenticity, he would denounce it as a forgery, thereby reducing the population of Picassos outstanding. The fewer extant Picassos in the world, the more valuable they become. Picasso produced; he overproduced. He would eat a fish for lunch and, struck by the skeleton left on the plate, he'd press it in clay and by dinnertime he'd be eating off the ceramic plate that celebrated its form.

Invariably, the obits also called him "protean." He was indeed like Proteus, the Greek sea god capable of assuming different forms. When he first started painting, there were traces of Goya, Toulouse-Lautrec, El Greco, and Cézanne in his work. There is a nice apocryphal yarn that his Blue period was blue because Prussian blue paint was cheaper than white. Then he had a Rose period, an African period; he helped invent cubism, dabbled in Dada and surrealism and expressionism. He was fierce with animal magnetism, forced by his fame to repel the world. All the obits, too, mention his love life. Newsmen seem to find proof of an artist's virility in these statistics. Picasso ran through seven heavy relationships, two of them marriages. He hid away in his villa in Cannes, and, though he styled himself a sort-of-Communist, he bought a fortress-château to store his overflow of art.

My favorite Picasso is his *Demoiselles d'Avignon*. The title means "the young ladies of Avignon." This painting is said to have kicked off cubism, which many art historians call the greatest revolution in painting since the Renaissance. It certainly is a giant leap forward from the requirement that a painting look like a picture of something real. When Picasso's close friend, the painter Georges Braque, first saw it, he was horrified. For once, Picasso was intimidated. He rolled the painting up and stood it in a corner of his studio for some time. Shortly thereafter, Braque was painting so much like the style of the *Demoiselles* that you could scarcely tell the difference between his work and Picasso's.

The *Demoiselles* are sexless, brutally packed into a shallow stage, awkward and stark. The colors are generally chill. The harsh mandrill-like masks on two of the figures suggest African primitive sculpture. Still, your eye is compelled to travel the painting's strong triangles and diagonals that seem to fit together like careful architecture or a strange vision of faceted glass in the end of a kaleidoscope.

I think part of the painting's allure for me was the contrast with that dainty French word *demoiselles*. One day I discovered the irony—these young ladies are inmates of a Barcelona brothel on a street named Avignon. My God, febrile old Monet was still painting his soft water lilies while Picasso, at the age of 26, was into brothels! He painted this work back in 1907, 66 years ago.

You can visit the *Demoiselles* in New York's Museum of Modern Art and listen to folks comment on it. Few of them realize where the angular ladies came from.

Someone once asked Picasso, "What is art?" He replied, "What isn't?" —J.B.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART *"I guess I've paid my doo-doo dues."*

will retain that naïveté if naïveté is just loving other people and thinking, "Well, why would they want to step on *me*?" I got rid of naïveté to some extent, so I guess I've paid my doo-doo dues. If I had the money now that I should have, I would be doing a lot of good things. I swear, I would make my ink sing for everybody. Now I'm getting hip to this, but I'm not gonna get bitter and I'm not gonna get hard. They're not gonna get me into that hard fuckin' army they've created. They look out and point and say, "He's a chump!" They can think I'm a chump, but I'm an artist. *They're* the chumps because they don't go to the toilet easy like I do, and they don't breathe easy like I do. I will not be a party to this country's bullshit, all the regimentation. That cartooning of animals, like Disney, where he makes the timber wolf into the Big Bad Wolf. There's nowhere in history where a timber wolf has ever attacked a man. No way, I looked it up. That's disgusting! Or they'll have a cute little animal like a sloth with a machine gun. Or a *kangaroo* with a machine gun! Hell, they'd pee on a machine gun, they wouldn't know what to do with one. I ain't buying that shit! I don't want to be a selfish asshole who sits in his lavatory and goes to the toilet in color, like Zappa or *any* of those flamboyant blunt erasers . . . those blunt instruments!

OUI: Are you totally disillusioned with the business end of things?

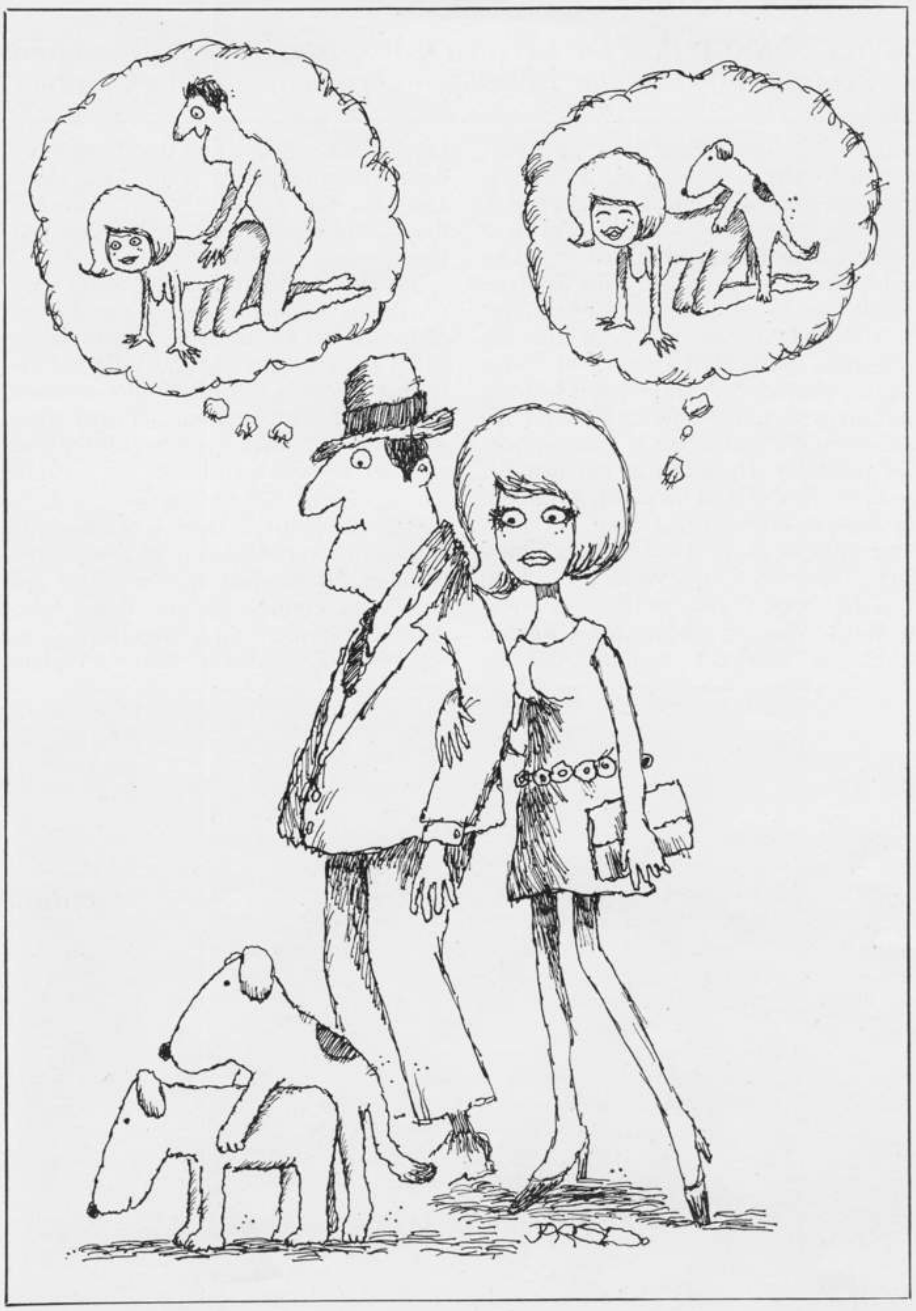
BEEFHEART: When I was in the house so long, I wrote thousands and thousands of things. Not out of spite—I've written hundreds of pages every day for the last seven years of my life. I've got it all in Beacon Van & Storage, and as soon as I find an honest publisher, I'm going to put it out. But I want some money for it, and do you know *why* I want money for it? So I can have some ink to write some more, that's all. I've got a company, God's Golfball Productions. It may not score a hole in one every time; it might make a few divots; and it might not bounce as high as the Washington Monument. It's the human kindness I like. I don't mind doing straight-out, 50-50 business if you can breathe in it. I'm not looking to start another little America with skyscrapers.

OUI: Any thoughts on the state of music today?

BEEFHEART: Well, I was just thinking—did you know I used to wear a dress onstage? Seven years ago in England, we used to dress in what they now call drag. I think that's where it's all coming from. They saw us doing all these things, and here they come again, see? Just like they copped Chuck Berry.

Interviewed by Eliot Wald

VIVA DURANGO *Sam Peckinpah gets shot in the ass.*



(Continued from page 68) through the restaurant: round, short Mexican women rocking on their plump legs, their blond wigs badly placed.

"Goddamn, stupid sons of bitches!" In the center of the restaurant, Big Ralph Volkie, John Wayne's masseur, is doing his daily intimidation routine. The waiters stand around his table watching him slam the silverware. His red baseball cap is bobbing up and down and his face, greatly folded, is trembling. "You idiots call this thing a steak?" Ralph demands. He waves his steak, pierced by a fork, in front of the waiters. The waiters step back in unison. "Who the hell cooked this fuckin' thing?" he shouts. Big Ralph stands up, takes the steak with him, and pushes the kitchen doors open. From inside, there is the sound of metal crashing and footsteps. "Go on, go on, get the hell out of here," Ralph screams inside the kitchen. He comes out, pushes up the sleeves of his sweater, and sits down. He looks at us. "You ever see so many stupid sons of bitches in your life?"

The daily local shoot-out had taken place at 11:00 that morning. Two Mexicans were having a political argument inside the Ladies' Lounge. They stepped outside and reached for their pistols. The policeman was visibly annoyed. First he had to go into the restaurant to get a tablecloth, which only covered part of the body; and then he had to wait an hour for an ambulance to arrive.

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Whitey Hughes, Sam's head wrangler, is throwing pieces of corn to the hogs. Bob Dylan is also throwing pieces of corn to the hogs. "I've been on most of Sam's pictures," Whitey says, "and we always have a good time. We drink and we laugh and we have a good time. This time, nobody's having a good time. Sam is really sick."

Peckinpah is in the back of his trailer, lying on a narrow mattress, moaning. His face is white and his eyes are caverns. His head is wrapped in a silk scarf. A heavy knit cape covers most of his body. He raises his head off the pillow, but it is too difficult for him. His head sinks back. "I'm so sick. I don't ever remember being this sick. I've been vomiting for three days." A Mexican extra wearing a lavender dress with ruffles brings a glass filled with brown liquid to Sam. He reaches for it and speaks to her in Spanish. She answers and he laughs. He puts the glass to his mouth and drinks. He sets the glass down. "She's absolute magic," he says of the woman. "She knows everything about medicine, how to cure with herbs." He extends the glass to me. "You want to try some?" The mixture tastes of licorice bark and dust. "She says this stuff is going to make me better." In appreciation, Sam speaks softly in Spanish. The woman laughs. "I just told her that I'd like to have her for lunch and you for dessert."

Sam's secretary, ample-bosomed, English, and officious, holds a syringe toward the trailer's ceiling. She squirts some liquid B_{12} out the needle. "It's time for your shot, Sam," says the secretary. He moans, rolls down his pants, and turns on his stomach. She kneels, hands trembling. As she releases the plunger, Rudy Wurlitzer, Sam's scriptwriter, appears in the doorway. "Can we get some of that?" Rudy asks. "Just a minute, luv," says the secretary. Sam pulls his pants up and Rudy lets his fall. The secretary looks at me. "Would you like some, too?" Sam watches from the mattress. "Go on," he urges, "it's good for you." Rudy watches the secretary as she bends to inject him. "Welcome to Peckinpah country," Rudy says.

Gordon Carroll, Sam's producer, is sitting at a small table inside the trailer, watching, smiling, and chewing on a pickled cauliflower. "This is going to be a majestic film," he tells me. "It is going to be a very vast film. It is going to put Sam back into Westerns. Originally, we thought about Bob Dylan as Billy the Kid. Possibly Mick Jagger. Somebody who has a tremendous amount of energy about him."

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Christina walks through the muddied dirt of Chupaderos, carefully placing in front of her each white vinyl boot with the gold chain around the ankle. She is carrying a large portfolio of her acting credits and Mexico City Sunday papers with rotogravure movie sections. "I'm not Mexican. I am Swedish and American. I used to work in Hollywood. I did

VIVA DURANGO *Billy the Kid (aka Kris Kristofferson) was real funny looking. He had bad teeth and he was short and sentimental. He killed his first man at 12, for insulting his mother.*

a lot of television. These days, I'm international." She is wearing an orange suit trimmed in muskrat and her blond hair is piled up Dairy Queen–style. "I'm here because Sam Peckinpah asked me to be in his movie." Walter Kelly, the dialogue coach (not to be confused with Walter Scott, the stunt man), has been studying Christina, particularly the gold ankle chains around her vinyl boots—sizing her up with long, slow strokes on his white, satyr's beard. She is showing him her portfolio. He looks at the pictures and rubs his hand on his chest, as though he has considerable gas pain. "This is from the last movie I did," offers Christina. "Hmmm," says Walter, reaching into his pocket and pulling out some Rolaids. "Would you care for a Rolaid, Christina?" She's not listening. "And you know what happened on that film? I fell down an entire flight of stairs. I was black and blue for weeks." Walter crunches the Rolaid between his teeth. "Oh, you poor darling," says Walter.

Sam leaves the trailer and walks past Christina, looking at her cautiously out of the corner of his eye. "I don't know her. I've never met her and I did not offer her a part in this film." Sam motions for the assistant director. "Listen, that girl over there, take her to wardrobe and give her an extra's costume."

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Billy the Kid (aka Kris Kristofferson) is standing on the balcony of a two-story building. He has just broken out of jail and he is carrying a shotgun. Below him, Alias the printer (aka Bob Dylan) is watching. Several feet away, Walter Scott, R. G. Armstrong's stunt man, goes for his gun. Billy is quick and the explosion of the gunshot knocks you in the gut and smashes through your ears. Blood is spurting out of Walter Scott's back and stomach as he crashes to the ground. The blood is soaking into the dirt and even though you know that it's all faked, timed, rigged to a little black box several feet from Walter, the motionless body is too real. The entire street is silent. Sam yells, "cut," and Walter doesn't move. "Just stay right there, Walter," instructs the assistant director, " 'cause we want to get some reaction shots of Bob, and if you get up, there'll be blood all over the place."

Kris finds me in the middle of the street. "Hi," he says, "got some beer in my trailer." Kris and Bob share the trailer. There are guitars inside and the table is filled with chicken and vegetables and Kris's Bull Durham cigarette butts. Kris opens the Carta Blancas, falls onto a chair, and lights a cigarette.

"I sure hope I can finish this bottle," he says. "It hasn't happened yet. The first night I was here, I drank some mescal—wow! That's real silver-tongue devil stuff, knocks you out. I woke up the next morning and I was still drunk. Going to stay away from that stuff." He puffs in silence.

"I don't really like acting. I don't like singing, either. I like just being here with Rita and taking it easy and riding horses. You know, Billy was real funny looking. He had bad teeth and he was short and sentimental. I read somewhere that he killed his first man at 12. The man insulted Billy's mother.

"Have you talked to Bob Dylan yet? I remember the first time I met him. Down here. I was talking to him and he wasn't saying anything, just looking at me—I felt stupid. He knows that's the way he makes people feel and he doesn't like it, either. I know he doesn't like it. But hell, Bob Dylan is a genius and he's a legend in his own time."

There is a knock. "What did I tell you?" Kris asks, trying to chug the beer. "I have never yet been able to finish a beer. I'll see you after the next shot."

"Hey," says the Canadian extra, "hey, could you do me a very big favor?" I walk up to him. He reaches into his shirt and takes out a Kodak. "You think maybe you could just walk over there where Bobby Dylan is standing and just snap this thing in his face for me?" I refuse. "Do you know how fuckin' stoned I am, knowing that Bobby Dylan is right here, just a few feet from me?" He rubs his camera. "I mean, I play his music all the time."

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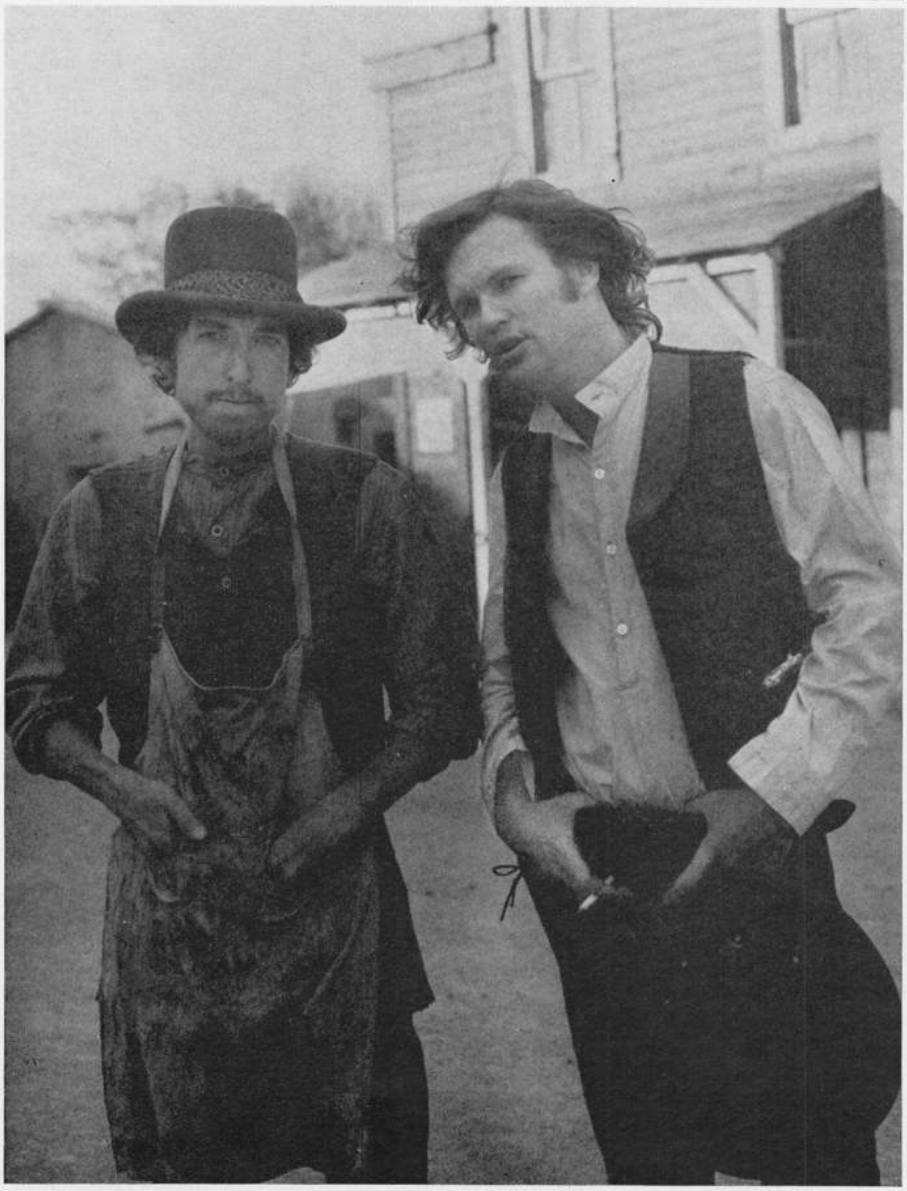
The Batjac location is half an hour



The American Dream is to act in a cowboy movie. Here are two people who make sounds, Bob Dylan (left) and Kris Kristofferson (right), making images for a Billy the Kid film. They aren't kidding anyone, but they're having fun. They rode away into the sundown.

VIVA DURANGO *The spurs on John Wayne's boots are dull and worn, but his sense of humor isn't. "You work for that magazine that prints naked pictures?" he asks. "Those things ought to be done in private."*

from the Mexico Courts through the Sierra Madres—a postcard Mexican village named La Joya, with women washing their clothes in a river, next to a grove of trees. The Batjac company has spent $500,000 on its design, "probably the finest and biggest Western street and motion-picture town in Mexico or any other country," says Batjac.

There are eight huge vans from the Burbank Studio parked on the *Wednesday Morning* set, circling a precisely constructed dilapidated cemetery. Gary Grimes and Clay O'Brien, who play the teenage sons of J. D. Cahill (aka John Wayne), rehearse a walk through the graveyard for Andrew McLaglen, the director. McLaglen is calmly riding a Panavision crane, and just behind the crane is Michael Wayne, producer and president of Batjac, drinking a bottle of mineral water and watching the rehearsal. "We're shooting this scene day for night. I don't like to have my company work at night. Everybody is too tired. It's too cold and it's too expensive. Our budget is three million and my father gets a salary of one million. I believe my father is the only actor who gets one million dollars a picture." The film is eight days ahead of schedule and the confidence of coming in early permeates the cleanly scrubbed village.

John Wayne steps out of his trailer. He walks to the crane, stepping in close to McLaglen. The slate claps in front of the camera and Wayne watches the two kids act scared, walking through a graveyard at night. "OK," McLaglen shouts, "cut!" Wayne confers with McLaglen. Gary and Clay watch the two men with apprehension. Wayne walks over to Gary and Clay. He moves his mountainous body slowly and places an arm on each boy's shoulder. "You're really scared," Wayne says to the two actors. "It's dark and it's cold and you're all alone." He pushes his body into an elaborate pantomime, legs stiff and rigid, arms clutching his side. He moves his head in stiff, spasmodic jerks and his eyes roll and swerve. "Understand?" The boys shake their heads up and down. Wayne walks back to McLaglen. "OK, boys, let's try it once more," directs McLaglen. Gary and Clay move in perfect imitation of Wayne as the camera spins. He watches, palms flat on his hips. Before the camera stops, Wayne whispers to McLaglen. "OK," McLaglen says, "cut it and print it!"

David Sutton, the Batjac still man, ferrets me out. "What are you going to do with Wayne? You going to nail him, huh? You going to bury him?" I turn away and Sutton moves faster than I do. "You know, he's not just my boss. He's my friend. I've known him for a long time, and all that crap you hear about him being anti-Semitic, it's a lot of bullshit."

We move from the graveyard to a bank of trees and waiting horses. The spurs on John Wayne's boots are dull and worn. Smoking a Robert Burns and wearing a Mackinaw, he says, "You work for that magazine that prints all those naked pictures, don't you?" He grins and his eyes close up a little. He digs the toe of his boot into the ground, looking down. "I think those things ought to be done in private, don't you?" He looks up and he is no longer grinning. He walks over to his horse and mounts it defiantly. And then he yanks the reins and turns the horse.

The utility driver on the Wayne picture sneers at me. "How's Sam?" he demands. "I hear they sent a specialist down to see him. I hear he's got cirrhosis of the liver and that he's going to die."

We are inside a concrete cavern, an abandoned warehouse, next to the Durango railroad tracks. The warehouse, used as the Batjac sound stage, costs Michael Wayne $3000 a month. "The next thing I'm going to build down here," says John Wayne, "is a real sound stage. Every time a train goes by, we lose a shot. Every time an airplane flies over, we lose a shot." Michael Wayne has 60 pine trees fastened to the floor of the warehouse, tons of dirt covering the floor, papier-mâché boulders, and two horses pulling a buckboard. "We had to get a permit for each tree. Of course, the trees themselves were free from the government, but then we had to hire peons to chop the trees down and trucks to bring the trees here." I tell Michael that the country surrounding Durango is filled with pine forests. "I know. It may seem strange to you that we're shooting inside, but it works for us. First of all, we don't have to worry about the weather, right? And we don't have to worry about the lighting, right? Why make unnecessary problems for yourself?"

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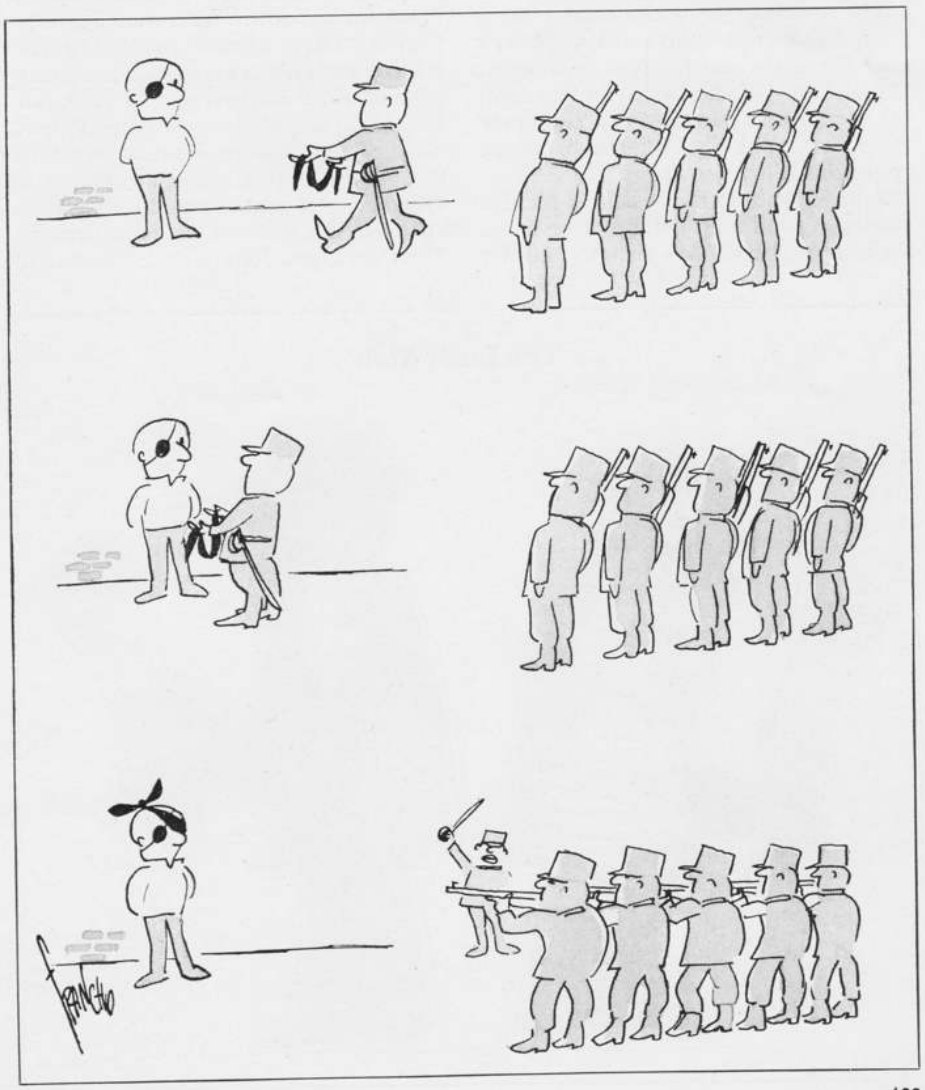
Marie Windsor is sitting on a canvas chair, wiping perspiration off her face with small dabs of a hanky. She is almost done with *Love Machine* and says,



"When I'm finished with it, I'll drop it by your room." She has been in Durango for six weeks. "Let's see," she says, looking at the ceiling in concentration. "What have I been doing for six weeks? Well, I've written exactly 120 postcards. I have been working on my needlepoint and I found a place to play tennis. The only problem is that it is a country club and when the members come, I have to leave the courts." Ken, a 19-year-old actor, sits next to Marie. His face is tight-lipped and grim; his chin rests on his clenched fist. Ken has been sitting this way for two weeks. He never smiles. Every night he sits between Marie and Neville inside El Dorado, eyes narrow and angry. "You bet I'm angry," says Ken, not moving his chin. "Batjac is the tightest, cheapest, rottenest company in the world. I hate Batjac and I hate Durango. I will never, ever again in my life come to Durango. How do I like working with Wayne?" Ken jabs a knuckle into his chin. "Let's face it," he says, "when you are working with someone like John Wayne, who is a lot older than you are, there are bound to be problems. Somebody has to give. And just because everybody else kisses his ass, I'm not going to kiss his ass or anybody's ass." Ken sighs and his eyes cloud over. "I hate Hollywood. Nobody in that town has ever done a thing for me. You know something? With my luck, they'll cut me out of this rotten movie."

John Wayne comes up behind me. He presses my calf with the top of his boot. "Where you been?" We walk to a corner of the warehouse. "I wanted John Ford to come down here, but he's sick, you know. He knows how to make a movie. I know that the reason people like to go to movies is because they like stories. All these new directors, they don't tell a story. This film tells a story. I think people want that in a movie, don't you?" Michael Wayne comes over and his father looks at him. "You know, Michael has a metal pole in his leg and he was supposed to have it removed three years ago." Michael grins. "I'm used to it. I like it," Michael answers. "You better take care of it," John says, " 'cause if you don't, it can give you a lot of trouble, it can give you cancer." Michael ignores this. "Is Sam really sick?" John asks. "I hear he's very sick," Michael answers. "I'm sorry to hear that."

Juanito, the midget from Mexico City, is racing up to John Wayne. Wayne has just put a cigar in his mouth and Juanito lights a match. Wayne bends to get the light. "Moo-choos grah-see-us," says Wayne. "Oh, no, no, no," replies Juanito, "it is my pleasure, my pleasure." Wayne walks away and Juanito pulls a box up to me and sits down. He is watching John Wayne. "I have known John Wayne, and it is my pleasure to know such a wonderful man since Michael was 17 years old. John Wayne, Michael Wayne, Patrick Wayne," says Juanito. He runs the names through his mouth again, a necklace of syllables, over and over, until they form a litany, and his eyes become dreamy. Then he laughs. John Wayne coughs and Juanito grabs an open bottle of mineral water and runs after him.

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It is Saturday morning in Chupaderos. Sam is sitting in front of the hog pen as the crew sets up for the Billy the Kid-taking-a-crap scene. Some kids are sitting on the corral posts. Whitey Hughes and Bob Dylan are throwing corn to the hogs. Walter Kelly looks at Christina's Christmas cards and holds them up, studying them assiduously. "Well," he says, dropping them back into her open portfolio, "we could always use them as kindling, couldn't we?"

The crew has set up. Kris, guided by Sheriff Bell (aka Matt Clark), comes down the steps of the jail to the crapper. Sam lets them walk through the scene, his fingers entwined under his chin. "All right," Sam says. Kris and Matt return to their places and the camera hums. "Cut!" Sam yells, looking at the kids sitting on the posts. When he speaks, his voice is paternal, confident, patient. "Kids, you are watching Billy the Kid going to take a shit. Now, when he comes walking to that outhouse, you *look* at him. You look at him because Billy the Kid is a *mean* motherfucker. *¿Comprende?*" The kids laugh and look at each other. "All right," Sam says, "let's do it."

Sam goes to his trailer after the crapper scene. The crew finishes in ten minutes. The Western street is empty. There are no horses in the corral. There is no dust in the air.

"Hey, Bob," says Danny the extra, averting his chin and clutching his Hasselblad.

"Hey," Dylan says.

"Can I take your picture?" Danny asks.

"What for?"

Danny raises his right hand. "Just for myself, man, I swear to God."

"OK." Click. Click. Click.

"Can I take your picture?" Dylan wants to know.

"Sure, sure," Danny answers, scrambling to give Dylan the camera. More clicks. Danny takes the exposed film out of the camera and tucks it into a plastic bag. He sticks the bag inside his pocket and snaps the button over it. Every 15 minutes, Danny touches his pocket, and every time he does that and feels the film, he smiles.

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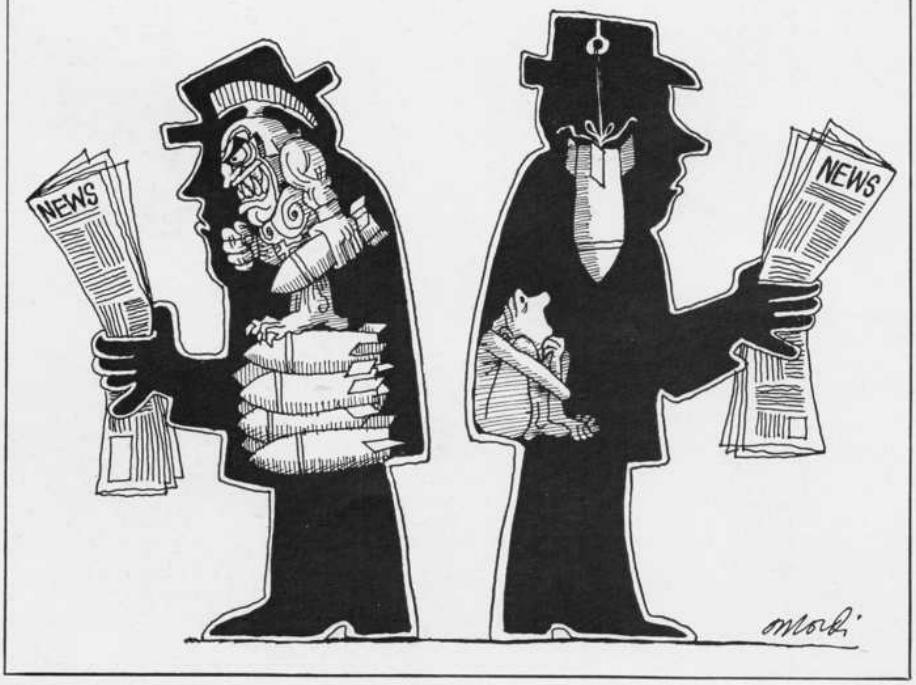
"How *is* Sam?" Neville Brand asks. "Me and Sam don't like each other too much," Neville continues. "I took a girl away from him. And that really pissed Sam off. She was just this nice young actress who didn't know anything. And he found out we were living together. You know what he used to say to her when he wanted her on the set? He'd

The Inner Man



say, 'Get me Neville's bitch. Where's Neville's bitch?'

"You know, I used to have an alcoholic problem. Oh, yes. I used to drink a quart and a half of booze a day and drop maybe 10 or 12 Ritalin on top of that, and then I'd be all wired up and want to go wreck places. Course, I was lucky, I had this series then, and the guy I played was sort of wacky anyway, so it was great for the part. But man, I was a mess. I was a mess and I was unhappy. I'm sure glad I don't have that problem anymore."

•

Inside El Dorado, Larry moans and pushes his fingers through his hair. "It's happening," he says. "I can feel my mind going." We tell him to have some wine. Walter Kelly raises a chilled bottle. "I am not going to let you people intimidate me into drinking," Larry says. He signals for the waiter and orders another Coke.

"Well," Walter says, clapping his hands together, "we're going to have champagne for Christmas."

Larry sneers. "How are we going to get it? There're no planes."

Walter smiles and then pours himself some wine. "Now, Larry, don't give in to pessimism."

Larry looks at Walter. "I'm not being pessimistic. I'm being realistic. I know that's dangerous in this place, but that's the way I am."

"Sons of bitches!" Big Ralph is exploding at El Dorado's back wall. He is tearing a narrow board of autographed eight-by-ten glossies off the wall. He tears one of the photographs in half. "Who the hell told this bum he could put his picture on my board?" The remaining picture is John Wayne and Ralph, arm in arm. Ralph looks at the picture and his anger subsides. "Hey!" he shouts to one of the waiters, "you see this picture of me and the Duke? You know what it says on it? It says, 'Me and you was the first people here, and now we're the last.' Ain't that terrific?" Ralph carries the board to his table and sets it down. "I'm going to put this inside the office. I thought it would look nice in this place, but nobody here has any respect for other people's property.

"You know what some other bastard did? He stole the picture I had up of Ann-Margret. Now, who would want to go and do something like that to such a nice, beautiful angel like Ann-Margret? I tell you, it just makes you sick." Ralph grabs the board and moves to the door and out into the night.

R. G. Armstrong walks Christina to the glass door. "You don't mind walking, do you?" he asks as he holds the door open for her. She doesn't answer and he doesn't watch her. He sits down with Jack Elam and sighs.

Walter Kelly empties the wine bottle and sets it back on the table. "I've got an idea," he says. "Let's go to the Saturday-night dance at the Matar Hotel and watch the whores." Nobody responds. "All right," says Walter, "let's not go to the Matar and watch the whores." ▣

Ralph Steadman

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THE TANGIER METHOD *Hippies brought free love to Moroccan young people, but the King chased the hippies out.*

(Continued from page 44) still there, but it didn't do much good to know that. Horrible." Bowles shudders.

Burroughs came to Tangier in 1950. He lived in virtual seclusion for two years in a room down in the casbah, where he stayed in bed and refined his marksmanship by shooting at the ceiling with his gun. That is, when he wasn't lying down on a carpet of yellow leaves of paper that one day became *Naked Lunch*: "I lived in one room in the Native Quarter of Tangier. I had not taken a bath in a year nor changed my clothes nor removed them except to stick a needle every hour in the fibrous gray wooden flesh of terminal addiction. I never cleaned or dusted the room. Empty ampoule boxes and garbage piled to the ceiling. Light and water long since turned off for nonpayment. I did absolutely nothing. I could look at the end of my shoe for eight hours. I was only roused to action when the hourglass of junk ran out. If a friend came to visit—and they rarely did since who or what was left to visit—I sat there not caring. . . ." Then the beat executives arrived. Ginsberg, Corso, Kerouac, and Orlovsky. They stayed about a year. By the time they left, Burroughs had assembled *Naked Lunch* and got out into the sun a bit. He went out for dinner, at any rate. At a dinner party at Alec Waugh's, a lady guest declared that she had always wanted to meet a real drug addict. Burroughs, who was also a guest at that party, stood up and announced in his deep, nasal St. Louis voice, "At your service, madam."

Burroughs recalls dining with Jane Bowles and Cherifa and having conversations without words. "I had very good food there, actually. Simple chicken, good vegetables, and that sort of thing. We never had any literary conversations. Cherifa used to call me the holy man." He laughs. "The three of us sat around the table and after a while I'd say, 'Cast any good spells lately?' That's what we talked about. Spells." Burroughs came to be known to the youths of Tangier as El Duende, "one who appears in unexpected places." He was also called the Invisible Man and was often seen standing in alleyways in the rain with the collar of his trench coat pulled up and the brim of his hat pulled down over one eye, looking into the windows of cafés.

•

What often appears to be sexual permissiveness in Tangier is just a matter of economic necessity. Homosexual plundering is one of the Moroccans' big gripes these days, with natives complaining that the decadent Europeans come to corrupt them. As Jean Genet told one Moroccan writer, "The situation is very unstable. The foreigners are the only one who live like human beings."

As a free port, Tangier escaped much of the economic privation of the rest of Morocco. Foreigners dropped into Tangier to do their shopping, and ships coming in and out of the Mediterranean automatically called at the port. Then the time of reckoning arrived. It happened when the French installed Mohammed V as King. About Abid, the man he appointed as Minister of State, strolled down the streets of the median and some local ruffians began mocking him, whistling and calling him names. Abid swore revenge. Cut to 1956: Abid closes port. End of salad days.

Then came the hippies. The Moroccans, including the King, who was beguiled by their simplicity and serenity, loved them at first sight. The King believed a whole new religious order had come to his country, a Children's Crusade. Even Jean Genet was taken in. "The American hippies are wonderful," he declared. "But their fathers are insupportable." The Moroccans had never seen anybody, not even the poorest among them, go barefoot in the streets before. The hippies brought free love to Moroccan young people and helped release them from basically medieval sexual attitudes. Eventually, of course, all the chemical stimulants behind their success turned out to be their only religious genius. Soon they were trading heroin in the market place, not to mention acid, mescaline, uppers, and downers. Finally, the King ordered his barbers to cut the hippies' hair and his police to chase them away. Many Moroccans were thrown into Beni Makada the (local madhouse) for drug addiction. Now that the hippies are gone, drugs are hard to come by and the last great source of foreign income has vanished.

•

"The only thing that Tangier lacks is a men's club," says Alec Waugh. On the other hand, Tangier *is* a men's club. A nonexclusive one at that, with an abiding female quota. At a typical gathering, one might find a few privileged women guests along with the ubiquitous Alec Waugh and Paul Bowles. Sanche and Nancy De Gramont, too. Talk is of animals in the bush, birds in hand, trips by camel into the Sahara out of M'hamid, the Niger River, the latest coup attempt.

Alec Waugh has a way of making Tangier seem the most logical place in the world to live. He belongs to the Anglican Church here, not because in his late age

THE TANGIER METHOD *Mrabet is an illiterate storyteller who dislikes the word intelligence. He says he feeds the brain God gave him with kif and it invents stories.*

he has grown particularly devout—for indeed, if anything, his skeptic's wit is ever more biting—but because "it seems the proper thing to be as one of the elder members of the community." The author of *Island in the Sun* and of the forthcoming *The Fatal Gift* may be seen on any glad day in Tangier marching briskly past hooded merchants and peddlers on bicycles, never wavering his step, attired in a well-pressed brown suit and straw hat, carrying a cane, as he makes his way down to the yacht club for lunch. He's married to Virginia Sorensen, a Mormon writer from Salt Lake City, and they live below the Spanish school in a large and comfortable flat, where they entertain their guests in a Moroccan harem that is adorned by American-Indian prints.

Waugh talked of Hans Christian Andersen. "Virginia was quite taken with him," he said. "She had planned to do a book on him, though now her schedule is so overwhelming, I don't see how she'll get around to it. Andersen was also a novelist, though this was not generally known, and the novels were not, on the whole, as good as my wife's novels."

•

Mohammed Mrabet is a Moroccan "writer" in the oral tradition. His work has been translated into English by Paul Bowles from tape-recorded recitations that he makes in his original Mogrebi language. Mrabet's subject matter is an admixture of religious phenomena, folk wisdom, and social satire. He takes pride in his illiteracy and says, "I don't believe in writers." He quotes a well-known Moroccan official named Saner Serrano: "Every time I hear the word intelligence, I reach for my revolver." He explains how he can tell story after story: "People aren't alike. Every man has his own brain and each brain works in a different way. God gave me a brain that could invent stories. And I feed it with kif. When I drank alcohol, I couldn't tell stories. When I gave up drinking and changed to kif, I began to tell stories again."

There are two schools of Moroccan writers. The other camp is the literate writer, best represented by Mohammed Choukri, who also works with Bowles. The literate writer is inclined to identify with European customs no matter how foreign he may feel they are. The modern Tangier writer has, of course, abandoned his written and oral religious traditions and gone searching for some that apply more immediately to his own experience as an individual. Choukri is currently writing an account of his friendship with Jean Genet, who spent several months in Tangier in recent years. Choukri is also working on his autobiography.

GOTHAM BOOK MART

Snapshot from Tangier, summer 1961. From left, Paul Bowles, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, and Michael Fortman.

•

The current is still on in Tangier, the juice still flows. There are more bars now than customers to fill them, but the favorite haunts nevertheless still attract the local residents. The Parade Bar is now run by Lily, an ex–lion tamer who reached maturity riding the Ring of Death, a job that involved guiding a motorcycle up the banks of a wooden vortex faster and faster until centrifugal force held it parallel to the ground. She is abetted in her administrations at the Parade by an energetic young guy from California with a somewhat mysterious past (à la Tangier legend) whose role now includes the bouncing of ever more irascible Moroccan customers. The Parade looks like a Noël Coward set, with its bright red banquettes and velvet curtains. Then there's the Nautilus, a quasi-elegant little dining spot that remains open late for the social *Wanderkinder* of the upper crust, the Cocas and the Colas. The Ranch Bar has the best chili in town and is, now more than ever, a favorite watering place and pick-up joint, though not so much of a bistro as the Parade. Erik's, around the corner, is Tangier's only drive-in. The Escargot is the most frightening bar in town. The proprietor is a man of reputed strange powers named Peter. He ran the bar until two years ago with a young Liberian named Moe, who moved with his hands behind his back and his head down, making soft animal noises. Moe used to be a chess genius and might have given Bobby Fischer a run for his money. Peter tells the story of his friendship with Moe: "Moe was a cannibal from the Gola tribe in Liberia. I saved him when he was 12 years old. I managed to get him out of there, brought him here, and everything was fine, really, until I noted that some of my customers were beginning to disappear in mysterious ways. This went on for a time but, not having any evidence, I couldn't do much. One day Moe was caught running down the street with a meat cleaver. They took him off to Beni Makada, and he's still there, receiving a very crude form of electric-shock treatment."

The only other local night spot is The Gospel, a conventional French discothèque. That is, a curious crossbreed between Florida Bland—your basic idle piano—and Gibraltar Clip Joint.

The train is out. The present shift of writers is leaving. Harry Atkins has already left. Sanche De Gramont, who wrote his historical novel *Lives to Give* here, and his poet wife Nancy Ryan are selling their house and moving to New York. John Hopkins is in Brazil. Jean Genet is nowhere to be found. And Gore Vidal says he can find no reason to return: "I prefer to watch the end of the world from my terrace in Rome." Allen Ginsberg was invited back and declined. Burroughs and Gysin come for brief visits but one doubts that they will ever live here again. Only Bowles, *Enfant de Tangier*, says he won't ever leave. ▣

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SHEET MUSIC *All attempts to reactivate the young woman's "pleasure center" failed. Then came a series of amazing coincidences.*

(Continued from page 50) was, at the age of 14, "having a go" with her skirts hiked up in a confessional one summer afternoon in a small chapel where the organist was practicing in a loft, filling the sacred hall with sounds of otherworldly rapture.

She thought she was all alone in the chapel (except for the musician, deep in his concentration), but she was wrong. A 63-year-old greengrocer had slipped into a front-row pew, thinking he was alone, for his daily "chat with the Lord."

When the music subsided for a few brief seconds, the greengrocer was surprised to hear fainter but quite perceptible sounds of ecstasy emanating from the confessional booth. Curious as to their source, he swung open the curtains and, seeing what the female subject was visiting upon herself, reacted in a "startled" manner. He shouted, called her a "Devil's wife."

The organist came running, as did the nuns, and everybody gathered around, actually seeking to comfort the female subject, whose physical hunger had by then disappeared vis-à-vis masturbation, never again to return, no matter how much she tried to arouse it anew, until therapy was undertaken.

Female subject had, of course, experienced "routine" sex with a procession of male Sorbonne students. Commonplace heterosexual sex was not female subject's problem. Her problem was an inability to "feel anything" during *masturbation*—a problem that persisted into her 19th year of age.

Therapy in this case proved almost impossible. All attempts to reactivate her "pleasure center" during self-manipulation seemed futile—until a series of coincidences in our laboratory coincided to the surprise and amusement of everybody involved.

A lab technician, a fan of the sensuous tenor-saxophone stylings of the late Lester Young, often referred to in American musical journals as "the grandfather of cool bebop," was eating his lunch in the chamber reserved for the PATest. He was listening to the Lester Young tapes—not over the loud-speakers, which were programed with some other music, but via a pair of (female) Pelvic Shorts.

The lab technician had turned the sound up 12 times the volume used in regular testing. The technician held Shorts near his ear, snapping his fingers and chewing his sandwich.

After completing lunch, the technician turned down the volume to "normal" forgetting only the volume in the three miniaturized speakers in the "vaginal plumb," which remained at 12 times "normal" volume—and then departed the laboratory for a *Hofbräuhaus* and downed two steins of beer.

The first Test of that afternoon was on the female subject with the masturbation problem who had been raised by nuns.

She inserted the "plumb," then donned the Pelvic Shorts, concentrating fiercely on the music that came thrumming out of the big speakers, filling the small chamber with the voices of the Osmond Brothers. Simultaneously, her Pelvic Shorts were bursting forth with unadulterated Lester Young—and nowhere more so than from the "plumb," still cranked up to one dozen (12) times "normal."

Films taken at the time reveal a "startled" expression on female subject's face, which she later described as "almost identical" to the look on the face of the provincial greengrocer who had found her in such a compromising situation five years earlier.

Subject is today able to achieve near-orgasmic satisfaction from a specially equipped home-unit "plumb" employing three miniaturized loud-speakers, with electronic connection to her phono-record amplifier. By experimentation, female subject has found that recordings by Lester Young, Hank Williams, and Douglas Sahm provide a level of stimulation unimaginable in her former state.

Otto-Jens and I still chuckle when we think about this "most unusual" case.

The Pelvic Top 40

As mentioned (above), the "turn on" capabilities of a given piece of music have surprisingly little (almost nothing) to do with the subject's intellectual preferences. Rather, the body itself "makes the decision" to "get off" with scant reliance on "brain power."

From our thousands of Tests (as of March 1973, 2117 male subjects and 3226 female subjects had donned the Pelvic Shorts for the PATest), clear patterns emerge as to which record albums rank tops with European- and American-subject pelvises.

The Top 20 relates to both sexes and is a compilation of all our findings during the past 18 years, with newer recordings weighted to take into account the relatively short period of time they have been "on the market." In this order:

1. Billie Holiday, *Lady in Satin,* Columbia CS-8048.

SHEET MUSIC *Take a look at* this *Top 20, man. It's almost guaranteed to get you off.*

2. Charlie Parker, *The Charlie Parker Story*, Savoy MG 12079.

3. Charlie Parker, *Charlie Parker on Dial*, Spotlite.

4. Lester Young, *The Immortal Lester Young*, Savoy 12155.

5. Jimi Hendrix, *Electric Ladyland*, Reprise RS-6307.

6. Sarah Vaughan, *Sarah Vaughan*, Emarcy MG 36004.

7. John Coltrane, featuring Pharoah Sanders, *Live in Seattle*, Impulse AS-9202.

8. Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band, *Strictly Personal*, Blue Thumb, BTS 1.

9. Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, Sonny Boy Williamson, *Blues at Big Bill's Copacabana*, Chess CH 1533.

10. Pink Floyd, *Atom Heart Mother*, Harvest SKAO-382.

11. Lester Young, *Blue Lester*, Savoy MG 120768.

12. Douglas Sahm, *Sir Douglas Quintet Plus 2=Honky Blues*, Smash SRS-67108.

13. The Emotions, *So I Can Love You*, Volt S 6008.

14. Miles Davis, *Sketches of Spain*, Columbia CS-8271.

15. Quartetto Italiano, *Complete Music for String Quartet by Webern*, Philips 6500-105.

16. Bing Crosby, *Crosby Classics*, Harmony 11313E.

17. Gary Burton and Stephane Grappelli, *Paris Encounter*, Atlantic 1597.

18. *Caribbean Island Music*, Nonesuch H-72047.

19. Linda Lewis, *Lark*, Reprise RPS 2120.

20. Otis Spann, *The Blues Never Die!*, Prestige S-7719.

It will be seen that the Top 20 consists in heavy measure of the music of American black people and others whose debt to American black culture is large. We have no explanation for this.

What follows is a breakdown of recordings especially favored by subjects of differing ages and sexes. Add all these (below and above) together and it comes to 40.

Female subjects under 30: Billie Holiday, *The Golden Years*, Columbia C3L-21. Howlin' Wolf, *The Real Folk Blues*, Chess CH 1502. Eddie Harris, *Eddie Harris Sings the Blues*, Atlantic 1625. The Juilliard String Quartet, *Bartok: The Six String Quartets*, Columbia D3S 717. Freddie Hubbard, *Red Clay*, CTI 6001.

Male subjects under 30: Charley Christian, *Charley Christian*, Archive of Folk & Jazz Music 219E. Otis Redding, *Live in Europe*, Atco S-33-286. Neil Young, *After the Gold Rush*, Reprise S-6383. Hank Williams, *The Very Best of Hank Williams*, MGM SE-4168. Robert Johnson, *King of the Delta Blues Singers Vol. II.*, Columbia C-30034.

Female subjects over 30: John Lee Hooker, *Coast to Coast Blues Band*, United Artists 5512. Sidney Bechet, *The Immortal Sidney Bechet*, Reprise R9 6076. New York Pro Musica, *Spanish Medieval Music*, Decca 79416. Van Morrison, *Tupelo Honey*, Warner Bros. S-1950. Rolling Stones, *Beggars Banquet*, London 539.

Male subjects over 30: Mongo Santamaria, *Mongo at Montreux*, Atlantic S-1593. Miles Davis, featuring Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Kenny Clarke, *Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants*, Prestige 7150. Sun Ra, *Heliocentric Worlds: Vol. 1.*, Disk ESP-1014. Joshua Rifkin, *Piano Rags by Scott Joplin*, Nonesuch 71248. Stevie Wonder, *Talking Book*, Tamla 319.

The authors wish to thank John Burks, without whom some of this would not have been possible, or more difficult than perhaps it already is, or was.

Postnote

We have been accused, unfairly we believe, of breaking the vow of confidentiality so vital to a doctor-subject relationship, because of the commercial distribution of films made unbeknownst to subjects during Tests in the Pelvic Attitude chamber. However, we assert that by placing these films into the same theaters which display "pornographic" film materials, we are effecting the all-important Sex Education of an audience which otherwise exists on a cultural diet of pure trash and exploitation. Furthermore, we have affidavits to prove that all Test subjects seen in our commercial films are now deceased. Thus there is no way that the display of their sexual "hang-ups" can be of any additional embarrassment to them. We prefer to believe that in a very real sense, these subjects have "left their bodies to science," as well as to the enlightenment of subjects still unborn, if only on celluloid. ■

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STRANGE DAYS *The lady wears black stockings, black spiked shoes, a leather garter belt, nothing else, and looks like she's spitting tacks. In fact, she is. Phffuick!*

(Continued from page 75) to Pitt's introduction to the world of S/M. "The sadistic element always intrigued me," he says. His voice is soft, monotonic, his hands are clasped behind his head: "I've been a pacifist all my life. I've never hit anyone. As a kid, I never got into fights; I would rather run and compromise my self-respect than hurt. When I first started screwing around, I used to laugh at people in leather when I wasn't laughing at people in drag. But one night about three years ago I was at an after-hours bar that out-of-town motorcycle gangs visited. They were having an orgy that night. One guy was leaning against a wall while another guy was blowing him. The guy being blown was burning a cigarette against the back of the neck of the guy doing the blowing. This freaked me out. I had a bundle of mixed feelings: like if this cat was being hurt, shouldn't someone stop it? Then I thought, the guy on the floor was perfectly free to get up at any time and walk out. The scene that was happening was consensual. It dawned on me that giving and taking pain is a ritualistic high when both partners are into it. Soon after, I started to rock with my own tendencies."

S/M sex is most exciting for Pitts when it's done with a stranger "in a quiet room where I can let my imagination get going." The thing is to "try to communicate without seeming to. To try to create a situation where, if someone comes in, he'll be appalled."

Talking dirty is a must. "I'll stick my boot into my partner's crotch, stand on him, tie him up, keeping my jacket on throughout the scene. Leather makes me sweat. The combination of sweat and leather turns me on." Pitts describes himself as "a lover with sadism on his mind" and "a pacifist who wouldn't hurt a fly, unless the fly wanted to be tortured, for kicks."

•

It doesn't work that way with everyone. Eleven floors up on West 17th Street, at what used to be the *Screw* offices, sits a dollbaby of a woman named Barbara. She's one of two dominant females on call today at Big Pearl's S/M Studios.

Barbara is 22. She's zaftig, maybe 160 pounds. She's wearing a red wrap body suit that shows bazooms the size of laundry baskets. Her hair is teased and she looks as though she'd be more comfortable sipping a Pink Lady by a swimming pool in Miami Beach than sitting next to a torture rack, waiting for a $50-per-hour customer to come in.

Barbara shows me around the studio. She shows me the German whipping bench and draws my attention to the bloodstains that won't come off the carpeting that surrounds it. She points out the Heat Spray that "warms up behinds" and the myriad bottles of oils and lotions for massage. She takes me to the "mild whipping room" with infrared overhead light and the "heavy room where we really go to town." Mirrors cover all four walls. Leather lace dangles from all four sides of a bed. We view the rubber sheets and dog collars and "Big Al"—a 14-inch dildo. There's a button-bursting smile on Barbara's face. She's like a mamma showing off a new baby. "Why are you in this business?" seems a logical question.

Her bazooms jiggle. "Well, it's like this. I used to work in the Chemical Bank as a file clerk. The work wasn't interesting. I made $80 a week and the only person I met was my sonofabitch boss."

Barbara now earns upward of $800 a week and issues the orders at her own good speed. What she does is called "English discipline." Barbara finds it delicious. "We do more sex fantasy than anything," she says. "We do bondage where we tie a man so that he's helpless and we blindfold him and tease him sexually. When I have a subject who's terrifically submissive, I'm turned on. I like 'em meek, you know, 'do with me what you will . . .'

"The men who come here are usually over 35 and most of them are married. A typical customer is this businessman who owns a small department store. He yells and screams at his help all day—at work he's the most dominant bastard in the world. But when he comes here, he's a little pussycat. He wants a spanking and humiliation and he wants to take orders. So I get him to stoop on all fours and waddle like a duck. And I don't let him off easy. I say, 'Is that the way a duck waddles?' and I give him a little crack with the cane. And I get him to clean the bathroom and scrub the floors, you know, stuff he'd force on his help. He loves it."

According to Barbara, the most popular fantasies are the schoolteacher and the student, the nurse and the patient, and cops and robbers. "In nursie, I play the cruel old sadie in white and he's the helpless sickee. I fool around with his organs. He's too ill to fight back. It's very popular." In schoolteacher, Barbara taps her desk and keeps her naughty boy after school. "I make him perform sexual absurdities on me—like kissing my ass and sucking my toes. In a way, it's all play-acting."

Away from the studio, Barbara has a boyfriend who "doesn't understand all this. So I don't tell him the whole thing. To be dominant without looking like a scrubwoman isn't easy. Maybe I should paint some of my teeth black."

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The amazon on the cover of *Punished Peeper* has white teeth. She wears black stockings, black spiked shoes, a leather garter belt, nothing else, and looks like she's spitting tacks. In fact, she is. *Punished Peeper* is a cat-o'-nine-tails tale about two women—one passive, the other dominant—and the many men in their lives. It is illustrated with, well, imagination, and written with panache. (Sample: "CRACK! the sound of the lash reverberated through the magnificently appointed bedroom, the metallic studs cutting deeply into the soft white flesh of the maid's upraised globular buttocks.") *Punished Peeper* is a best seller on 42nd Street. So is *Fetish and Fantasy*. And *Advice from Sadie Mazo*, *Discipline Castle*, *Backstage Doll in Bondage*, *Beat Me in Leather*, *The Torture Rack*, *She Lived for Lashes*, and *Beg for Mercy*. None of these books has been made into a Hollywood film (yet). Most are 32 pages long with a minimum of three atrocities per page. The Keystone Shop, next door to the Amsterdam Theater, specializes in spanking and bondage magazines, and the manager claims that sadism and masochism tastes run in cycles. Lesbianism was popular in 1971. Motorcycle stories are always popular. Vampire stories do well. The new rash of Village murders will probably start a knifing trend. Few women purchase S/M literature. Customers, the manager says, are mostly male Puerto Rican sadists and male homosexual masochists. Hardly any blacks. No Orientals.

One can buy S/M toys on 42nd Street, but the best-equipped store in town is the Pleasure Chest on East 50th Street (there's also a Pleasure Chest in the Village). You can buy a leather bra complete with miniature hubcaps, riding crops, tit weights, blindfolds, handcuffs, shackles, a gag with a built-in dildo, a harness of spurs. A plastic gun with a nine-inch cock projector at the end is very popular at the moment. Whims can be custom-made for a price. And the prices are high. The cheapest item is a cock ring at 93 cents, the most expensive, a leather hood at $55. The clientele is 25 percent female. The Pleasure Chest was hopping with sweet-faced secretaries the day before Valentine's Day. The whip counter was the most popular.

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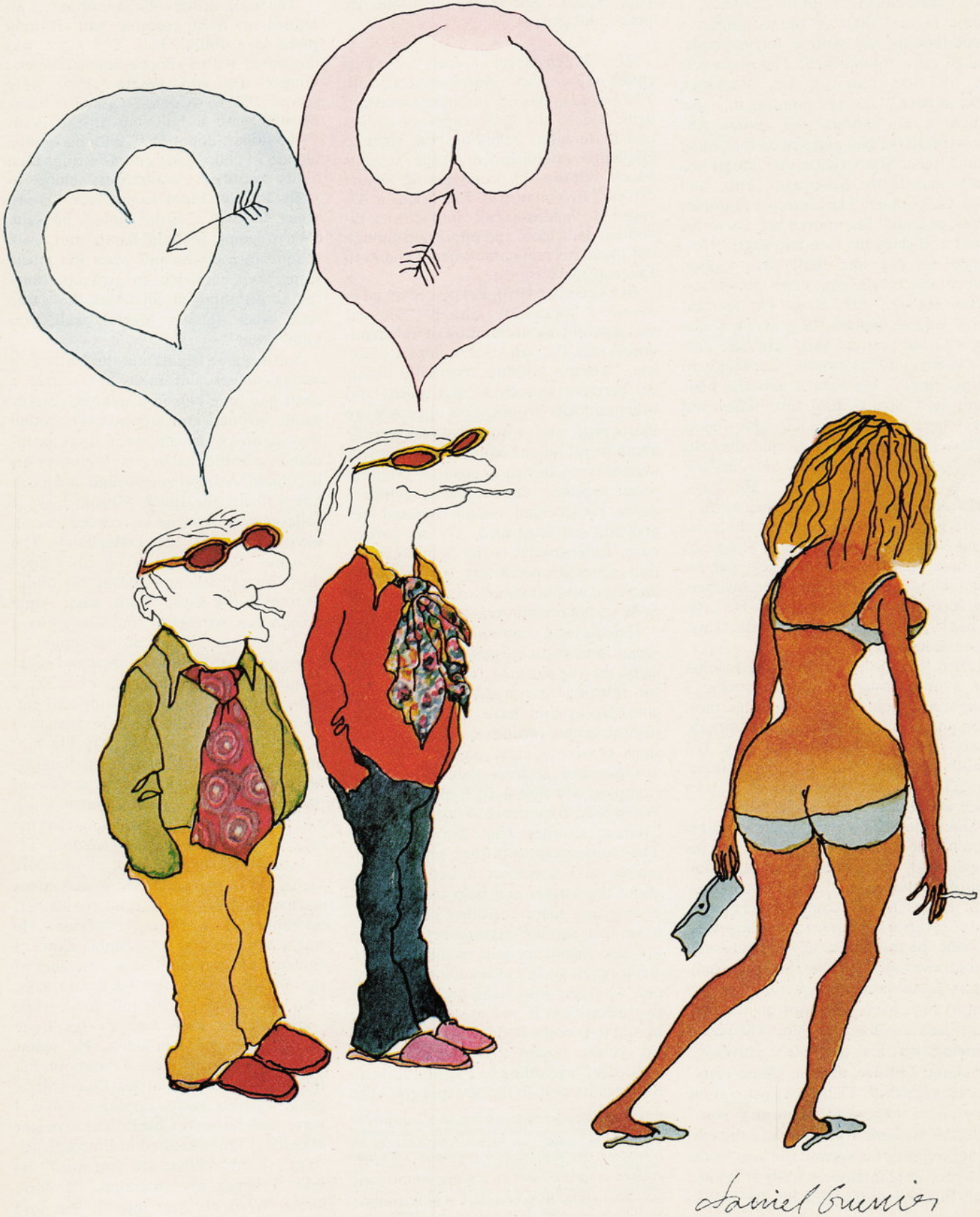
He sheepishly tiptoes into the salon of an old Chelsea townhouse. His eyes squint at the floor. The madam excuses herself and huddles with him. She returns and says, "He wants candle wax



Daniel Guerrier

STRANGE DAYS *The Black Muslim kicks a balloon and discards his curved sword. Goldie removes her cellophane. The Marquis de Sade takes off his ruffled shirt. Now for the encore.*

dripped on his ass. I asked him if you could watch. I didn't tell him you were a reporter."

Ten minutes later, she calls from one of a dozen cubicles built for "privacy." I come in and there is the customer, a good-looking kid with a terrific body, naked on a folding bed. The madam is by his side, removing her stockings. "Stand here," she says, pointing to a spot where I can witness the action. She crawls into the bed and sits on the young man's face. She wriggles her ample ass back and forth, back and forth, and asks, "Like that?" The customer mumbles "Yes, ma'am." She moves her ass to his chest and slaps his face and says, "How much do you like that?" He replies, "Very much, ma'am, VERY MUCH INDEED, MA'AM." She asks, "Do you eat shit?" and he replies, "No, ma'am." She says, "I bet you eat shit," and she puts her vagina into his mouth. "Eat that, you stupid prick." He licks it and she pulls away and whacks him four times and digs her nails deep into his neck. "Please," he says, "please," and she belts him again, harder this time. "Say 'ma'am' when you talk to me." He says, "Ma'am," and she belts him once more.

He reaches for himself and she says, "Did I tell you to touch that?" She grabs his hands and holds them tight over his head while her boobs dangle in his face. She lets go a barrage of curses. He says, "Thank you, ma'am," and she says, "You're learning."

Then, still sitting on him, she reaches for a medium-length candle, strikes a match, and holds the flame to his face. "I'm going to burn your fucking mouth, slave." His eyes follow the fire. His mouth is open. "No," he says, "please, no." The candle, now lighted, dances back and forth, face, neck, face.

She is perched on her knees over his crotch. The candle wax is dripping on his chest. With each drip, he shrieks and squirms but doesn't try to get away. Now pain begins to overcome the sex urge, and a reversal takes place. Madam tosses aside the mechanics of her profession and grooves on the scene. She bites him, curses some more, pulls his hair, orders him to turn over. She hops off the bed. Now she's standing over him. The wax is dripping on his ass. He's shrieking, shrieking: "Please, ma'am, please stop." Her ears are deaf. There is a knock at the door and a voice says, "Session's over." Still, the madame continues and the customer wriggles his ass and the heat of the wax gets more intense. A scent of burned flesh fills the room. Finally, he comes. On his stomach, on the bed, hump and hump and hump. He is lifeless for a moment. Then he gets up. Painfully, he hobbles to his trousers. The madam says $20. He gives her $40. He says, "Thank you, ma'am." She leaves the room. He puts on his glasses.

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The Eulenspiegel Society* isn't a clutch of Swiss bell ringers who tour with *The Sound of Music*. It's an organization dedicated to the basic rights of sadists and masochists, including "the right to challenge establishment value systems which oppress by condemning sexual drives." Its founder is Pat Bond, a 47-year-old heterosexual masochist, divorced, dedicated, and oppressed enough not to use his real name when it comes to Eulenspiegel business.

In December 1970, Pat placed an ad in *Screw*: "Masochists Unite!" "The ad was actually my declaration of independence," says Pat, who is a rather jolly person. "There's nothing essentially different between masochists and sadists and other minority groups. Lots of people are masochists, and, ironically, feel terrible about it; yet no one admits it. I felt it was necessary to devise a positive program —get together, communicate, compare notes, rather than remain isolated, repressed, and frustrated. To my knowledge, Eulenspiegel is the first organization devoted specifically to the needs, interests, and liberation of those with an S/M sexual orientation."

Eulenspiegel's activities are political, social, and consciousness-raising. Politically, they've picketed *The Village Voice* for refusing to run ads. Socially, they give dances and have Kaffeeklatsches. Consciousness-raising consists of sessions of six to eight people who pick a topic and address themselves to it (samples: My Best S/M Experience; My Worst S/M Experience; Ways of Making Contact; Clothes That Turn Me On). The consciousness-raising groups ultimately give members a better feeling about themselves and help convince everyone that there are other people who have had similar experiences. Sessions are also meant to help members smash stereotypes, such as the notion that anyone who gets into S/M goes in one of two directions: if you're sadistic, you're bound to become homicidal; if masochistic, you're bound to become suicidal. "Murder," according to Pat Bond, "is an S/M reality only in the newspapers." The instruments of pain and torture are for love, not obliteration.

But how far will one go for love? Is a torch to the underpants a lark?

The week of the village murders, I attended an S/M costume ball. It took place in a church hall. The place was decorated with balloons and streamers. Ginger ale and potato chips were served. "How ya doin'?" asked a Black Muslim with a bullwhip at the door. "Two-dollar donation," said his goldie blonde in cellophane and G string. Blue lights twinkled. Wallflowers clung to walls. Pat Bond took to the floor. "We're going to play a little game," he said. "We're going to hold hands and walk around in a circle, and when the music stops, somebody has to give up something. Anything at all. And the game ends when (giggle, giggle), well, you know what."

So the game begins and the 16 participating sadists and masochists circle a chair like little kids in a spin-the-donkey game. Around and around and around they go and when the music stops an Indian in a leather bathing suit removes his headband. Around and around and a belt hits a chair; the Black Muslim kicks a balloon and discards his curved sword. Goldie removes her cellophane. The Marquis de Sade takes off his ruffled shirt. The Phantom removes his mask. A transvestite says, "Look what Anne Boleyn has wrought," and abandons a 12-inch hairpin. A pair of brass knuckles come off next, and then a dirty old sock, a rubber raincoat, a leash, a blouse, a bow, and a bra. Circle and stop and giggle and toss. Finally, the most attractive player in the game says, "My big moment," and removes her body stocking. She stands stark naked in the middle of the circle. The masochistic men blush and lust, and a stranger standing near me asks, "What do we do for an encore?"

I turn around and look at him. He seems out of place, dressed in dungarees and a work shirt—too normal. No leather, no rubber, no whip, no crossbones. He might have been at a Columbia dance. I smile at him and ask if he is a member of the Society. He smiles back and says, "No, just looking." We talk for a while —the current stuff, *Last Tango*, Bette Midler, mayoral candidates. He seems bright and relaxed. Across the room, Pat Bond, in the middle of his Eulenspiegel gang, chatters away, sipping a Coke. I wave and he waves back. The stranger asks me if I'm interested in Eulenspiegel. "Yes," I say. "What are you into?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. "I don't know. What are you into?" "Piss and knives," he says in a pleasant voice. ▣

* *The Eulenspiegel Society was named after a 14th-Century German folk hero named Till Eulenspiegel who played pranks on society. Theodor Reik's* Masochism in Modern Man *associates Till's personality with the psychology of masochism: Till climbed a hill burdened by a heavy load and was saddened to think, as he descended, of the next hill he had to climb. Richard Strauss helped immortalize Till in his 1895 tone poem. Eulenspiegel was mortalized in Schleswig-Holstein by hanging.*

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